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The Book

of

Humour, Wit and Wisdom

ROUTLEDGE'S RED LINE POETS.

COWPER.
MILTON.
WORDSWORTH.
SOUTHEY.
GOLDSMITH.
BURNS.
MOORE.
BYRON.
POPE.
SCOTT.
HERBERT.
CAMPBELL.
SHAKSPERE.
CHAUCER.
WILLIS.
SACRED POEMS.
FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS
MRS. HEMANS.
SHELLEY.
COLERIDGE.
HOOD.
COMIC POETRY.
THE BOOK OF BALLADS.
LORD LYTTON'S POEMS.
LORD LYTTON'S DRAMAS.

B7244

THE BOOK

OF

HUMOUR, WIT, & WISDOM

A MANUAL OF TABLE-TALK



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PREFACE.

—ooo—

ALTHOUGH there is no lack of jest-books in this prolific age of publishing, yet there are few publications of an anecdotal character, which combine this feature with extracts of a moral and philosophical nature. The object of this volume is to combine these elements, and thus to supply what would seem to some extent to be a *hiatus*. The combination thus attempted will perhaps render this publication not only amusing, but to some extent instructive. All jokes of an indelicate and irreverent character (which, unfortunately, are rife in most anecdote-books) are carefully excluded, and it is hoped that the result is a book adapted for youthful and general perusal. Mingled with the trite jokes, which are so familiar to most readers, will be found numerous extracts possessing prominent

historical interest. In embodying the different characteristics thus indicated, the object has been to illustrate the maxim—

DELECTANDO PARITERQUE MONENDO.

It is curious to find, in the researches necessary for the preparation of a work of this description for the press, how many of the very oldest jokes are re-faced, and made to do duty as novelties in the current literature and table-talk of the day. Many of those here recorded are admittedly traceable to the immortal "Joe Miller," and many lay claim to even greater antiquity; and yet, ancient as they are, how often do we find them to "set the table in a roar!" In the arrangement of these pages, the compiler has availed himself of passages from many new works of interest, being enabled to do so by the courtesy of the several publishers, to whom his earnest thanks are due. To Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co., for permission to quote from Captain Gronow's amusing volume of "Reminiscences," acknowledgments are respectfully tendered; and for the like indulgence, to use extracts from their publications, the compiler wishes to recognise the kindness of

Messrs. Blackwood and Sons; Mr. Bentley; Messrs. Chapman and Hall; Messrs. W. and R. Chambers; Messrs. Bell and Daldy; Messrs. Hurst and Blackett, and other eminent publishers. A considerable number of anecdotes illustrative of Scottish character are included; this is mainly due to the politeness of Mr. David Robertson, and Messrs. Edmonston and Douglas, the publishers of Dean Ramsay's "Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character." Mr. Robertson, in the most courteous and liberal manner, placed entirely at the compiler's disposal his amusing volume "The Laird of Logan," the quaint stories in which book are probably new to many English readers.





The Book

OF

Humour, Wit and Wisdom.

The Battle of the Nile.

Two naval officers were disputing as to the importance of Lord Nelson's victories. They were unable to agree in opinion, when one of them appealing to the other said, "At all events there can be no doubt which of his Lordship's victories yielded the least important results." "Which do you mean?" said the other. "Why of course from its name," was the rejoinder, "the victory of the *Nihil*."

A Gambler's Epitaph.

The celebrated wit and punster H———, whilst strolling with a friend through a suburban churchyard, called attention to a grave, the stone on which had no name nor inscription on it. "This," said H———

" is the grave of the notorious gambler and cardsharper Mr R———; you observe that there is no name recorded on the tombstone, but I think I could suggest an appropriate epitaph." "What would you suggest?" inquired his friend. "Waiting for the last *trump*," was the reply.

The Latter Days of Bonaparte.

At the close of the year 1820, Napoleon's health began to fail so as to excite the greatest apprehensions. On receiving intelligence of the decease of his sister Eliza, he was much affected. He rose from his seat, and leaning on the arm of his physician, Dr. Antommarchi, said, "Well, doctor! you see Eliza has just shown me the way. Death, which seems to have forgot my family, has begun to strike it: my time cannot be far off. What think you?" "Your majesty is in no danger: you are still reserved for some glorious enterprise." "Ah! doctor, you are young, full of health; but for me, I have neither strength, nor activity, nor energy; 'I am no longer Napoleon!' You strive in vain to give me hopes, to recal life ready to expire. Your care can do nothing in spite of fate: it is immovable; there is no appeal from its decisions. The next person in our family, who will follow Eliza to the tomb, is that great Napoleon, who hardly exists, who bends under the yoke, and who still, nevertheless, keeps Europe in alarm. Behold, my good friend, how

I look on my situation! Young as you are, you have a long career to run. As for me, all is over! I repeat it to you, my days will soon close on this miserable rock." He returned to his chamber, and lay down in bed. "Close my windows," said he, "leave me to myself; I will send for you by and by." He did so; but he was dejected and oppressed; he spoke of his son, of Marie Louise. The conversation was painful; I sought to divert it, and to recal subjects less trying to his feelings. "I understand you," he said; "well, be it so; if indeed the heart of a father ever could forget!"

An Unrehearsed Stage Effect.

A good story is told of a certain actor whose fate it was to represent the inferior personages in the drama, such as messengers, serving-men, etc. One night, a certain great tragedian being engaged, the poor actor, enacting the character of a servant, had to repeat these words,—

"My Lord, the coach is waiting."

This was all he had to say, but turning to the gallery part of the audience, he added, with stentorian voice, "And permit me further to observe, that the man who raises his hand against a woman, save in the way of kindness, is unworthy the name of a Briton." Shouts of applause followed. After the play, on being remonstrated with by the great tragedian for this innovation,

he replied, "I regret to have annoyed you, but it's my benefit next week, and I must make myself popular with the audience."

"What's in a Name."

I remember, says an old writer, a school-fellow of mine who was a striking instance of the inconvenience of a remarkable Christian name. He was a very honest simple lad, unluckily called Solomon. His name and mental abilities formed too strong a contrast to escape the least boy in the school; therefore, not to speak of the jokes with which it furnished his companions, it was too obvious to escape the master, who unfortunately was a punster, and who in correcting him for a fault could not refrain from imbittering the chastisement with some allusion to his name, or comparison of his wisdom or his judgment with those of his royal namesake. If he appeared in a new coat, the whole school was convened by some wag or other, to see King Solomon in all his glory.

The Blessing of Forgiveness.

The brave only know how to forgive; it is the most refined and generous pitch of virtue human nature can arrive at. Cowards have done good and kind actions, cowards have even fought, nay, sometimes even conquered; but a coward never forgave; it is not in

his nature; the power of doing it flows only from a strength and greatness of soul, conscious of its own force and security, and above the little temptations of resenting every fruitless attempt to interrupt its happiness.

Parenthesis in Prayer.

A pastor of a small congregation of dissenters in the west of Scotland, who, in prayer, often employed terms of familiarity towards the great Being whom he invoked, was addressing his petition in the season of an apparently doubtful harvest, that he would grant such weather as was necessary for ripening and gathering in the fruits of the ground; when, pausing suddenly, he added, "But what need I talk? when I was up at the Shotts the other day, every thing was as green as leeks."

A Piercing Eye.

Miss Pope, one evening in the green-room of the theatre, expatiating in all the warmth of her early enthusiasm on the genius of Garrick, and on his fine features, exclaimed,—"What an *eye* he had! it looked as if it could pierce through a deal board." "Then," said Wewitzer, it must have been a *gimlet* eye!"

An Americanism.

An American paper says, "A neighbour of ours in-

forms us that wood *goes further* when left out of doors, than when housed:—some of his having gone upwards of a *quarter of a mile* in one night!"

The Traveller Outdone.

Captain Basil Hall, whose written stories have charmed all who have read them, was one day endeavouring to enliven a remarkably stiff and dull dinner party in Glasgow, by a few oral relations of the same kind. He concluded one of a very extraordinary character, by saying, "Did you ever hear any story so wonderful as that?" and at the same moment his eye chanced to rest on a foot-boy opposite to him, who, without leaving a moment of interval, exclaimed, "Yes, man, there's a lass i' our kitchen, that kens a lass that has twa thumbs on one hand!"

The Vanity of Grand Funerals.

The people of England are all extremely fond of expensive funerals, but this is most conspicuous in persons of the lower orders, and of them the women. Many a wife, who hated her husband most cordially, and never suffered him to enjoy one quiet day during his married life, expends what ought to maintain her family for six months, that the "dear departed" may have a handsome funeral, and velvet pall, with brass handle and hinges to the coffin; and will want shoes

and stockings for a year to come, that the clergyman, doctor, and friends, may be supplied with a hat-band, scarf, and gloves.

An Awkward Objection.

A public-house wife entered her protest, on the occasion of an ordination of elders, against one of the number, who, she said, "was due her a mutchkin o' whisky, and denied it!"

An Echo in Court.

A certain chief justice, on hearing an ass bray, interrupted the late Mr. Curran, in his speech to the jury, by saying, "One at a time, Mr. Curran, if you please." The speech being finished, the judge began his charge, and during its progress the ass sent forth the full force of its lungs, whereupon the advocate said, "Does not your lordship hear a remarkable *echo* in the court?"

A Reason for not Attending Church.

A zealous, and in his way a very eminent preacher, whose eloquence is as copious, and far more lucid than the waters of his beloved Cam, happened to miss a constant auditor from his congregation. Schism had already made some depredations on the fold, which was

not so large but to a practised eye the deduction of even one was perceptible. "What keeps our friend farmer B—— away from us?" was the anxious question proposed by our vigilant minister to his clerk. "I have not seen him amongst us," continued he, "these three weeks; I hope it is not Socinianism that keeps him away." "No, your honour," replied the clerk, "it is something worse than that." "Worse than Socinianism? God forbid it should be Deism!" "No, your honour, it is something worse than that." "I trust it is not Atheism?" "No, your honour, it is something worse than that." "Worse than Atheism! impossible—nothing can be worse than Atheism!" "Yes, it is, your honour—it is *Rheumatism!*"

Servants in the Olden Time.

Dean Ramsay records the following anecdote in his "Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character:"—The charge these old domestics used to take of the interests of the family, and the cool way in which they took upon them to protect those interests, sometimes led to very provoking and sometimes to very ludicrous exhibitions of importance. A friend told me of a dinner scene illustrative of this sort of interference which had happened at Airth in the last generation. Mrs. Murray, of Abercairney, had been amongst the guests, and at dinner one of the family noticed that she was looking about for the proper spoon to help herself

with salt. The old servant, Thomas, was appealed to, that the want might be supplied. He did not notice the appeal. It was repeated in a more peremptory manner—"Thomas, Mrs. Murray has not a salt-spoon;" to which he replied most emphatically, "Last time Mrs. Murray dined here we *lost* a salt-spoon."

Only a Mistake of a Letter.

Mr. H—— resides in Fourth Street, New York. His wife, who is an economical body, had sent a costly silk gown to a French dyer. The dyer himself brought nome the silk dress, and unluckily, as it happened, met the husband of the lady at the door. "Is madam within?" asked the Frenchman. "And suppose she is, what do you want with her?" "I am dyeing for her, sare." "You dying for my wife! Get out of my house, you scoundrel!" and he had just raised his foot to kick the honest artizan into the street as the lady made her appearance, and set the matter to rights.

An Absent Mind.

A certain Scottish professor was not more remarkable for his writings on political economy, than for his frequent unconsciousness of what passed before him. His absence of mind was so remarkable, that his wife once wagered that she would accost him in the street

inquire after the health of herself and family, and that he would not recognise her. She actually won the wager. The professor was once taking a solitary walk on the banks of a canal, into which, in his abstraction, he walked. When within a yard of the centre, an honest woman, washing clothes behind him, bawled out, "Come oot, come oot, fule body, or ye'll be droon't." These warning sounds invading the tympanum of the professional ear, had the effect of making him turn right about and forthwith recover the dry land. The good woman, concluding him to be an idiot, sympathetically exclaimed, "Puir body! atweel they hae muckle to answer for that lets ye gang yer lane!"

An Old Joke Re-faced.

An American dramatist, observing to a friend the thinness of the house at one of the plays, added he supposed it was owing to the war. "No," replied the wag, "I should judge it was owing to the piece."

Travel Talk.

In the commercial room of an hotel in a large town in the north, in which were assembled a number of gentlemen engaged in various lines of business, the conversation turned on the different trades in which the several members of the company were engaged.

One of the travellers, not particularly cleanly in his person, and whose hands required, markedly, the application of the nail-brush, was very persistent in inquiring of his companions what wares they traded in, but, at the same time, declined to name his own trade. "Oh," said a wag, "it is easy to tell what trade he is in; he evidently travels to effect sales of land, and carries samples of it under his finger-nails."

Bonaparte's Estimate of British Sailors.

"I had always a high opinion of your seamen," said Napoleon one day to O'Meara, in a conversation arising out of our expedition to Algiers. "When I was returning from Holland, along with the Empress Marie Louise, we stopped to rest at Givet. During the night, a violent storm of wind and rain came on, which swelled the Meuse so much, that the bridge of boats over it was carried away. I was very anxious to depart, and ordered all the boatmen in the place to be assembled, that I might be enabled to cross the river. They said that the waters were so high that it would be impossible to pass before two or three days. I questioned some of them, and soon discovered that they were fresh-water seamen. I then recollected that there were English prisoners in the barracks, and ordered that some of the oldest and best seamen among them should be brought before me to the banks of the river. The waters were very high, and the current

rapid and dangerous. I asked them if they could join a number of boats together, so that I might pass over. They answered that it was possible, but hazardous. I desired them to set about it instantly. In the course of a few hours they succeeded in effecting what the others had pronounced to be impossible; and I crossed before the evening was over I ordered all those who had worked at it, to receive a sum of money each, a suit of clothes, and their liberty."

The Best Time for Marriage.

The best time for marriage will be towards thirty, for as the younger times are unfit, either to choose or to govern a wife and family, so, if thou stay long, thou shalt hardly see the education of thy children, who, being left to strangers, are in effect lost: and better were it to be unborn than ill-bred: for thereby thy posterity shall either perish or remain a shame to thy name and family.

A Woman for a Wife.

During a visit to England, the Rev. Robert Story, of Roseneath, was urgently advised by Edward Irving to pay his addresses to a certain lady, who would be well suited to him as a wife, "because," said Irving, "she knows more of the mystery of the Papacy than any woman in England, except my wife."

A Doctor's Epitaph.

Doctor I. Letsome wrote the following epitaph for his own tombstone; but it is not likely that he allowed his friends, or at least his patients, to read it until he was under the turf, or out of practice:—

When people's ill, they comes to I;
I physics, bleeds, and sweats 'em.
Sometimes they lives, sometimes they die;
What's that to I? I. Letsome (let's 'em.)

The Road to Kew.

Theodore Hook, in the supposed character of a Gower Street undergraduate, says: "One problem was given me to work, which I did in a twinkling. Given C A B to find Q. *Answer:* Take your C A B through Hammersmith, turn to the left, just before you come to Brentford, and Kew is right before you."

An American Love Story.

An old gentleman, a merchant, had an only daughter, possessed of the highest attractions, moral, personal, and pecuniary. She was engaged, and devotedly attached to a young man of her own rank of life, and, in every respect, worthy of her choice. All preliminaries were arranged; and the marriage, after two or three postponements, was fixed to take place on a certain Thurs-

day. On the preceding Monday, the bridegroom elect (who was to have received 50,000 dollars down on his wedding-day, and a further sum of 100,000 dollars on his father-in-law's dying, as there was prospect he soon would) had some little jealous squabbling with his intended at an evening party. The "tiff" arose in consequence of his paying more attention than she thought justifiable, to a lady with sparkling eyes and inimitable ringlets. The gentleman retorted, and spoke slightingly of a certain cousin, whose waistcoat was the admiration of the assembly, and which, it was hinted darkly, had been embroidered by the fair hand of the heiress in question. He added, in conclusion, that it would be time enough for him to be schooled when they were married; and that she adopted a certain portion of the male attire "a little too soon." After supper, both lovers had become more cool; iced champagne and cold chicken had done their work; and leave was taken by the bridegroom elect, in kindly and affectionate, if not in such enthusiastic terms, as had previously terminated their meetings. On the next morning, the swain thought, with some remorse, on the angry feeling he had exhibited, and on the cutting sarcasm with which he had given it vent; and, as a part of the *amende honorable*, packed up with great care a magnificent satin dress, which he had previously bespoken for his beloved, and which had been sent home to him in the interval, and transmitted it to the lady, with a note o the following effect:—"Dearest Jane, I have been

unable to close my eyes all night, in consequence of thinking of our misunderstanding last evening. Pray, pardon me; and, in token of your forgiveness, deign to accept the accompanying dress, and wear it for the sake of your affectionate Henry." Having written the note, he gave it to his servant to deliver with the parcel; but, as a pair of his garments happened, at the time, to stand in need of repairing, he availed himself of the opportunity offered by his servant having to pass the tailor's shop, and desired him to leave them, packed in another parcel, on his road. The reader foresees the inevitable catastrophe. Yes! the man made the fatal blunder! consigned the satin robe to Mr. Snip, and left the note, together with the dilapidated habiliment, at the residence of the lady. So exasperated was she at what she considered a determined and deliberate affront, that when her admirer called, she ordered the door to be closed in his face, refused to listen to any explanation, and resolutely broke off the match. Before many weeks had elapsed, means were found to make her acquainted with the history of the objectionable present; but she, nevertheless, adhered firmly to her resolve, deeply lamenting the misadventure, but determined to let the burden of the ridicule rest upon the unlucky lover.

A Tough Snuff Story.

Mr. Howard Paul, in an account of his trip to the United States, relates an anecdote of the ingenious

skill of the American thieves. He says that John Peabody, a Connecticut grocer, "came on" (as the phrase goes) to New York to purchase stock. Completing his purchases, which were in due time deposited on the docks to be shipped per river steamer, Mr. Peabody thought proper to keep his eye upon his goods until they could be taken on board. Among them was a magnificent Goshen cheese, weighing about sixty-five pounds, upon which, for the want of better accommodation, the weary grocer seated himself as he watched the remainder of the property upon the wharf. While thus seated, ruminating over current events, calculating profits that he would realise upon his purchases, and every now and then solacing his nasal organ from a "yaller" snuff-box, two well-dressed young men approached and entered into conversation. "You take snuff, sir?" said nice young man number one. "Yes; couldn't do without it. Took it for over eight years." "You use the maccaboy, I perceive." "Yes. That mild sort suits me best for a steady-going snuff." "Let me recommend you to try mine," said the sharper, producing a silver-plated box engraved with an American eagle and two shields. "I imported it from France. It is the identical snuff used by the emperor and the officers of the French army." Mr. Peabody said, "Certainly," and inserted his thumb and finger in the stranger's box. The moment he placed it to his nose he was seized with violent sneezing. At every sneeze he lifted himself about a foot from the cheese upon

which he was sitting. While he was doing this sharper number two was carrying out his share of the programme. As Mr. Peabody gave the third sneeze he pushed the cheese from under him, and in its stead dexterously placed a peck measure. As he was sneezing for the eighth and last time the sharpers and the cheese had disappeared. Mr. P. rubbed his nose for about five minutes, and spent about five minutes more in wondering as to the style of noses possessed by the emperor and the officers of the French army, who took such powerful snuff. By this time the deck hands of the boat commenced to load up Mr. Peabody's goods.

He rose from his seat and said, "Take this cheese, too." Deck hand said, "What cheese?" Mr. Peabody looked round and found that instead of the cheese he had been sitting upon a peck measure. When he understood the manner in which the exchange had been effected, he was about the worst excited man of the season. He offered fifty dollars to anyone who would give him an opportunity to fight the thieves with one hand tied behind his back.

Salmon *versus* Sermon.

A clergyman in Perthshire, who was more skilful as an angler than popular as a preacher, having fallen into conversation with some of his parishioners on the benefits of early rising, mentioned, as an instance, that he had that very morning, before breakfast, composed a

sermon and killed a salmon—an achievement on which he plumed himself greatly. "Aweel, sir," observed one of the company, "I would rather hae your salmon than your sermon."

The Right Emphasis.

Dr. Guthrie, in the course of an address in the New Free College, remarked that he was often annoyed and vexed beyond measure to find discourses of the ablest character murdered and massacred by a wretched delivery. Some ministers appeared to have a habit of emphasising every third word or so; and he would tell them an anecdote which he had heard to illustrate the importance of correct reading. A minister once reading 1 Kings xiii. 13, read it thus—"And the prophet said unto his sons, *Saddle me the ass.* So they saddled *him*, the ass."

Evil-Speaking.

Men will refrain from evil-speaking when their fellow-men refrain from evil-hearing.

The Advantages of History.

The villain who has imposed on mankind by his power or cunning, and whom experience could not unmask for a time, is unmasked at length; and the honest man

who has been misunderstood or defamed, is justified before his story ends. Or if this does not happen—if the villain dies with his mask on, in the midst of applause, and honour, and wealth, and power, and if the honest man dies under the same load of calumny and disgrace under which he so undeservedly lived, driven perhaps into exile and exposed to want,—yet we see historical justice executed ; the name of the one branded with infamy, and that of the other celebrated with panegyric to succeeding ages.

Sleep.

Bulwer Lytton says—"Let youth cherish sleep, the happiest of earthly boons, while yet it is at their command ; for there cometh the day to all, when neither the voice of the lute nor the bird shall bring back the sweet slumbers that fell on their young eyes as unbidden as the dews."

Talking Men and Women.

Speaking much is a sign of vanity ; for he that is lavish in words is a niggard in deed.

Curious Sepulture.

In the burial register of Lymington, Hants, there is the following entry :—"12 August, 1722. This fore-

noon the body of Samuel Baldwin, late inhabitant of this parish, was conveyed in a vessel off to sea, and was committed to the deep off the Needle rocks, near the Isle of Wight." This appears to have been done, says a Hampshire paper, in accordance with the wish of the deceased, to prevent his wife from dancing over his grave, which she threatened to do.

Curious Advertisement.

The following advertisement appeared recently in a daily paper:—To pianoforte makers.—A lady, keeping a first-class school, requiring a good piano, is desirous or receiving a daughter of the above in exchange for the same.

Abernethy's Prescription.

An Irishman called in great haste upon Dr. Abernethy, stating that, "Be jabers, my boy Tim has swallowed a mouse." "Then, be jabers," said Abernethy, "tell your boy Tim to swallow a cat."

A Candid Opinion.

An Ohio stumper, while making a speech, paused in the midst of it, and exclaimed, "Now, gentlemen, what do you think?" Instantly a man rose in the assembly, and, with one eye partially closed, modestly

replied, "I think, sir—I do, indeed, sir—I think if you and me were to stump the country together, we would tell more lies than any other two men in the country, sir, and I'd not say a word during the whole time, sir."

Quid pro Quo.

A Frenchman, meeting an English soldier with a Waterloo medal, began sneeringly to animadvert on the British Government for bestowing such a trifle, which did not cost them three francs. "That is true, to be sure," replied the soldier; "it did not cost the English Government three francs, but it cost the French a Napoleon.'"

Whitfield and the Sailors.

When Whitfield preached before the seamen at New York, he used the following bold apostrophe :—"Well, my boys, we have a clear sky, and are making fine headway over a smooth sea, before a light breeze, and we shall soon lose sight of land. But what means this sudden louring of the heavens, and that dark cloud arising from beneath the western horizon? Hark! don't you hear distant thunder? Don't you see those flashes of lightning? A storm is gathering! Every man to his duty! How the waves rise and dash against the ship! The air is dark! The air is dark! The tempest rages! Our masts are gone! The ship

is on her beam-ends? What next?" The unsuspecting tars suddenly rose, and exclaimed, "Take to the long-boat!"

Rowland Hill.

Once when preaching at Wapping to a congregation composed chiefly of seafaring men and fisherwomen, he greatly astonished his congregation by commencing the sermon with these words:—"I come to preach to great sinners, notorious sinners—yea, to *Wapping* sinners."

A "Savant" in the Witness Box.

Occasionally—very rarely, it must be owned—the witness is, besides being a man of science, a man of the world—one who joins to the requirements of the "savant" all the quick and ready-witted tact of society. Here is such a case. The barrister was no common man; he was highly and variously gifted; he had a keen wit and a commanding eloquence. It was his task, on the occasion I refer to, to obtain from the medical witness the admission that the substance to which the poisoning was attributed was one freely used in practice, often prescribed by the best physicians, and occasionally in doses that verged on being excessive. "Now, Doctor A.," said he, "you have told us that strychnine is to be found in the Pharmacopœia, an admission that goes to show that the faculty are not afraid, to use the vulgar illustration, to play with edge-

tools. You have also said that you have administered it in your own practice. Will you be kind enough to inform us in what doses?" "The dose would be determined by the nature of the illness, the object sought to be obtained, and the peculiar circumstances of the individual patient." "Come, come, doctor, I am not trying to poach on you for an unfee'd opinion. I want generalities. Would you give a grain of this medicine?" "I might. I would rather give an eighth, or a sixth, or a fourth of a grain." "But you have actually given as much as a grain?" "I believe I have." "Now, would you give two, or are there cases in which you would give three grains? For instance, would you venture to administer three grains to one of the gentlemen of the jury?" "I opine not." "Might there not be a case in which you would give his Lordship yonder as much as three grains?" "I should say not—certainly not." "Would you give me three grains?" At this the doctor seemed slightly confused and unwilling to reply, and the lawyer, accepting the hesitation as confusion from being puzzled, followed up his supposed advantage by repeating his question. "I am doubtful on the point. It is possible that I might," was the reply, after a long pause. "Good heavens, sir! what do you mean? You have told us that under no circumstance would you administer as much as three grains to one of the gentlemen of the jury, nor to his Lordship on the bench, and yet you now avow that you are actually

uncertain whether you would not give this dose to me! Explain this, sir, if you can." "The action of strychnine is but imperfectly known," said the doctor, with great composure. "It would be a valuable contribution to medical science to determine it; and we have a maxim in chemistry that says, '*Fiat experimentum in corpore vili.*' That's my meaning." In this case it was not the lawyer who triumphed.

Modern Fashions.

We (says a New York paper) had the curiosity the other day to make a note of the articles attached to a lady's dress, the fringe of which was admirably adapted for a "snapper up of trifles." It was before the late fall of snow, and the walking was dry. We mention a few:—A cooper's shaving. *Item*, A dead mouse. *Item*, A half-consumed cigar. *Item*, A wisp of straw with a conglomerate of street filth. *Item*, A bunch of horse-hair. *Item*, An "old soger;" not a veteran of the Potomac army, but a second-hand quid. *Item*, The heel of an old boot. How long would a man stand such nonsense as this? He would stop at the first door-sill, out knife and rip off the skirt up to his knees.

Birds and Insects.

The cawing rook is the smallest of the crow tribe. He is a true insect-destroyer. The cornix, or real crow,

will kill young lambs or pigs by picking out their eyes. A buzzard will destroy 6000 mice annually. One owl is worth a dozen cats in the field, barn, or granary Blackbirds, thrushes, robins, starlings, and larks are worm-eating birds. The goldfinch eats thistle-seeds. A swallow will devour 900 insects in a day. The miner-bird, a worm-eater, has been introduced from India into Australia. The bird called the laughing jackass is the best native mouser and snake-killer in Australia. How fond the Englishman is of the robin, which is his social winter companion, which he feeds with crumbs of bread, and which the barbarous Buffon recommended as a *bonne bouche*, when eaten with bread crumbs. The cockroach deposits 100 eggs at one time, and the wheat-fly 130 eggs, and the aphis is still more prolific.

In the Midst of Life we are in Death.

A very singular occurrence was noticed in the 10th Massachusetts regiment at the siege of Petersburg. A sergeant had been engaged in the Second Division Hospital in placing upon a number of headboards the names of members of his regiment who had been killed in the late fight, or had died in battle, which were to mark their last resting-place. There was one board in excess, and, in a sportive vein, he placed with a lead pencil his own name upon it, and the date of his demise, 20th of June, as his term of service had then expired, and he was about to leave for home. On

that day, while near the front, bidding his companions in other regiments a farewell, he was struck in the breast by a 20-pounder Parrott, and instantly killed. His remains were interred, and the very headboard he had unthinkingly inscribed with his own name was placed over his grave, and with date correctly marks for a time his resting-place.

The Future.

Prognostications are a notable proof of the wild curiosity of our nature, grasping at and anticipating future things, as if we had not enough to do to digest the present.

Poverty.

Poverty is, except where there is an actual want of food and raiment, a thing much more imaginary than real. The shame of poverty—the shame of being thought poor—it is a great and fatal weakness, though arising, in this country, from the fashion of the times themselves.

Seeing through Him.

The Curé of St. Sulpice, Paris, wishing to induce the octagenarian millionaire, Samuel Bernard, to leave a large sum of money to his church, visited him with great assiduity during his last illness, and endeavoured to soothe his pains by numerous little attentions. On

one occasion, when the priest's solicitude was more than usually demonstrative, the old man (whose mind was as clear and his wit as fine as ever), scarcely turning his head, said to the curé, "Hide your cards, monsieur; for I can see all your play."

A Choice Wind.

Dean Ramsay, in his "Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character," relates this incident:—In one of our northern counties, a rural district had its harvest operations seriously affected by continuous rains. The crops being much laid, wind was desired in order to restore them to a condition fit for the sickle. A minister, in his Sabbath services, expressed their wants in prayer as follows:—"O Lord, we pray thee to send us wind, no a rantin', tantin', tearin' wind, but a noohin' (noughin?) soughin', winnin' wind."

The English Guards at Waterloo.

Captain Gronow says:—The Guards had what in modern battues is called a hot corner of it, and the greatest "gluttons" (and we had many such) must have allowed, when night came on, that they had had fighting enough. I confess that I am to this day astonished that any of us remained alive. From eleven o'clock till seven we were pounded with shot and shell at long and short range, were incessantly potted at by tirailleurs who kept

up a most biting fire, constantly charged by immense masses of cavalry, who seemed determined to go in and win, preceded as their visits were by a terrific fire of artillery; and, last of all, we were attacked by "la Vieille Garde" itself. But here we came to the end of our long and fiery ordeal. The French veterans, conspicuous by their high bearskin caps and lofty stature, on breasting the ridge behind which we were at that time, were met by a fearful fire of artillery and musketry, which swept away whole masses of those valiant soldiers; and, while in disorder, they were charged by us with complete success, and driven in utter rout and discomfiture down the ravine. The Prussians having now arrived in force on the French right, a general advance of the whole line was ordered, and the day was won. During the battle our squares presented a shocking sight. Inside we were nearly suffocated by the smoke and smell from burnt cartridges. It was impossible to move a yard without treading upon a wounded comrade, or upon the bodies of the dead; and the loud groans of the wounded and dying were most appalling. At four o'clock our square was a perfect hospital, being full of dead, dying, and mutilated soldiers. The charges of cavalry were in appearance very formidable, but in reality a great relief, as the artillery could no longer fire on us: the very earth shook under the enormous mass of men and horses. I never shall forget the strange noise our bullets made against the breastplates of Kellerman's and Milhaud's cuirassiers,

six or seven thousand in number, who attacked us with great fury. I can only compare it, with a somewhat homely simile, to the noise of a violent hail-storm beating upon panes of glass.

A Left-handed Compliment.

"I owe you one," said a withered old Cœlebs to a lady the other night at a party. "For what?" said she. "Why, for calling me a young gentleman." "If I did so," was the ill-natured reply, "I beg you will not regard it as a compliment, for though an old man you may still be but a young gentleman."

Wedlock.

The married man is like the bee, that fixes his hive, augments the world, benefits the republic, and by a daily diligence, without wronging any, profits all; but he who contemns wedlock (for the most part) like a wasp, wanders an offence to the world, disturbs peace, and meets misery as his due reward.

Sheridan at a Westminster Election.

Mr. Timbs, in his "Wits and Humorists" relates the following anecdote:—Towards the close of the election, when all the exertions of Sheridan's friends had failed to secure his return, he bore his defeat with

good humour. A sailor, anxious to view the proceedings, had climbed one of the supports in front of the hustings. As Sheridan commenced his speech, his eye fell upon the tar aloft, which he turned to ludicrous account by saying that had he but other five hundred voters as upright as the perpendicular gentleman before him, they would yet place him where he was—at the head of the pole!—A person on horseback had penetrated the crowd near the hustings, when the horse became restive, and there was a loud outcry against the intrusion; while some strove to appease the clamour, others urged Sheridan to proceed. "Gentlemen," replied he, "when the chorus of the horse and his rider is finished, I shall commence."

Too Much at Once.

Lord Chesterfield one day, at an inn where he dined, complained very much that the plates and dishes were very dirty. The waiter, with a degree of pertness, observed, "It is said that every one must eat a peck of dirt before he dies." "That may be true," said Chesterfield, "but no one is obliged to eat it all at one meal."

An American Innkeeper.

Old Rowe kept a hotel, where, as he used to say, you could get anything that was ever made to eat. One day in came a Yankee, and stepping up to the

bar asked old Rowe what he could give him for dinner. "Anything, sir," said old Rowe, "anything, from a pickled elephant to a canary bird's tongue." "Wa'al," said the Yankee, eyeing Rowe, "I guess I'll take a piece of pickled elephant." "Well, we've got 'em; got 'em all ready, right here in the house, but you'll have to take a whole 'un, 'cause we never cut 'em." The Yankee "thought he would take some codfish and potatoes."

Thoughts on Reading.

For general improvement, a man should read whatever his immediate inclination prompts him to; though, to be sure, if a man has a science to learn, he must regularly and resolutely advance. What we read with inclination makes a stronger impression. If we read without inclination, half the mind is employed in fixing the attention, so there is but half to be employed on what we read. If a man begins to read in the middle of a book, and feels an inclination to go on, let him not quit it to go to the beginning. He may perhaps not feel again the inclination.

Napoleon's Love for his Soldiers.

"For a sovereign who has worn two crowns, I am poor, my dear count," said Napoleon to Las Cases, at St. Helena. "As a private individual I should be immensely rich, if I were on my return to Europe It

is then that I would consent to live only for three years, provided it were permitted me to pass them in France as a simple citizen. With what pleasure would I visit my old companions in arms! I would go to seek them at the plough and in the manufactories; two-thirds of my fortune would be their patrimony. How, then, am I constituted? In France I loved them in a mass, as intrepid warriors; here I cherish them. I feel for them individually. If it should happen that grief and disappointment conduct me to the tomb, the misfortunes of the ancient army will contribute something towards it; they cause me to pass many unhappy nights."

Education of Children.

In the education of children, there is nothing like alluring the appetites and affection; otherwise you make so many asses laden with books, and by virtue of the lash, give them their pocket full of learning to keep; whereas, to do well, you should not only lodge it with them, but make them espouse it.

Death—should it be feared?

Death is a part of life. It is nothing more than the negation of life. If life, therefore, be no general good, death is no general evil. Who shall decide it? Not women and children, but wise men. Thales, the chief of the sages, held life and death as things indifferent.

Socrates, the greatest of all philosophers, speaks of death as a deliverance; and so does Cicero; and Solomon, who had tasted all the sweets of life, condemns the whole as vanity and vexation.

Birth-Place of Newton.

The clergyman of a parish, not thirty miles from Glasgow, a very old gentleman, and altogether of the old school, having occasion to allude, in one of his discourses, to the modern improvements in astronomy, and their great author, Newton, said, "Sir Isaac Newton was as weel acquainted with the stars as if he had been born and brocht up amang them."

Definition of a Soldier.

Dean Swift defined a soldier as a being hired to kill in cold blood as many of his own species, who have never offended him, as possibly he can

Hardly a Coat to his Back.

Poor H——, the comedian, once so well known in the Manchester and Liverpool theatres, having called in a doctor during a serious fit of illness, was interrogated as to his mode of living. "Did he drink much, and what was the fluid he indulged in?" was inquired. "Brandy and water was his weakness," H—— replied,

and "he consumed generally from six to twelve glasses per diem, which he had done for many years." "Good heaven!" said the doctor, "I wonder you have any coat left to your stomach!" "Ah, doctor," replied the invalid, "my friends wonder that I have any coat left to my back."

How Dr. Johnson wooed.

When Dr. Johnson asked the Widow Porter to be his wife, he told her candidly that he had no money, and that his uncle had been hanged. The widow replied that she cared nothing for his parentage; that she had no money herself; and that, though she had no relation hanged, she had fifty who deserved hanging. So they made a match of it.

The Republic of Letters.

Tom Hood suggested that the phrase "*republic* of letters" was hit upon to insinuate that, taking the whole lot of authors together, they had not got a *sovereign* amongst them.

The Pleasure of Paying.

It removes that uneasiness which a true spirit feels from dependence and obligation. It affords pleasure to the creditor, and therefore gratifies our social affection. It promotes that future confidence, which is so very in-

teresting to an honest mind: it opens a prospect of being readily supplied with what we want on future occasions: it leaves a consciousness of our own virtue: and it is a measure we know to be right, both in point of justice and of sound economy. Finally, it is the main support of simple reputation.

Classical Quotation by Ingoldsby.

I happened, at dinner, says a writer in *Notes and Queries*, to sit next to the lamented gentleman so well known by this *nom de plume*, when a lady opposite asked for some duck. The footman, handing it in a hurry, spilt some gravy on her dress. "Oh!" said she, "my dress is ruined." I observed to him, "Gravi labit ruina." To which he replied instantly, "Dux fœmina facti."

Ex Nihilo Nihil Fit.

The following admirable riddle was quoted many years ago in *Notes and Queries*. The authorship of it seems to be involved in obscurity.

What's that which all love more than life,
Fear more than death or mortal strife?—
That which contented men desire,
The poor possess, the rich require?—
The miser spends, the spendthrift saves,
And all men carry to their graves?

The answer is—Nothing.

A Conditional Prayer.

At the time that the war was raging on the Continent, an honest woman, who had a son in the army, was much concerned about him, and sent the following recommendation to the minister of a parish church for the prayers of the faithful, which read as follows:—"Remember in prayer a young man in the army—if he be living!"

Napoleon's Hatred of Sir Hudson Lowe.

"I understand," said Napoleon to one of his attendants, "that this governor proposed an officer should enter my chamber to see me, if I did not stir out. Any person," continued he, with much emotion, "who endeavours to force his way into my apartment, shall be a corpse the moment he enters it. If he ever eats bread or meat again, I am not Napoleon. This I am determined on. I know that I shall be killed afterwards, as what can one do against a camp? I have faced death too many times to fear it. I told him, a few days ago, that if he wanted to put an end to me, he would have a very good opportunity, by sending somebody to force his way into my chamber. That I would immediately make a corpse of the first that entered, and then I should be of course despatched, and he might write home to his government, that Bonaparte was killed in a brawl! I also told him

to leave me alone, and not to torment me with his hateful presence. I have seen Prussians, Tartars, Cossacks, Calmucks, etc., but never before in my life have I beheld so ill-favoured and so forbidding a countenance."

Chemical Diatribes.

Chemists, natural philosophers, and mathematicians, are all of the *genus irritabile;* the first class especially are remarkable for their acrimonious disputes. When Dr. Thomson's famous work on chemistry was published, a very severe review of it appeared in a London magazine. Dr. Thomson, in as severe a reply, ascribed the authorship of the review to Dr. Ure. In allusion to which, a friend said, "If this were the case, it was merely a very fine specimen of Uric acid."

A Bill-sticker turned Actor.

Bob Palmer, the comedian, had been originally a bill-sticker, which was pretty generally known among theatrical people. One evening, being dressed for the character of Sir Brilliant Fashion, he strutted into the green-room with sparkling buckles on his shoes, and a large diamond on his finger. One of the company inquired if they were real. "To be sure they are; I wear nothing but diamonds," replied he. "I congratulate you," said Jack Bannister, "for I remember when you wore nothing but *paste*." This remark occa-

sioned an angry altercation, when Mrs. Jordan cried out, "Why don't you stick him against the wall, Bob? Stick him against the wall!"

Solitude.

Crowded towns and busy societies may delight the unthinking and the gay, but solitude is the best nurse of wisdom. In solitude the mind gains strength, and learns to lean upon herself; in the world it seeks or accepts of a few treacherous supports—the feigned compassion of one, the flattery of a second, the civilities of a third, the friendship of a fourth—they all deceive, and bring the mind back to retirement, reflection, and books.

Division of Labour.

First Paviour: "Bill, wat's diwision of labour, as they talks about?" Second Paviour: "It means you heaves the rammer, and brings it down upon the stones with all your might, and I stands by to cry out 'Ugh!'"

The Sick Minister.

A venerable divine, who, in his day and generation, was remarkable for his primitive and abstinent mode of life, at length fell sick, and was visited by a kind-hearted lady from a neighbouring parish. On her proposing to make some beef-tea, he inquired what it was; and being

informed, he promised to drink it at his usual dinner hour. The soup was accordingly made in the most approved manner, and the lady went home, directing him to drink a quantity every day until her return. This occurred a few days afterwards, when the lady was surprised to see the beef-tea almost undiminished, and to hear it denounced by the worthy clergyman as the worst thing he had ever tasted. She determined to try it herself, and having heated a small quantity, pronounced it excellent. "Ay, ay," quoth the divine, "it may drink well enough that way, but try it wi' the sugar and cream as I did."

Chemical Analysis.

A Scotch laird, on a market-day in Kilmarnock, went into a tavern with a friend, and ordered some whisky. The waiter, when he set down the measure, asked if they wished to have water along with the spirits. "Na," said the laird; "had ye no better try to tak' out the water that's in't already?"

A Black "Nigger."

A little boy one day ran to his father, and said, "O father! I've just seen the blackest nigger that ever was!" "How black was he, my son?" "Oh, he was as black as black can be; why, father, charcoal would make a *white* mark on him!"

A Test of Memory.

A gentleman had so bad a memory, and so circumscribed, that he scarce knew what he read. A friend, knowing this, lent him the same book to read, seven times over; and, being asked afterwards how he liked it, replied, "I think it is an admirable production, but the author sometimes repeats the same things."

A Luxurious Campaigner.

Captain Gronow, in his "Reminiscences," relates as follows of a luxury-loving officer:—He was surrounded by muleteers, with whom he was bargaining to provide carriage for innumerable hampers of wine, liqueurs, hams, potted meat, and other good things, which he had brought from England. He was a particularly gentlemanly and amiable man, much beloved by the regiment; no one was so hospitable, or lived so magnificently. His cooks were the best in the army; and he, besides, had a host of servants of all nations—Spaniards, French, Portuguese, Italians—who were employed in scouring the country for provisions. Lord Wellington once honoured him with his company; and, on entering the ensign's tent, found him alone at table with a dinner fit for a king, his plate and linen in good keeping, and his wines perfect. Lord Wellington was

accompanied on this occasion by Sir Edward Pakenham and Colonel De Burgh, afterwards Lord Downes. It fell to my lot to partake of his princely hospitality, and dine with him at his quarters—a farmhouse in a village on the Bidassoa—and I never saw a better dinner put upon table. The career of this amiable Amphitryon, to our great regret, was cut short, after exercising for about a year a splendid but not very wise hospitality. He had only a younger brother's fortune; his debts became very considerable, and he was obliged to quit the Guards. He and his friends had literally eaten up his little fortune

An Advertisement.

The following remarkable advertisement appeared in a newspaper recently:—"Poacher wanted. Wanted a thoroughly experienced poacher, by a farmer in the neighbourhood. Good encouragement will be given. Apply by letter to ——, Post-office, ——."

Phrenology at Fault.

After Professor Porson's death, his head was dissected, when, to the confusion of craniologists and the consolation of blockheads, it was discovered that he had a skull of extraordinary thickness. Professor Gall, on being called upon to reconcile the intellectual powers and tenacious memory of Porson with a skull that

would have suited a prize-fighter, is said to have replied. "How the ideas got into such a skull is their business, not mine; but, when they were once in, they certainly could never get out again."

Gambling.

It is possible that a wise and good man may be prevailed on to game; but it is impossible that a professed gamester should be a wise and good man

Rather too Fast.

Abernethy, while canvassing for the office of surgeon to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, called upon a rich grocer. "I suppose, sir," said the grocer, with much importance, "you want my vote and interest at this momentous epoch of your life?" "No, I don't," said Abernethy, "I want a pennyworth of figs: come, look sharp and wrap them up, for I want to be off."

Anecdote of Lord Jeffrey.

When the late Lord Jeffrey was an advocate, he occasionally paid Dumfries a professional visit. On one occasion, he was employed to defend a respected bailie of the burgh, who had, in a case with which the Incorporated Fleshers of Dumfries were concerned, spoken of them in an uncomplimentary style. They

brought an action of damages against the magistrate, on the ground that he had applied to them a phrase which sounded very like the words, "a pack of swindlers." Mr. Jeffrey admitted in court that his client had used language very like what was attributed to him—language which he (the learned counsel) must allow was not quite courteous, nor yet perfectly correct. The pursuers did not carry on a traffic in pigs, but in the carcases of sheep and cattle, and hence to say that they dealt in swine was scarcely true, but he submitted that the epithet, "a pack of swine-dealers," was a very different thing from "a pack of swindlers," and he trusted the jury would see this to be the case, and honourably acquit the defendant of all intention to libel the Honourable the Corporation of Fleshers. The representation of the ingenious advocate was so plausible in itself, and so cleverly pleaded, that the jury, accepting his version of the case, found that there was nothing libellous in calling butchers swine-dealers, and at once returned a verdict of acquittal.

A Witty Sentry.

A lieutenant of the 10th United States Infantry recently met with a sad rebuff at Fort Kearney. The lieutenant was promenading in full uniform one day, and approaching a volunteer on sentry, who challenged him with "Halt! who comes there?" The lieutenant, with contempt in every lineament of his face, expressed his

feeling with an indignant "Ass!" The sentry's reply, apt and quick, came—"Advance, Ass, and give the countersign."

Happiness.

Happiness consists in the multiplicity of agreeable consciousness. A peasant has not a capacity for having equal happiness with a philosopher: they may be equally satisfied but not equally happy. A small drinking-glass and a large one may be equally full, but the larger holds more than the smaller.

A Mot by an Ambassadress.

Not very long ago, the Emperor Napoleon's carriage-horses took fright during a drive from Fontainebleau. They were soon stopped, however, and the party got safe home. "Do you know, countess," said the emperor, "that we have nearly died together?" "No, sire," replied the countess, "you have escaped death—I, immortality." This is related of Lady Cowley.

Not Time Enough.

A correspondent of a Nashville paper tells a story about a person who was going to Chattanooga on the railroad. When the train entered the tunnel and total darkness, said person asked a stranger how long it would be going through. Stranger was a bit of a wag, and replied,

"two hours." Person thought he would avail himself of the opportunity to don a clean shirt, and about the time he had "shucked himself," the train dashed out into daylight, exposing his person to the astonished gaze of some hundred pairs of male and female eyes belonging to passengers. He had about as much clothes as the Apollo Belvidere—and no chance to run.

An Editor Overcome.

Newspaper people, says an American journalist, are proverbially temperate as well as virtuous. We believe, however, one of the craft did get "slightly tight" a few weeks ago, and the following is a specimen of his broadsheet as it appeared next day;—"Yesterday morning, at four p.m., a small man, named Jones, or Browne, or Smith, with a heel in the hole of his trousers, committed arsenic by swallowing a dose of suicide. Verdicate to the jury that the diseased came to the facts in accordance with his death. He leaves a child and six small wives to lament his untimely loss.

Fishing in Scotch Lakes.

We are indebted to Blackwood's Magazine for the following:—In passing the rivers Awe and Urchy we heard great complaints of the small size and scarcity of the fish now caught there. "The bag-nets, sir, will scarcely allow a small fish to run up the Awe, let alone

the Urchy. They may sometimes try a whole day on both rivers without the rise of a single clean fish." "I mind the day," said the gray-headed Highlandman, "when forty-pound fish were common enough in the Ow'; my faither used to speak o' fish sixty and even seventy pounds; and I've heard him tell o' a pair of foul fish speared by the leister which measured five feet nine inches each. Hech, sir, thae fish, when clean, must ha' weighed four stone." "I mind when I was a bit laddie," said another old fisher to me, "a gentleman hooking a fish after breakfast on Saturday. He played it a' day till twal' o' the clock, when he was richt glad o' the excuse o' the Sabbath morn to let it go."

Mirth.

Harmless mirth is the best cordial against the consumption of the spirits: wherefore jesting is not unlawful, if it trespasseth not in quantity, quality, or season.

Dr. Johnson on Punning.

I remember, many years ago, says a correspondent of *Notes and Queries*, reading an anecdote of Johnson's dislike to punning, and his witty rejoinder to an observation of Boswell's thereupon; but as "N. and Q." had then no existence, I did not "make a note on't," and the source of the anecdote had passed away from my memory. The story was told in the following

way :—"Sir," said Johnson, "I hate a pun. A man who would perpetrate a pun would have little hesitation in picking a pocket." Upon this, Boswell hinted that his "illustrious" friend's dislike to this species of small wit might arise from his inability to play upon words. "Sir," roared Johnson "if I were "punish-ed for every pun I shed, there would not be left a puny shed of my punnish head."

Cobbett's Courtship.

It is recorded in Chambers's "Book of Days," that while in New Brunswick, Cobbett met the girl who became his wife. He first saw her in company for about an hour one evening. Shortly afterwards, in the dead of winter, when the snow lay several feet thick on the ground, he chanced, in his walk at break of day, to pass the house of her parents. It was hardly light, but there was she out in the cold, scrubbing a washing-tub. That action made her mistress of Cobbett's heart for ever. No sooner was he out of hearing than he exclaimed, "That's the girl for me!" She was the daughter of a sergeant of artillery, and then only thirteen. To his intense chagrin, the artillery was ordered to England, and she had to go with her father. Cobbett, by this time, had managed to save 150 guineas as a foot-soldier—the produce of extra work. Considering that Woolwich, to which his sweetheart was bound, was a gay place, and that she there might find many

suitors, who, moved by her beauty, might tempt her by their wealth; and, unwilling that she should hurt herself with hard work, he sent her all his precious guineas, and prayed that she would use them freely, for he could get plenty more—to buy good clothes, and live in pleasant lodgings, and be as happy as she could until he was able to join her. Four long years elapsed before they met: Cobbett, when he reached England, found her a maid-of-all-work, at £5 a-year. On their meeting, without saying a word about it, she placed in his hands his parcel of 150 guineas unbroken. He obtained his discharge from the army, and married the brave and thrifty woman. She made him an admirable wife—never was he tired of speaking her praises; and whatever comfort and success he afterwards enjoyed, it was his delight to ascribe to her care and to her inspiration

Letter-Writing.

Who has not laughed at the story of the letter-writer, who concludes: "I would say more but for an impudent Irishman who is looking over my shoulder, and reading everything I write," with the self-betraying denial of the Irishman? The story may be read in Galland's "Paroles Remarquables des Orientaux." It is not impossible that this comic incident or fiction gave Frederick the Great the hint for the terrible *coup de theatre* in the tent of the officer who, when all lights had been forbidden under pain of death, was found

finishing a letter to his wife by the light of a taper:—"Add a postscript. Before this reaches you I shall be shot for disobedience of orders;" and shot he was. Mrs. Norton has based a beautiful song upon this event, which is only too well attested.

Living in the Bye-Laws.

Speaking of General Hinks, an American says:—"That he lives in spite of wounds that would kill another man, reminding him of the remark of Rufus Choate, when told, that if he persisted in his habit of exhausting labour he would injure his constitution:—'Why, I haven't had a constitution for ten years—I'm living under the bye-laws.'"

A Soldier's Excuse for Declining a Duel.

"What, you're afraid then!" "Yes, I am—you're right;
I am afraid to sin, but not to fight.
I fear not man nor devil; but, though odd,
I'm not ashamed to own, I fear my God."

The Grimaldi of Fashionable Life.

Captain Gronow, in his "Reminiscences," says:—Colonel Mackinnon, commonly called "Dan," was an exceedingly well-made man, and remarkable for his

physical powers in running, jumping, climbing, and such bodily exercises as demanded agility and muscular strength. He used to amuse his friends by creeping over the furniture of a room like a monkey. It was very common for his companions to make bets with him; for example, that he would not be able to climb up the ceiling of a room, or scramble over a certain house-top. Grimaldi, the famous clown, used to say, "Colonel Mackinnon has only to put on the motley costume, and he would totally eclipse me." Mackinnon was famous for practical jokes; which were, however, always played in a gentlemanly way. Before landing at St. Andero's, with some other officers who had been on leave in England, he agreed to personate the Duke of York, and make the Spaniards believe that his royal highness was amongst them. On nearing the shore, a royal standard was hoisted at the mast-head, and Mackinnon disembarked, wearing the star of his shako on his left breast, and accompanied by his friends, who agreed to play the part of aides-de-camp to royalty. The Spanish authorities were soon informed of the arrival of the royal commander-in-chief of the British army; so they received Mackinnon with the usual pomp and circumstance attending such occasions. The mayor of the place, in honour of the illustrious arrival, gave a grand banquet, which terminated with the appearance of a huge bowl of punch. Whereupon Dan, thinking that the joke had gone far enough, suddenly dived his head into the porcelain vase, and threw his heels into the air.

The Love of God.

Could we with ink the ocean fill;
  Were the whole earth of parchment made;
Were every single stick a quill,
  And every man a scribe by trade;—
To write the love of God alone,
  Would drain the ocean dry;
Nor would the scroll contain the whole,
  Though stretched from sky to sky.

An Amiable Young Lady.

A Caledonian newspaper, in an obituary of a young lady, who lately died, closed by saying, "She had an amiable temper, and was uncommonly fond of ice-cream and other delicacies."

The Journey of Life.

Human life is the journey of a day; we rise in the morning of youth, full of vigour, and full of expectation; we set forward with spirit and hope, with gaiety and with diligence, and travel on awhile in the road of piety towards the mansions of rest. In a short time we remit our fervour, and endeavour to find some more easy means of obtaining the same end. We then relax our vigour, and enter the bowers of ease, and repose in the

shades of obscurity. Here the heart softens and vigilance subsides; we then turn our eyes upon the gardens of pleasure; we enter them, hoping to pass through them without losing the road of virtue, which we for awhile keep in sight, and to which we purpose to return. By degrees we let fall the remembrance of our original intention; we entangle ourselves in business, immerse ourselves in luxury, and rove through the labyrinths of inconstancy till the dulness of old age invades us, and disease and anxiety obstruct our path.

Napoleon's Indifference to Orthography.

As showing Bonaparte's carelessness as to correctness in writing and spelling, Las Cases says:—"One day he said to me, 'You do not write orthographically, do you? At least, I suppose you do not; for a man occupied with public or other important business—a minister for instance—cannot and need not attend to orthography. His ideas must flow faster than his hand can trace them: he has only time to place his points; he must put words in letters, and phrases in words; and let the scribes make it out afterwards.' He indeed left a great deal for the copyists to do; he was their torment: his handwriting actually resembled hieroglyphics, and he often could not decipher it himself. My son was one day reading to him a chapter of the Campaign of Italy; on a sudden he stopped short, unable to make out the writing. 'The little block-

head,' said the emperor, 'cannot read his own handwriting.' 'It is not mine, sire.' 'And whose, then?' 'Your majesty's.' 'How so, you little rogue; do you mean to insult me?' The emperor took the manuscript, tried a long while to read it, and at last threw it down, saying, 'He is right, I cannot tell myself what is written.'"

A Means of Livelihood.

"The most winning player I ever knew," says Sir E. B. Lytton, "was a good, but not a first-rate player, and, playing small stakes, though always the same stakes, he made a handsome yearly income. He took up whist as a profession instead of the bar, saying ingenuously, 'At the bar, if I devoted myself to it, I think I could make the same yearly sum with pains which at whist I make with pleasure. I prefer pleasure to pain when the reward is equal, and I choose whist.'"

A Lawyer's Charity.

A poor Irish barrister, who had more brains than briefs, had, from too social habits, lost his practice, and, by-and-by, his health—consumption closing the record on him, and leaving nothing to defray the usual expenses attendant on interment. A warm-hearted friend of the deceased, however, set about raising a subscription amongst his acquaintances, limiting the amount to a shilling each. Having accosted one of the brethren,

who was wont to complain of too great an increase in the number of practitioners, the latter saluted him with "What are you about now, with that suspicious-looking green bag in your hand?" "You are aware, I suppose, of the death of our poor friend," was the reply; "so you must give me a shilling, to help to buy a turf to cover all that's left of him here." "Poor fellow!" said the other; "I have not a shilling about me, but there's a sovereign for you, and bury twenty when you are at it"

How Singers are Paid.

Malibran, at Drury Lane, under Bunn's management, received £150 each night. The same price was paid to Lablache for two performances. Grisi at New York received £400 for one performance, and shortly after obtained £2400 as the result of one night's entertainment in London. Taglioni received £150 for every performance at Hamburg; at her second benefit at St. Petersburg she realised the extravagant sum of £8160, in addition to a magnificent present of diamond ornaments made her by the Czar.

An Incident of the American War.

During General Birney's raid through Florida, a bright little girl was found alone at one house, her parents having skedaddled. She did not know whether the troops were Union or rebel. Two fine dogs made

their appearance while a conversation was being held with the child, and she informed one of her questioners that their names were Gillmore and Beauregard. "Which is the best dog?" asked a bystander. "I don't know," said she; "they're both mighty smart dogs; but they'll either of 'em suck eggs if you don't watch 'em." The troops left without ascertaining whether the family of which the girl was so hopeful a scion was Union or rebel.

Yankee Notions.

Boasting of a visit he had paid to the Queen at Windsor, a Yankee clinched his remarks by declaring—"I should have been invited to dinner, but it was washing-day."

An Englishman's Blunders.

Among the many English (says Captain Gronow, in his "Reminiscences,") who visited Paris in 1815, was Alderman Wood, who had previously filled the office of Lord Mayor of London. He ordered a hundred visiting cards, inscribing upon them "Alderman Wood, *feu Lord Maire de Londres,*" which he had largely distributed amongst people of rank—having translated the word "late" into "*feu,*" which, I need hardly state, means dead. Again, one of our countrymen, having been introduced by M. de la Rochefoucauld to Mademoiselle Bigottini, the beautiful and graceful

dancer, in the course of conversation with this gentle man, asked him in what part of the theatre he was placed; upon which he replied, "Mademoiselle, *dans une loge rotie*," instead of "*grillee.*" The lady could not understand what he meant, until his introducer explained the mistake, observing, "*Les diables des Anglais pensent toujours a leur Rosbif.*"

Proof against Headache.

An elderly gentleman, travelling in a stage-coach, was amused by the constant fire of words kept up between two ladies. One of them at last kindly inquired if their conversation did not make his head ache, when he answered, with a great deal of naïveté, "No, ma'am, I have been married twenty-eight years."

An Appropriate Toast.

At an election dinner at Kidderminster—a place celebrated for its manufacture of carpets—this toast was proposed by a townsman—"May the trade of our town always be *trodden under foot.*"

Dr. Johnson's Reflections on Ranelagh.

As Xerxes wept when he viewed his immense army, and considered that not one of that multitude would be living one hundred years after; so it went to

my heart to consider that there was not one in all that brilliant circle at Ranelagh, that was not afraid to go home and think; I felt that the thoughts of each individual there would be distressing when alone. This reflection was experimentally just; the feeling of languor is itself a very severe pain; and when the mind is then vacant, a thousand disappointments rush in and excruciate.

A Witty Reply.

A barrister came into court one day with his wig all awry, which caused a general titter amongst his brother lawyers and the bench; on which he turned to Curran, and said—"Do you see anything ridiculous in my wig?" Curran drily answered—"No; nothing but your *head!*"

A Yankee Stake-Holder.

An individual at the races was staggering about the track with more liquor than he could carry. "Hallo, what's the matter now?" said a friend whom the inebriated man had run against. "Why—hic—why, the fact is a lot of my friends have been betting liquor on the race to-day, and they have got me to hold the stakes."

An Ingenuous Reply.

A lady at ——, whose friends had arrived unexpectedly, got up an impromptu dinner party, and was

compelled to send to the nearest pastry-cook's for some large tarts. All went on well until the lady, unluckily wishing to show off by pretending not to know what was at her own table, pointed to the dish with an air of great dignity, and inquired, "John, what are these tarts?" Whereat John, in the innocence of his heart, looking at the tarts in a commercial rather than a culinary point of view, briskly replied, "Fourpence apiece, ma'am."

A Regular Man.

A little time ago a landlord, who was talking boastingly about his customers, said, "Mr.—— is the most regular customer I have; he comes here and gets drunk every Saturday, and has done the same for ten years, except when his mother died, and that time he came on the Sunday. It's a grand thing being punctual."

The Cart before the Horse.

De Quincey says—If once a man indulges himself in murder, very soon he comes to think little of robbing; and from robbing he comes next to drinking and Sabbath-breaking, and from that to incivility and procrastination. Once begin upon this downward path, you never know where you are to stop. Many a man has dated his ruin from some murder or other that perhaps he thought little of at the time. *Principiis obsta*—that's my rule."

A Joke of Dr. Goodall's.

Captain Gronow, speaking of Dr. Goodall, says—This gentleman was proverbially fond of punning. About the same time that he was made Provost of Eton, he received, also, a stall at Windsor. A young lady of his acquaintance, while congratulating him on his elevation, and requesting him to give the young ladies of Eton and Windsor a ball during the vacation, happened to touch his wig with her fan, and caused the powder to fly about. Upon which the doctor exclaimed, "My dear, you see you can get the powder out of the canon, but not the ball."

A Slight Alteration.

Cowper's celebrated line—

"England! with all thy faults, I love thee still,"

was thus parodied by a whisky-loving Irishman—

"Ireland! with all thy faults, I love *thy still*."

A Polite Carpenter.

A country carpenter having neglected to make a gibbet (which was ordered by the executioner), on the ground that he had not been paid for the last he had erected, gave so much offence that the next time the judge came the circuit, he was sent for. "Fellow," said the judge,

in a stern tone, "how came you to neglect making the gibbet that was ordered on my account?" "I humbly beg your pardon," said the carpenter; "had I known it had been *for your lordship*, it would have been done immediately."

Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties.

During a considerable part of the time in which Savage was employed upon his tragedy of Sir Thomas Overbury, he was without lodging, and often without meat; nor had he any other conveniences for study than the fields or the streets allowed him; there he used to walk and form his speeches, and afterwards step into a shop, beg for a few moments the use of the pen and ink, and write down what he had composed, upon paper which he had picked up by accident.

Death a Leveller.

Let not the grandeur of any man's station render him proud and wilful; but let him remember, when he is surrounded with a crowd of suppliants, that death shall level him with the meanest of mankind.

Napoleon's Mode of Living at St. Helena.

Describing the food which was placed on his table to his physician, Dr. Antommarchi, he said—Physicians

have the right of regulating the table, it is fit I should give you an account of mine. Behold what it consists of: a basin of soup, two plates of meat, one of vegetables, a salad when I can take it, compose the whole service; half a bottle of claret, which I dilute with a good deal of water, serve me for drink: I drink a little of it pure towards the end of the repast. Sometimes, when I feel fatigued, I substitute champagne for claret: it is a sure means of giving a fillip to the stomach. The doctor having expressed his surprise at this temperate mode of living, he replied—In my marches with the army of Italy, I never failed to put in the bow of my saddle a bottle of wine, some bread, and a cold fowl. This provision sufficed for the wants of the day; I may even say I often shared it with others. I thus gained time; the economy of my table turned to account on the field of battle. For the rest, I eat fast, masticate little; my meals do not consume my hours. This is not what you will approve the most; but in my present situation what signifies it?

Which is the Master?

A Scottish minister, being one day engaged in visiting some members of his flock, came to the door of a house where his gentle tapping could not be heard for the noise of contention within. After waiting a little he opened the door and walked in, saying, with an authoritative voice, "I should like to know who is the head

of this house." "Weel, sir," said the husband and father, "if ye sit down a wee we'll maybe be able to tell ye, for we're just trying to settle that point."

The Modesty of Greatness.

There is, among the records of Newton, a sentence in the spirit of Shakspeare:—"I don't know what I may seem to the world; but, as to myself, I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the sea-shore, and diverting himself in now and then finding a smoother pebble, or a prettier shell, than ordinary, whilst the great Ocean of Truth lay all undiscovered before me."

The Married State.

Marriage is not commonly unhappy, but as life is unhappy; and most of those who complain of connubial miseries have as much satisfaction as their natures would have admitted, or their conduct procured, in any other condition.

Lord Byron.

Captain Gronow, speaking of Lord Byron, says—His professed dislike to seeing women eat was found out to arise solely "from the fact of their being helped first, and, consequently, getting all the wings of the chickens, while other people had to be content with the legs." Scrope Davis, on one occasion, found Byron in bed at

Cambridge with his hair in curl-papers. Byron besought his friend not to let the cat out of the bag, for that he was "as vain of his curls as a girl of sixteen." Davis said that he considered Lord Byron "very agreeable and clever, but vain, overbearing, conceited, suspicious, and jealous." He thought "that the whole world ought to be constantly employed in admiring his poetry and himself." This is not an unfrequent opinion among poets, but it has usually the effect of preventing them from being very agreeable. Once, when Byron was walking with Henry Hobhouse, he turned suddenly upon him in the midst of a silence, and exclaimed, "Now, I know, Hobhouse, you are looking at my foot."

The Bitterness of Distress.

Nothing so powerfully calls home the mind as distress. The tense fibre then relaxes; the soul retires to itself, sits pensive and susceptible of right impressions. If we have a friend, 'tis then we think of him; if a benefactor, at that moment all his kindness presses upon our minds.

A Duellist.

When the celebrated duellist, Fighting Fitzgerald, was in Paris, the English ambassador introduced him to the French king; prior to which introduction, the ambassador informed his majesty, Mr. Fitzgerald was a gentleman of such amazing prowess, that he had fought thirty

duels, and behaved equally brave and honourable in them all. "Then, I think," says the king, with a smile, "this gentleman's life would make an admirable appendix to your renowned countryman's history of *Jack the Giant-Killer*."

Abernethy "Floored."

The following anecdote is told of the celebrated surgeon, Mr. Abernethy:—One day, during an examination of a class of students, he asked one of them what he would do in the case of a man being blown up by gunpowder. "I should wait till he came down again," was the cool reply. "True," rejoined Abernethy. "And suppose I should kick you for such an impertinent reply, what muscles should I put in motion?" "The flexors and extensors of my right arm," said the student; "for I should floor you directly."

Suett the Actor.

A gentleman called one evening to see Suett the comedian at the stage-door of the theatre at which the actor was engaged. Suett not being in the theatre, the gentleman—to whom the actor's person was unknown—resolved to wait. Presently the actor came in, drenched with the rain, which was falling heavily. "Pray, sir," said the gentleman, "are you Suett?" "Egad," was the reply, "I rather think I'm *dripping*."

General Wolfe.

Chambers's "Book of Days" records that when, in 1759, Pitt intrusted General Wolfe with the expedition against Quebec, on the day preceding his embarktion, Pitt, desirous of giving his last verbal instructions, invited him to dinner at Hayes—Lord Temple being the only other guest. As the evening advanced, Wolfe, heated, perhaps, by his own aspiring thoughts, and the unwonted society of statesmen, broke forth in a strain of gasconade and bravado. He drew his sword and rapped the table with it, he flourished it round the room, and he talked of the mighty things which that sword was to achieve. The two ministers sat aghast at an exhibition so unusual from any man of real sense and spirit. And when, at last, Wolfe had taken his leave, and his carriage was heard to roll from the door, Pitt seemed for the moment shaken in the right opinion which his deliberate judgment had formed of Wolfe; he lifted up his eyes and arms, and exclaimed to Lord Temple—"Good God! that I should have intrusted the fate of the country and of the administration to such hands!"

An Irish Debt.

The late Sir Walter Scott, meeting an Irish beggar in the street, who importuned him for sixpence, the then Great Unknown not having one, gave him a shilling,

adding with a laugh, "Now, remember you owe me sixpence." "Och, sure enough," said the beggar, "and God grant you may live till I pay you."

Colonel Kelly and his Blacking.

Among the odd characters I have met with (says Captain Gronow), I do not recollect any one more eccentric than the late Lieutenant-Colonel Kelly, of the First Foot Guards, who was the vainest man I ever encountered. He was a thin, emaciated-looking dandy, but had all the bearing of the gentleman. He was haughty in the extreme, and very fond of dress; his boots were so well varnished that the polish now in use could not surpass Kelly's blacking in brilliancy; his pantaloons were made of the finest leather, and his coats were inimitable: in short, his dress was considered perfect. His sister held the place of housekeeper to the custom-house, and when it was burnt down, Kelly was burnt with it, in endeavouring to save his favourite boots. When the news of his horrible death became known, all the dandies were anxious to secure the services of his valet, who possessed the mystery of the inimitable blacking. Brummell lost no time in discovering his place of residence, and asked what wages he required; the servant answered, his late master gave him £150 a year, but it was not enough for his talents, and he should require £200; upon which Brummell said, "Well, if you will make it guineas, *I* shall be happy

to attend upon you." The late Lord Plymouth eventually secured this phœnix of £200 a year, and bore away the sovereignty of boots.

A Conundrum.

Why is a badly-conducted hotel like a fiddle? Because it's a *vile inn.*

Evils of Gaming.

Avoid gaming; for among many other evils which attend it, are these:—Loss of time; loss of reputation; loss of health; loss of fortune; loss of temper; ruin of families; defrauding of creditors; and, what is frequently the effect of it, the loss of life, both temporal and eternal.

Restraint on Pleasure.

Put this restriction on your pleasures—Be cautious that they injure no being which has life.

Evils of War.

A wise minister would rather preserve peace than gain a victory; because he knows that even the most successful war leaves nations generally more poor, always more profligate, than it found them. There are real evils that cannot be brought into a list of indemnities,

and the demoralizing influence of war is not the least of them. The triumphs of truth are the most glorious, chiefly because they are the most bloodless of all victories, deriving their highest lustre from the number of the saved, not of the slain.

An Americanism.

"You, Sambo, you have fed the pigs?" "Yes, massa, me fed 'um," replied Sambo. "Did you count them?" "Yes, massa, me count 'um all but one." "All but one?" "Yes, massa, all but one: dere be one little speckle pig, he frisk about so much me couldn't count him!"

Pride.

Like the magnet, it constantly points to one object—self; but, unlike the magnet, it has no attractive pole, but at all points repels.

Lely the Painter.

Sir William Lely had agreed for the price of a portrait he was to draw for a rich London alderman, who was not indebted to nature either for shape or face. The picture being finished, the alderman endeavoured to beat down the price, saying, that if he did not purchase it, it would remain on the painter's hands. "That's a mistake," said Sir William, "for I can sell it at

double the price I demand." "How can that be?" says the alderman, "for it is like no one but me." "True," replied Sir William, "but I will draw a tail to it, and then it will be a capital monkey." The alderman at once paid down the money demanded, and carried off the picture.

A Shrewd Irishman.

An Irish car-driver having driven a gentleman a long stage during a storm of rain, the gentleman said to him, "Paddy, are you not very wet?" "Arrah! I don't care about being wet, but plase yer honour, I'm very dry."

An Incident in the American War.

Two females, dressed in Federal uniform, were brought to the Irving Block from the front. They were arrested in the camps of the 21st Missouri Infantry, in which they were serving, one as a drummer, and the other as a teamster, under the names of Charles Davis and William Morris. The drummer's real name is Jane Short. Previous to joining the 21st Missouri, she served for over a year as private in the 6th Illinois Cavalry, into which regiment she enlisted from Shawneetown, Illinois, where she resided before the war. She was at the battle of Shiloh, and was there wounded in the hand by a musket-ball. After recovering, she

joined her regiment, and participated in various conflicts, until prostrated by sickness and sent to the hospital, which led to her discharge. She then came to Memphis, where she lived for several months, when, pining for the excitement of glorious war again, she joined the band of the 21st Missouri, in which she performed excellent service on the bass drum until the time of her arrest. Louisa Morris, *alias* Bill Morris, the younger of the two, is much better looking than her companion. She formerly resided in St. Louis, from which place she enlisted in the Red Rovers of the 10th Missouri Cavalry, and served nine months, passing unhurt through several engagements. She then deserted, and coming to Memphis, lived as a woman until meeting with Jane Short, with whom she started for the wars again, as teamster for the 21st Missouri Infantry. They claim that they have not revealed their sex, nor was it discovered by any of their comrades since they entered the service, and that their enlistment was prompted by patriotic motives only; they wanted, they said, to do a small share towards "licking the rebs." The cause of their arrest was, that Jane became frightened at the report that the regiment was to be sent out, with others, to meet Forrest, and revealed their sex to one of the officers, who reported them at head-quarters, when they were sent to the provost-marshal of the right wing of the sixteenth army corps, and thence to Memphis. It is the intention of the authorities to send them to their homes, if they have any.

Help the Helpless.

No character is more glorious, none more attractive of universal admiration and respect, than that of helping those who are in no condition of helping themselves.

Swift and his Barber.

Dean Swift, whilst resident in a village where he had a living, was frequently shaved by a barber to whom he became much attached. The barber one day told Swift that he had taken a public-house, which he intended to carry on in conjunction with his trade as a barber, and respectfully requested the Dean to write him a line or two to put on his sign-board. The Dean took up his pen, and wrote this couplet:—

Rove not from pole to pole, but step in here,
Where nought excels the shaving but the beer.

The Value of a True Friend.

A sure friend is best known in an adverse state. We know not whom to trust till after trial. There are some that will keep us company while it is clear and fair, who will be gone when the clouds gather. That is the only friendship which is stronger than death; and those the friends whose fortunes are embarked in the same bottom, who are resolved to sink or swim together.

A Mis-Deal.

A celebrated Scotch divine had just risen up in the pulpit to lead the congregation in prayer, when a gentleman in front of the gallery took out his handkerchief to wipe the dust from his brow, forgetting that a pack of cards were wrapped up in it; the whole pack was scattered over the breast of the gallery. The minister could not resist a sarcasm, solemn as the act was in which he was about to engage. "O man, man! surely your psalm-buik has been ill bund."

A Witty Reveller.

A whisky-drinking Irishman was brought before a magistrate named Porter charged with being drunk and disorderly. The magistrate committed the delinquent to prison for a month, telling him that would give him time enough to curse whisky. "Yes, faith," was the prisoner's reply, "and *Porter* too."

Duprez the Vocalist.

When Duprez, the eminent French singer, was engaged by the late Mr. Bunn for Drury Lane Theatre, a wit of the day wrote to Mr. Bunn for an order for the theatre, thus:—Dear Bunn,—"Send me an order to hear your French nightingale—*Do-pray*.—Yours, etc."

Writing for the Future.

The late Dr. Jamieson, the Scottish lexicographer, was vain of his literary reputation, and, like many others who know not where their great strength lies, thought himself gifted with a kind of intellectual able-to-do-everything. The doctor published a poem, entitled "Eternity." This poem became the subject of conversational remark, soon after publication, at a party where the doctor was present, and a lady was asked her opinion of it. "It's a bonny poem," said she, "and it's weel named 'Eternity,' for it will ne'er be read in time."

Obtain Knowledge.

Knowledge will not be acquired without pains and application. It is troublesome and deep digging for pure waters; but when once you come to the spring, they rise up and meet you.

Fame.

Great minds had rather deserve contemporaneous applause, without obtaining it, than obtain, without deserving it; if it follow them, it is well, but they will not deviate to follow it. With inferior minds the reverse is observable: so that they can command the flattery of knaves while living, they care not for the execrations of

honest men when dead. Milton neither aspired to present fame, nor even expected it; but (to use his own words) his high ambition was "to leave something so written to after ages, that they should not willingly let it die." And Cato finely observed, he would much rather that posterity should inquire why no statues were erected to him, than why they were.

Palmer's Claret.

Captain Gronow relates the following:—The patronage of the Prince Regent was considered essential, and, from a kindly feeling for Palmer the wine merchant, he gave a dinner at Carlton House, when a fair trial was to be given to his claret. A select circle of *gastronomes* was to be present, amongst whom was Lord Yarmouth, well known in those days by the appellation of "Red-herrings," from his rubicund whiskers, hair, and face, and from the town of Yarmouth deriving its principal support from the importation from Holland of that fish; Sir Benjamin Bloomfield, Sir William Knighton, and Sir Thomas Tyrwhitt, were also of the party. The wine was produced, and was found excellent, and the spirits of the party ran high—the light wine animating them without intoxication. The prince was delighted, and, as usual upon such occasions, told some of his best stories, quoted Shakspere, and was particularly happy upon the bouquet of the wine as suited "to the holy Palmer's kiss." Lord Yarmouth alone sat in moody

silence, and on being questioned as to the cause, replied that whenever he dined at his royal highness's table, he drank a claret which he much preferred—that which was furnished by Carbonell. The prince immediately ordered a bottle of this wine; and to give them an opportunity of testing the difference, he desired that some anchovy sandwiches should be served up. Carbonell's wine was placed upon the table. It was a claret made expressly for the London market, well dashed with Hermitage, and infinitely more to the taste of the Englishman than the delicately-flavoured wine they had been drinking. The banquet terminated in the prince declaring his own wine superior to that of Palmer, and suggesting that he should try some experiments on his estate to obtain a better wine. Palmer came from Carlton House much mortified. On Sir Thomas Tyrwhitt attempting to console him, and saying that it was the anchovies that had spoiled the taste of the connoisseurs, one of the party said, loudly enough to be heard by Lord Yarmouth, "No; it was the confounded red-herrings."

An Irish Horse.

A gentleman staying at an hotel in Dublin, had ordered dinner at a certain hour, and, afraid of being too late, he hired a cab, and desired the driver to put his horse to his speed, so that he might reach the hotel in time. The whip was applied, but the animal got restive, and warped and twisted, endangering the shafts of the

vehicle. "Can't ye get on?" said the impatient traveller; "I'll be too late." "Well, sir," said Pat, "I'm doing all I can; but you see the brute knows that your honour is a stranger in Dublin, and he wishes you to stop and take a look at the public buildings."

A Scotch Query.

A bluff, consequential gentleman from the south, with more beef on his bones than brain in his head, riding along the Hamilton road, near to Blantyre, asked a herd-boy on the road-side, in a tone and manner evidently meant to quiz, if he were "half-way to Hamilton?" "Man," replied the boy, "I wad need to ken whar ye hae come frae, afore I could answer your question."

Moral Influence.

In the autobiography of the Rev. Alexander Carlyle is a remarkable story:—Dow, it is said, was a Scotch adventurer who had been bred at the school of Dunbar, his father being in the Customs there, and had run away from his apprenticeship at Eyemouth, and found his way to the East Indies, where, having a turn for languages, which had been fostered by his education, he soon became such a master of the native tongue as to accelerate his preferment in the army, for he soon had the command of a regiment of Sepoys. He was a

sensible and knowing man, of very agreeable manners, and of a mild and gentle disposition. As he was telling us that night, that, when he had the charge of the Great Mogul, with two regiments under his command, at Delhi, he was tempted to dethrone the monarch, and mount the throne in his stead, which he said he could easily have done. When I asked him what prevented him from yielding to the temptation, he gave me this memorable answer,—that it was reflecting on what his old schoolfellows at Dunbar would think of him for being guilty of such an action.

A Novel Sleeping-Berth.

The crowded deck of an American packet.—A Californian to the skipper of ditto: "I should like to have a sleeping-berth, neow, if you please." Skipper: "Why, where have you been sleeping these last two nights since we left?" Californian: "Wal, I have been a-sleeping a-top of a sick man; but he's got better neow, and won't stand it no longer."

Evil and Good Inseparable.

As in agriculture, he that can produce the greatest crop is not the best farmer, but he that can effect it with the least expense; so in society, he is not the most valuable member who can bring about the most good, but he that can accomplish it with the least admixture of concomi

tant ill. For let no man presume to think that he can devise any plan of extensive good unalloyed and unadulterated with evil. This is the prerogative of the Godhead alone.

A Door-Scraper.

Foote, being once annoyed by a poor fiddler "straining harsh discords" under his window, sent him a shilling, with a request that he would play elsewhere, as one *scraper* at the door was sufficient.

Choice of Companions.

Be very circumspect in the choice of your company: in the society of your equals, you may enjoy pleasure; in the society of your superiors, you may find profit; but to be the best in company, is to be in the way to grow worse; the best means to improve, is to be the least there. But, above all, be the companion of those who fear the Lord, and keep his precepts.

Choice of Friends.

In all societies it is advisable to associate, if possible, with the highest; not that the highest are always the best, but, because if disgusted there, we can at any time descend; but if we begin with the lowest, to ascend is impossible. In the grand theatre of human life, a box ticket takes us through the house.

Music hath Charms.

A lover of music having bored a friend, who called on him, with a number of sonatas and other pieces on the fiddle, observed to his friend that they were all of them extremely difficult. His friend, who had been wearied with the performance, drily replied, "I wish they had been impossible."

Candour and Manners.

Pitt was once canvassing for himself, when he came to a blacksmith's shop. "Sir," said he to the blacksmith, "will you favour me with your vote?" "Mr. Pitt," said the son of Vulcan, "I admire your head, but hang your heart." "Mr. Blacksmith," said Pitt, "I admire your candour, but hang your manners."

Hypocrites.

If hypocrites go to hell by the road to heaven, we may carry on the metaphor, and add, that as all the virtues demand their respective tolls, the hypocrite has a bye-way to avoid them, and to get into the main road again. And all would be well, if he could escape the last turnpike in the journey of life, where all must pay, where there is no bye-path, and where the toll is death.

Lord Norbury as a Judge.

Lord Norbury was celebrated equally for his wit and his severity as a criminal judge. At one time, as a special commissioner appointed to try the culprits in one of the Irish rebellions, he had in course of a sitting convicted a great many. "You are going on swimmingly here, my lord," said a counsel for the prisoners. "Yes," answered his lordship significantly, "*seven knots an hour.*"

Curious Fact.

George the Third was one day standing between Lord Eldon and the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Sutton. After a moment's pause in the conversation, the king said gravely, "I am now in a position which probably no European king ever occupied before." Lord Eldon begged his majesty to explain himself. "I am standing," said the king, in the same grave tone, "between the head of the church and the head of the law in my kingdom—men who ought to be the patterns of morality, but who have both been guilty of the greatest immorality." The two lords, reverend and learned, looked shocked and astonished. Lord Eldon respectfully begged to know to what his majesty alluded. "Well, my lords," exclaimed the king in a tone of banter, "tell me, did you not both run away with your wives?"

A Slight Mistake.

An ignorant fellow, desirous of "showing off" in a company where the conversation was of a classical character, speaking of Leander crossing the Hellespont, for an interview with Hero, designated the feat as "Leander swimming across the *herring-pond to see Nero.*"

The Latin Gerunds.

Theodore Hook was one of a dinner-party where the conversation turned on the Trojan war. Then the peculiarities of the Latin language were discussed. A slight lull in the conversation occurring, one of the party, alluding to Hook's extemporising powers, challenged him to make on the spot a joke out of the Latin gerunds. Hook made a few humorous remarks, referring to Æneas and Dido, and then extemporised two lines thus :—

When Dido found Æneas did not come,
She wept in silence, and was *Di-do-dumb.*

A "Cute" Yankee.

A western editor was recently requested to send his paper to a distant patron, provided he would take his pay in "trade." At the end of the year he found that his new subscriber was a coffin-maker

A Flowery Sermon.

A gentleman having attended a country chapel at which a local preacher who was a baker officiated, was asked by a friend if he did not think the sermon an eloquent one. "Yes," was the reply, "quite a *flowery* discourse."

Advice to Disputants.

In holding an argument, be neither conceited nor choleric; one distempers your understanding, the other abuses your judgment. Above all things, decline paradoxes and mysteries; you will acquire no honour either in maintaining a rank falsehood, or meddling with sacred truths.

The Sleeping Beauty.

Captain Gronow relates that, when Sir Lumley Skeffington, who had been a lion in his day—and whose spectacle, the "Sleeping Beauty," produced at a great expense on the stage, had made him looked up to as deserving all the blandishments of fashionable life—re-appeared some years after his complete downfall and seclusion in the bench, he fancied that by a very gay external appearance, he would recover his lost position; but he found his old friends very shy of him. Alvanley being asked on one occasion who that smart-looking in-

dividual was, answered, "It is a second edition of the Sleeping Beauty, bound in calf, richly gilt, and illustrated by many cuts."

A Tailor's Motto.

A tailor, having set up his carriage, asked Foote for a motto. "There is one from Hamlet," said the wit, "that will match you to a button-hole: List, list! oh list!"

A King Outwitted.

Soon after Lord Chesterfield came into the privy council, a place of great trust happened to become vacant, to which his majesty (George II.) and the Duke of Dorset recommended two different persons. The king espoused the interest of his friend with some heat, but not being able to carry his point, left the council-chamber in great displeasure. As soon as he retired, the matter was warmly debated, but at length carried against the king. However, in the humour the king then was, a question arose as to who should carry the grant of the office for the royal signature, and the lot fell upon Chesterfield. His lordship found his sovereign in a very unfavourable mood; he therefore prudently forebore incensing him by an abrupt request, and instead of bluntly asking him to sign the instrument, very submissively requested to know whose name his majesty would have inserted to fill up the

blanks. The king answered in a passion, "The devil's, if you will." "Very well," replied the earl; "but would your majesty have the instrument run in the usual style—Our trusty and well-beloved cousin and counsellor?" The monarch laughed, and signed the paper.

A Thankful Minister.

The hat was passed round in a certain American congregation for the purpose of taking up a collection. After it had made the circuit of the church it was handed to the minister, who had "exchanged pulpits" with the regular preacher, and he found not a penny in it. He inverted the hat over the pulpit cushion and shook it, that its emptiness might be known, then looking toward the ceiling, he exclaimed with great fervour, "I thank God that I got back my hat from this congregation!"

Irish Wit.

An Irish girl at play on Sunday being accosted by the priest, "Good morning, daughter of the Evil One," meekly replied, "Good morning, father."

Education.

Accustom a child as soon as it can speak to narrate his little experiences, his chapter of accidents; his griefs, his fears, his hopes; to communicate what he has

noticed in the world without, and what he feels struggling in the world within. Anxious to have something to narrate, he will be induced to give attention to objects around him, and what is passing in the sphere of his instruction, and to observe and note events will become one of his first pleasures; and this is the groundwork of a thoughtful character.

Not in Haste.

A clergyman in the north of Scotland, very homely in his address, chose for his text a passage in the Psalms, "I said in my haste all men are liars." "Ay," premised the minister by way of introduction, "ye said it in your haste, David, did ye?—gin ye had been here, ye micht hae said it at your leisure, my man."

Truth.

He that finds truth, without loving her, is like a bat, which, though it have eyes to discern that there is a sun, yet hath such evil eyes, that it cannot delight in the sun.

An Intelligent Lord Mayor.

A story is told of a Lord Mayor of London, who, hearing that a person of his acquaintance had had the small-pox twice, and died of it, inquired if he died the first time or the second time.

A Lady's Choice.

A young American lady being asked by an enthusiastic politician which party she was most in favour of, replied that she preferred a wedding-party.

Power and Mercy.

We are most like God, when we are as willing to forgive as powerful to punish; and admirable are the virtues of him who, having cause and power to hurt, yet withholds his hand.

Anecdote of Lord Byron.

Three Venetians, whom the late Lord Byron brought with him into this country, were so dreadfully attacked with ophthalmia, as almost entirely to lose their eyesight. "What can we do with these poor fellows?" said his lordship, when he heard of their misfortune. "Why," said a friend of his lordship's, "suppose we set them up as a *Venetian blind.*"

A Curious Loan.

"I say, Jack," shouted a Smithfield drover to his companion, "these sheep vont move a bit—lend us a bark of your dog, vill you?"

A Shrewd Suggestion.

A gentleman, being in company with the Earl of Chatham, was asked by his lordship for his definition of wit. "Wit," he replied, "my lord, is what a pension would be, given by your lordship to your humble servant—a good thing well applied."

Anger.

Of all passions, there is none so extravagant and outrageous as that of anger; other passions solicit and mislead us, but this runs away with us by force, and hurries us as well to our own as to another's ruin; it falls many times upon the wrong person, and discharges itself upon the innocent instead of the guilty, and makes the most trivial offences to be capital, and punishes an inconsiderate word perhaps with fetters, infamy, or death.

A Sailor's Prayer.

When the British ships under Lord Nelson were bearing down to attack the combined fleet off Trafalgar, the first lieutenant of one of the ships, on going round to see that all hands were at quarters, observed one of the men devoutly kneeling at the side of his gun. Such an attitude in a British sailor exciting his surprise and curiosity, he went and asked the man if he was

afraid. "Afraid?" answered the sailor, "No! I was only praying that the enemy's shot may be distributed in the same proportion as prize-money—the greatest part among the officers."

African Ants.

These insects sometimes set forward in such multitudes that the whole earth seems to be in motion. A corps of them once was seen to attack and cover an elephant quietly feeding in a pasture. In eight hours nothing was to be seen but the skeleton of that enormous animal completely picked. The business was done, and the enemy marched on after fresh prey. Such power have the smallest creatures acting in concert.

The Irish on and off the Stage.

M. Esquiros, the celebrated writer in the "Revue des Deux Mondes," says:—Colman was once in Dublin, when his comedy "The Jealous Wife" was performed. Some one asked him how he liked the performance. "Upon my honour," he answered, "I did not exactly understand what the actors said, for they all spoke a species of *patois*, with the exception of the one who acted 'Captain O'Cutter,' whose accent and pronunciation are most purely English." It was difficult to make a more bitter criticism of the company; for this "Captain O'Cutter," who was the only Irishman in the

piece, ought, according to the theatrical tradition, to have been distinguished from the rest by his bad jargon. I will not say that Colman was entirely in the wrong, or that Irishmen cannot recognize each other by their accent; but it is a different thing to hear them conversing, and listening to them when performing on the stage.

A Gambler's Loss.

Major Brereton, notorious for his constant devotion to gaming, one day met Sheridan, whom he had not seen for a long time. "How are you, Major; how have you been going on of late?" said the wit. "I have had a great misfortune; I have lost Mrs. Brereton." "How did you lose her," responded Sheridan, "at hazard or quinze?"

Irish Wit.

The following colloquy at cross purposes once took place between an agent and an Irish voter on the eve of an election:—"You are a Roman Catholic?" "Am I?" said the fellow. "Are you not?" demanded the agent. "You say I am," was the answer. "Come sir, answer—what's your religion?" "The true religion." "What religion is that?" "My religion." "And what's *your* religion?" "My mother's religion." "And what was your mother's religion?" "She tuk whisky in her tay." "Come, I'll have you now,

as cunning as you are," said the agent, piqued into an encounter of wit with this fellow, whose baffling of every question pleased the crowd. "You bless yourself, don't you?" "When I'm done with you I think I ought." "What place of worship do you go to?" "The most convanyant." "But of what persuasion are you?" "My persuasion is that you won't find it out." "What is your belief?" "My belief is that you're puzzled." "Do you confess?" "Not to you." "Come, now I have you. Who would you send for if you were likely to die?" "Dr. G.——." "Not for the priest?" "I must first get a messenger." "Confound your quibbling!—tell me, then, what your opinions are—your conscientious opinions, I mean?" "They are the same as my landlord's. "And what are your landlord's opinions?" "Faix, his opinion is, that I won't pay him the last year's rint; and I am of the same opinion myself." A roar of laughter followed this answer; but the angry agent at last declared that he must have a direct reply. "I insist, sir, on your answering at once; are you a Roman Catholic?" "I am," said the fellow. "And could you not say so at once?" "You never axed me," returned the other. "I did," said the agent. "Indeed, you didn't. You said I was a great many things, but you never axed me —you were drivin' cras words and cruked questions at me, and I gev answers to match them; for sure I thowt it was manners to cut out my behavor on your own patthern."

Pause before you are Angry.

It is said of Julius Cæsar, that, upon any provocation, he would repeat the Roman alphabet before he suffered himself to speak, that he might be more just and calm in his resentments. The delay of a few moments has set many seeming affronts in a juster and kinder light; it has often lessened, if not annihilated, the supposed injury, and prevented violence and revenge.

A Cautious Yankee.

A Yankee story is told of the meeting of a joint-stock company at which the chairman proposed the customary vote of thanks to Heaven for the successful operations of the society during the past half-year. The motion was on the point of being carried by acclamation, when a cautious shareholder rose to move as an amendment, that the vote should be deferred until the amount of the last year's dividend had been ascertained.

A Nice Method of Raising the Wind.

A smart person named Fitch, advertised very extensively in all the New York papers, that any person who would enclose to him a dollar, should receive in reply the most positive information as to how he could avoid the draft. He received over six hundred letters in a week,

enclosing a dollar, and anxiously demanding the "guaranteed information." To all he replied as follows:—"Enlist without delay in the nearest volunteer regiment. A. Fitch." It was a square transaction all round, and the police had to let Mr. Fitch slide.

The Desire to Excel.

This passion always chooses to move alone in a narrow sphere, where nothing noble or important can be achieved, rather than join with others in moving mighty engines, by which much good might be effected. Where did ambition ever glow more intensely than in Cæsar? whose favourite saying, we are told, was, that he would rather be the first man in a petty village than the second in Rome. Did not Alexander, another madman of the same kind, reprove his tutor Aristotle for publishing to the world those discoveries in philosophy he would have reserved for himself alone?

The Last Hours of Napoleon.

On the 2d of May 1821 it was evident that his end was near; fever had set in, and his mind wandered. At intervals he would fancy himself at the head of his army, as of old, surrounded by his generals. His mind becoming more calm, he called his friends around him, and thus addressed them:—"I am about to die," said he. "You will return to Europe: you have a right

to my advice as to the conduct you ought to pursue. You have shared my exile; you will be faithful to my memory; you will do nothing which can injure it. I have sanctioned all the best principles: I have infused them into my laws, into my acts: there is not a single one which I have not consecrated. Unfortunately the circumstances were trying: I was obliged to use force, to delay: reverses came; I could not unbend the bow, and France was deprived of the liberal institutions which I had planned for her. She judges me with lenity; she gives me credit for my intentions; she cherishes my name—the recollection of my victories: imitate her example; be faithful to the opinions which we have defended—to the glory which we acquired: there is nothing without that but shame and confusion." He lingered till the 5th, for the most part in a state of delirium. His last thoughts were of his army—"the ruling passion strong in death." The last words he uttered were, "Tête d'armée;" after saying which, his speech failed him, and at six o'clock in the evening all was over. The great Napoleon no longer existed.

The Last Charge at Waterloo.

Captain Gronow, in his "Reminiscences," referring to the last charge on this memorable day, says,—It was about five o'clock on that memorable day that we suddenly received orders to retire behind an elevation in our rear. The enemy's artillery had come up *en masse* within a

hundred yards of us. By the time they began to discharge their guns, however, we were lying down behind the rising ground, and protected by the ridge before referred to. The enemy's cavalry was in the rear of their artillery, in order to be ready to protect it if attacked; but no attempt was made on our part to do so. After they had pounded away at us for about half an hour, they deployed, and up came the whole mass of the imperial infantry of the Guard, led on by the Emperor in person. We had now before us probably about twenty thousand of the best soldiers in France, the heroes of many memorable victories; we saw the bearskin caps rising higher and higher as they ascended the ridge of ground which separated us, and advanced nearer and nearer to our lines. It was at this moment the Duke of Wellington gave his famous order for our bayonet charge, as he rode along the line; these are the precise words he made use of,—"Guards, get up and charge!" We were instantly on our legs, and after so many hours of inaction and irritation at maintaining a purely defensive attitude—all the time suffering the loss of comrades and friends—the spirit which animated officers and men may easily be imagined. After firing a volley as soon as the enemy were within shot, we rushed on with fixed bayonets, and that hearty hurrah peculiar to British soldiers. It appeared that our men, deliberately and with calculation, singled out their victims; for, as they came upon the Imperial Guard, our line broke, and the fighting became irregular

The impetuosity of our men seemed almost to paralyse their enemies. I witnessed several of the Imperial Guard who were run through the body apparently without any resistance on their parts. I observed a big Welshman of the name of Hughes, who was six feet seven inches in height, run through with his bayonet, and knock down with the butt-end of his fire-lock, I should think at least a dozen of his opponents. This terrible contest did not last more than ten minutes, for the Imperial Guard was soon in full retreat, leaving all their guns and many prisoners in our hands. The famous General Cambronne was taken prisoner in fighting hand-to-hand with the gallant Sir Colin Halkett, who was shortly after shot through the cheeks with a grape-shot. Cambronne's supposed answer of "La Garde ne se rend pas," was an invention of after times, and he himself always denied having used such an ex pression.

Bunyan's Sarcasm.

In Chambers's "Book of Days," we have this amusing anecdote:—A Quaker called upon Bunyan in gaol one day, with what he professed to be a message from the Lord. "After searching for thee," said he, "in half the gaols of England, I am glad to have found thee at last." "If the Lord sent thee," said Bunyan, sarcastically, "you would not have needed to take so much trouble to find me out, for He knows that I have been in Bedford gaol these seven years past."

Avoid Bad Company.

Look upon vicious company as so many engines planted against you by the devil, and accordingly fly from them as you would from the mouth of a cannon. Make no acquaintance with those whose conversation is irreverent, and whose lives are immoral. Remember the axiom, "Evil communications corrupt good manners."

Our Passions.

While we labour to subdue our passions, we should take care not to extinguish them. Subduing our passions is disengaging ourselves from the world; to which, however, whilst we reside in it, we must always bear relation; and we may detach ourselves to such a degree as to pass a useless and insipid life, which we were not meant to do. Our existence here is at least one part of a system.

A Cunning Irishman.

An Irishman, in passing through the streets, picked up a light guinea, which he was obliged to sell for eighteen shillings. Next day he saw another guinea lying in the street. "No, no," says he, "I'll have nothing to do with you, I lost three shillings by one like you yesterday."

Sleeping Cars on American Railways.

Each car can conveniently furnish beds to 48 persons, and seat 56. From the floor to the top the dormitories are about ten feet, and can accommodate four persons conveniently. For the extra privilege of sleeping, a charge of 50c. is made for the top apartment, for the second, 75c., and for the lower apartment, 1 dol. 25c. The bed curtains are of the finest damask; and when the seats which form the beds are turned down, they form spring mattresses. Every alternate compartment is a state room, with latticed door, which is a great improvement in sleeping railroad cars. The ventilating apparatus is most complete, and through it the car will always be cool and pleasant, even in the hottest weather. Every convenience has been nicely fitted up for the comfort of passengers. The woodwork is all of maple, highly polished, and the glass is tastefully stained. The cars also contain state-rooms, intended specially for the seclusion and convenience of the ladies.

A Soldierly Address.

Mr Kinglake, speaking of the late Lord Clyde, says:—Before the action had begun, and whilst his men were still in column, Campbell had spoken to his brigade a few words—words simple, and for the most part workmanlike, yet touched with the fire of warlike sentiment.

"Now, men, you are going into action. Remember this: Whoever is wounded—I don't care what his rank is—whoever is wounded must lie where he falls till the bandsmen come to attend to him. No soldiers must go carrying off wounded men. If any soldier does such a thing, his name shall be stuck up in his parish church. Don't be in a hurry about firing. Your officers will tell you when it is time to open fire. Be steady. Keep silence. Fire low. Now, men"—those who know the old soldier can tell how his voice would falter the while his features were kindling—"now, men, the army will watch us; make me proud of the Highland Brigade!"

A Schoolboy's Wit.

A schoolboy, going out of the playground without leave, one of his masters called after him, and inquired where he was going. "I am going to buy a ha'porth of nails." "What do you want a ha'porth of nails for?" "For a halfpenny," replied the youngster.

Cooke and Kemble.

These great actors, playing in the *Gamester*, went through a scene of the third act in the second. "We're wrong," said Cooke. "Go on," said Kemble; and they went through it. When they came off, Cooke exclaimed, "Do you know what we have done? We

have played a scene of the third act." "I know it," said John, very coldly. "And what shall we do in the third act?" "Play the second."—"And so we did," said Cooke, who tells the story; "but the best of the joke was that the papers never found it out.

Pitt's Travels.

Few men of note have travelled less than Mr. Pitt. His foreign tours were limited to six weeks—one autumn in France. He was never in Scotland or in Ireland. I cannot (says Earl Stanhope) trace him to any more northerly point than Lord Westmoreland's seat of Apthorp, in Northamptonshire; and, except on circuit, he never went farther west than the King's Lodge, Weymouth.

Bonaparte as a Schoolboy.

The following is a copy of the certificate given to the great Napoleon on leaving school. It was handed to him for presentation to the king of France by the inspector of the College of Brienne:—

M. de Bonaparte (Napoleon) born the 15th of August 1769. Height, four feet ten inches ten lines [five feet six and a half inches English]; has finished his fourth degree.

Of good constitution, excellent health, a character docile, frank, and grateful, and strictly regular in con-

duct; has always distinguished himself by his application to mathematics: he is tolerably conversant with history and geography; rather deficient in polite accomplishments, as well as Latin; having only finished his fourth course. Would make an excellent marine.

Deserves to pass to the school at Paris.

An Egyptian Custom.

The Egyptians, at their feasts, to prevent excess on the part of the company, were accustomed to place a skeleton in a conspicuous part of the banqueting-room, with this inscription over it—"Remember you must soon be like it." An epicure, on being told this, replied, "Ah, that was if they did not eat."

Universal Love.

Fenelon was accustomed to say, "I love my family better than myself; my country better than my family; and mankind better than my country; for I am more a Frenchman than a Fenelon; and more a man than a Frenchman."

A Royal Pun.

When a noble Admiral of the White, well known for his gallant spirit, gentlemanly manners, and real goodness of heart, was introduced to William the Fourth,

to return thanks for his promotion, the cheerful and affable monarch, looking at his hair, which was almost as white as the newly-fallen snow, jocosely exclaimed, "White at the main, Admiral! white at the main!"

Importance of Knowledge.

Alexander the Great had such extraordinary value and esteem for knowledge and learning, that he used to say he was more obliged to Aristotle, his instructor, for his learning, than to Philip of Macedon, his father, for his life; seeing the one was momentary, and the other permanent, and never to be blotted out by oblivion.

Louis the Twelfth.

The words of Louis XII. of France showed a great and noble mind, when, being advised to punish those who had wronged him before he was king, replied, "It is not becoming a king of France to avenge injuries done to a duke of Orleans."

Sincerity.

It was a saying of Seneca—So live with men, as if God saw you; so speak to God, as if men heard you; regulate your actions by this golden rule—then shall you acquit yourself nobly and conscientiously both to God and men.

Wilson the Vocalist.

A paragraph in an Edinburgh paper announced that Mr. Wilson, the celebrated vocalist, had met with a serious accident by the upsetting of his carriage. The same authority shortly after announced that he had so far recovered as to be able to appear before the public the following evening *in three pieces.*

Value of Contentment.

A contented mind is the greatest blessing a man can enjoy in this world; and if, in the present life, his happiness arises from conquering his desires, it will arise in the next from the gratification of them.

Sydney Smith.

Mr. Timbs, in his "Wits and Humourists," speaking of Sydney Smith, says—He used to relate an odd contretemps that once happened to him when standing in the pulpit upon a pile of hassocks. His text was, "We are perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed." He had scarcely uttered these words, when the pile of hassocks gave way, down he fell, and had nearly been precipitated into the arms of his congregation who, to their credit, recovered their gravity sooner than could have been

expected. In preaching a charity sermon, he frequently repeated the assertion that, of all nations, Englishmen were most distinguished for generosity and the love of their species. The collection happened to be inferior to his expectations, and he said that he had evidently made a great mistake, for that his expression should have been that they were distinguished for the love of their *specie*. His quizzing the fashion of preaching is very droll. He was breakfasting at Mr. Rogers's, and talking of the stories about dram-drinkers catching fire, he pursued the idea in every possible shape. The inconvenience of a man coming too near the candle, when he was speaking, "Sir, your observation has caught fire." He then imagined a person breaking into a blaze in the pulpit, the engines called to put him out, no water to be had, the man at the waterworks being an Unitarian or an Atheist. On calling, with Mr. Moore, to see his (Moore's) portrait, Smith said, in the gravest manner, to the painter, Newton, "Couldn't you contrive to throw into his face somewhat of a stronger expression of hostility to the Church establishment?" The slowness of his country neighbours in the perception of humour most amused him. He remembered making a joke after a meeting of the clergy in Yorkshire, where there was a Rev. Mr. Buckle, who never spoke; when Mr. Smith gave his health, saying he was a Buckle without a tongue! Most persons within hearing laughed; but Mr. Smith's next neighbour sat unmoved, and sunk in thought. At last, a quarter of

an hour after they had all done, he suddenly nudged Mr. Smith, exclaiming, "I see what you meant; you meant a joke." "Yes, sir, I believe I did," was the reply. Then the squire began laughing so heartily that it was feared he would choke.

Laugh and Grow Fat.

Democritus, who was always laughing, lived one hundred and nine years; Heraclitus, who never ceased crying, only sixty. Laughing, then, is best; and to laugh at one another is perfectly justifiable, since we are told that the gods themselves, though they made us as they pleased, cannot help laughing at us.

Shaving a Monkey.

A coxcomb once said to a barber's boy, "Did you ever shave a monkey?" "Why, no sir," replied the boy, "never; but if you will please to sit down, I will try."

Pursuit of Glory.

The road to glory would cease to be arduous if it were trite and trodden; and great minds must be ready not only to take opportunities, but to make them. Alexander dragged the Pythian priestess to the temple on a forbidden day—She exclaimed, "My son, thou art invincible," which was oracle enough for him. On a second occa-

sion he cut the Gordian knot, which others had in vain attempted to untie. Those who start for human glory, like the mettled hounds of Actæon, must pursue the game, not only where there is a path, but where there is none. They must be able to simulate and dissimulate, to leap and to creep; to conquer the earth like Cæsar, or to fall down and kiss it like Brutus; to throw their sword, like Brennus, into the trembling scale; or, like Nelson, to snatch the laurels from the doubtful hand of victory, while she is hesitating where to bestow them. That policy that can strike only while the iron is hot, will be overcome by that perseverance which, like Cromwell's, can make the iron hot by striking; and he that can only rule the storm, must yield to him who can both raise and rule it.

Wit—Its Characteristics.

There is no quality of the mind, nor of the body, that so instantaneously and irresistibly captivates, as wit. The triumphs of wit should be compared to the inroads of the Parthians, splendid, but transient—a victory succeeding by surprise, and indebted more to the sharpness of the arrow than the strength of the arm, and to the rapidity of an evolution, rather than to the solidity of a phalanx. Wit, however, is one of the few things which has been rewarded more often than it has been defined. A certain bishop said to his chaplain: "What is wit?" The chaplain replied, "The rectory of B——— is

vacant; give it to me, and that will be wit." "Prove it," said his lordship, "and you shall have it. "It would be a good thing well applied," rejoined the chaplain. The dinner daily prepared for the royal chaplains at St. James's was reprieved, for a time, from suspension, by an effort of wit. King Charles had appointed a day for dining with his chaplains; and it was understood that this step was adopted as the least unpalatable mode of putting an end to the dinner. It was Dr. South's turn to say the grace; and, whenever the king honoured his chaplains with his presence, the prescribed formula ran thus: "God save the king and bless the dinner." Our witty divine took the liberty of transposing the words, by saying, "God bless the king, and save the dinner." "And it shall be saved," said the monarch.

Napoleon and the Soldier.

Some time after Napoleon had attained the rank of captain, a soldier one day approached him and showed him his coat, which was in rags, at the same time demanding another, in a dissatisfied tone. "A new coat!" exclaimed the young officer, who, although well aware of the bad appointment of the whole republican army, did not wish to encourage a mutinous disposition among the soldiery—"You do not call to mind that your honourable scars would no longer be visible." This well-timed compliment completely satisfied the poor soldier.

A Cockney Printer.

Mr. Wilson, the eminent Scotch vocalist, got back from his cockney printer on one occasion a proof of his programme for correction. One of the songs was the inimitable one of Burns, "Behind yon hills where Lugar flows." The printer, instead of quoting the title of the song correctly, had it in the proof printed thus—"Behind yon hills where sugar grows."

Penalty of Youthful Excess.

The excesses of our youth, are drafts upon our old age, payable, with interest, about thirty years after date.

Endurance of a Good Name.

Honours, monuments, and all the works of vanity and ambition, are demolished and destroyed by the unsparing hand of time; but the reputation of wisdom is venerable to posterity, and a truly good name lives for ever.

Knowledge of Men and the World.

We did not make the world, we may mend it, and must live in it. We shall find that it abounds with fools, who are too dull to be employed, and knaves who

are too sharp. But the compound character is most common, and is that with which we shall have the most to do. As he that knows how to put proper words in proper places, evinces the truest knowledge of books, so he that knows how to put fit persons in fit stations, evinces the truest knowledge of men. It was observed of Elizabeth that she was weak herself, but chose wise counsellors; to which it was replied, that to choose wise counsellors was, in a prince, the highest wisdom.

The Charms of Virtue.

There is but one pursuit in life which it is in the power of all to follow, and of all to attain. It is subject to no disappointments, since he that perseveres makes every difficulty an advancement, and every contest a victory; and this is the pursuit of virtue. Sincerely to aspire after virtue is to gain her, and zealously to labour after her wages is to receive them. Those that seek her early, will find her before it is late; her reward also is with her, and she will come quickly. For the breast of a good man is a little heaven commencing on earth.

Thirst for Power.

In the heat and frenzy of the French Revolution, the contentions for place and power never sustained the smallest diminution; appointments and offices were never pursued with more eagerness and intrigue, than when

the heads of those who gained them, had they been held on merely by pieces of sticking plaster, could not have sat more loosely on their shoulders. Demagogues sprung up like mushrooms, and the crop seemed to be fecundated by blood; although it repeatedly happened that the guillotine had finished the favourite before the plasterer had finished the model, and that the original was dead before the bust was dry.

Anecdote of Lord Eldon.

Lord Chancellor Eldon, who was well known by the nickname of "Old Bags," in one of his shooting excursions, unexpectedly came across a person who was sporting over his land without leave. His lordship inquired if the stranger was aware he was trespassing, or if he knew to whom the estate belonged? "What's that to you?" was the reply. "I suppose you are one of Old Bags' keepers." "No," replied his lordship, "I am Old Bags himself."

Bonaparte and his Landlady.

During part of the time he was quartered at Auxonne, Bonaparte lodged at the house of a barber, to whose wife he did not pay the customary degree of attention. When he afterwards passed through Auxonne, on his way to Marengo, he called at the shop to ask if she recollected such a person. "Yes," was the answer,

"and a very disagreeable inmate he was; he was always either shut up in his room, or if he passed through the shop to walk out, he never stopped to speak to any one." "Ah!" said Napoleon, "if I had employed my time then as you would have wished me, I should not now be going to fight a great battle." On his return he stopped again, calling out, "Nous revoila" in bad French, and with great good-humour, as if to efface all former impressions; and the ungallant lieutenant was forgotten in the victorious general.

An Ungallant Reply.

A lady of an irascible temper asked George Selwyn why woman was made out of the rib of man. "Indeed, I can't say," was his reply, "except it be that the rib is the most crooked part of the body."

Nelson on the Navy.

Earl Stanhope in his life of Pitt, thus writes of Nelson: Nelson at Merton was for one or two weeks at rest, or rather he only seemed to be so, for his soul was burning within him; he longed to be at that French fleet which he had either watched or chased without cessation during the last two years. He felt that those ships were, or ought to be, his own, as the reward of his past toils, that no man but himself should strike the decisive blow against them. Unable any longer to resist the noble

impulse, he wrote to Lord Barham, as the head of the Admiralty, offering to undertake the command of the great fleet designed to be sent out to meet, and if possible, engage the enemy off Cadiz. The offer so honourably made, was most gladly accepted. At the interview which ensued, Lord Barham desired him to choose his own officers. How many an admiral might here have thought of his cousins or hangers-on! But the answer of Lord Nelson was thought in a higher strain. "Choose yourself, my lord," he said. "The same spirit actuates the whole profession. You cannot choose wrong!"

A Yankee Apology.

An American newspaper contains the following retractation, which would probably be not quite satisfactory to the offended party:—"Amende honourable.—We yesterday spoke of Mr. Hamilton, of the Chestnut Street Theatre, as a 'thing.' Mr. H. having complained of our remark, we willingly retract, and here state that Mr. Hamilton, of the Chestnut Street Theatre, is *no-thing*.

Sharp enough Already.

A solicitor who had a remarkably long and pointed nose, once told a lady, that if she did not immediately settle a matter which he had in hand against her, he

would file a bill against her. "Indeed, sir," said the lady, "you need not *file* your *bill*, for I am sure it is sharp enough already."

Power—Its Value.

Power, like the diamond, dazzles the beholder, and also the wearer; it dignifies meanness; it magnifies littleness; to what is contemptible, it gives authority; to what is low, exaltation. To acquire it, appears not more difficult than to be dispossessed of it, when acquired, since it enables the holder to shift his own errors on dependants, and to take their merits to himself. But the miracle of losing it vanishes, when we reflect that we are as liable to fall as to rise, by the treachery of others; and that to say "I am," is language that has been appropriated exclusively to God!

Virtue.

Virtue, without talent, is a coat of mail without a sword; it may, indeed, defend the wearer, but will not enable him to protect his friend.

Poets and their Works.

All poets pretend to write for immortality, but the whole tribe have no objection to present pay and present praise. But Lord Burleigh is the only statesman who ever

thought one hundred pounds too much for a song, though sung by Spencer: although Oliver Goldsmith is the only poet who ever considered himself to have been overpaid. The reward, in this arena, is not to the swift, nor the prize to the strong. Editors have gained more pounds by publishing Milton's works, than he ever gained pence by writing them; and Garrick has reaped a richer harvest in a single night, by acting in one play of Shakspere's, than the poet himself obtained by the genius which inspired the whole of them.

Vicious Habits.

They are so great a stain to human nature, and so odious in themselves, that every person actuated by proper feelings would avoid them, though he was sure they would be always concealed both from God and man, and that no future punishment awaited those who indulged in them.

Duration of Life.

Buffon, the naturalist, makes the following calculations on the durability of life:—From the best calculations, only one out of 3210 reach the age of 100. Of 1000 infants nursed by the mother, about 300 die; of the same number nursed out, 500 die. More people live to a great age in elevated situations than in lower ones. Of the children born alive, one-fourth die before

eleven months, one-third before the twenty-third month, half before their eighth year, two-thirds of mankind die before their thirty-ninth year, three-fourths before their fifty-first year, and of about 12,000 only one survives a whole century.

Avoid Defamation.

Never speak ill of any man; if you malign a wise and good man, it is impious; and it is better to give a bad man your prayers than to revile him.

A Yankee Counsel.

An American newspaper has the following defence, made to an action by a Yankee barrister:—"There are three points in the case, may it please your honour," said the counsel. "In the first place, we contend that the kettle in dispute was cracked when we borrowed it; secondly, that it was whole when we returned it; and thirdly, that we never had it."

Napoleon at Arcola.

The passage of the bridge of Arcola may be esteemed the height of boldness. Thousands of men and musketry served to defend the approach to this particular spot, which was completely fenced by cannon in every direction; thrice had General Bonaparte commanded

the charge in person, and thrice had his followers, disdaining to retreat, fallen sacrifices to their temerity; the death-dealing bullets continued their destructive career, levelling all those who dared to encounter their vengeful flight. Napoleon, at length growing indignant, gave utterance to an exclamation of fury, and instantly tearing one of the standards from the grasp of an ensign, sprang upon this bridge, the scene of carnage and slaughter, when, planting the flag in defiance of destiny itself, which seemed to oppose him, he addressed his soldiers:—"Frenchmen! Grenadiers! will you, then, abandon your colours?" This appeal seemed to convey a reproach ill-adapted to the spirit of such courageous men; wherefore, before the general was enabled to repeat them, all thought of danger had vanished, death was faced in every direction, the bridge of Arcola was forced, and victory once more crowned the republican standard.

Avarice and Ambition.

These vices are the two elements that enter into the composition of most of the crimes that are committed. Ambition is boundless, and avarice insatiable.

Meeting a Difficulty.

A gentleman called one day on a broker to get a bill discounted. The broker looked at the acceptance, and started some difficulties. "It has, you'll observe,"

said he, "a great many days to run." "That's very true," replied the applicant, "but I beg you to note that they are the shortest days in the year."

Where a Cheese should be Cut.

A gentleman dining with a friend, a large Cheshire cheese, uncut, was brought to the table. "Where shall I cut it?" said the guest. "Anywhere you please," replied the host; upon which the guest handed it to the servant, bidding him carry it to his house, and he would cut it there.

Yankee Sublimity.

A New York paper says:—As winged lightnings dart from the heavens when the Eternal has unbarred their bolts, so does a fat nigger run like the deuce when a big dog is after him.

Bonaparte and his Mameluke.

While he was in Egypt, Napoleon had a Mameluke attendant upon him, who was particularly attached to him, seldom leaving his side. One evening, Napoleon, after the fatigues of a scorching day, retired to his tent, and was for some time employed in writing; sleep at length overcame him, and, while sleeping, the plume which he wore in his hat nodded over the light which

was on the table, and was instantly in a blaze; the faithful Mameluke, who stood sentinel at the entrance rushed in to extinguish the fire; the Emperor, suddenly awakened by the noise, and unable in the confusion to distinguish between friend and foe, snatched his pistol from the table, and his attendant received the fatal contents; he fell, and Napoleon never forgot nor forgave the rashness which cost the life of one so true.

Selwyn and his Horse.

"How does your new horse answer?" said the late Duke of Cumberland to George Selwyn. "I regret to say that I cannot inform you," replied George, "for I never asked him a question."

A Brave Woman.

Madame Verdier, a very beautiful and accomplished Italian lady, wife of the gallant general who particularly distinguished himself during Napoleon's campaign in Egypt, was so enthusiastically fond of her husband, that she shared with him the fatigues of that hazardous expedition, clothed in male attire. On one occasion, this heroic female happening to find a veteran grenadier, who had become blind from the effects of the climate and the sand of the desert, straying far from his comrades, and in all probability doomed to death on the trackless plain, galloped up to the unfortunate soldier at

the risk of being captured by the enemy, when, directing him to keep fast hold of the tail of her horse, she in this manner walked the animal, and rescued the brave fellow from his impending danger. This lady being in company with Bonaparte and the other officers at the foot of one of the pyramids, where no provisions were at hand, some rats were procured and broiled, of which, however, one of the general's aides-de-camp was too squeamish to eat. Napoleon indignantly upbraided the officer, and turned to Madame Verdier, saying, "Here sir, is a lady that will put you to the blush." He at the same time presented her with a portion of the food; whereof she cheerfully partook to the satisfaction of all present except the aide-de-camp, who was long after subjected to the taunts of his brother officers.

Avarice.

It starves its keeper to surfeit those who wish him dead; and makes him submit to more mortifications to lose heaven, than the martyr undergoes to gain it. Avarice is a passion full of paradox, a madness full of method; for, although the miser is the most mercenary of all beings, yet he serves the worst master more faithfully than some Christians do the best, and will take nothing for it. He falls down and worships the god of this world, but will have neither its pomps, its vanities, nor its pleasures, for his trouble. He begins to accumulate treasure as a means to happiness, and, by a common but

morbid association, he continues to accumulate it as an end. He lives poor to die rich, and is the mere jailer of his house, and the turnkey of his wealth. Impoverished by his gold, he slaves harder to imprison it in his chest, than his brother slave to liberate it from the mine. The avarice of the miser may be termed the grand sepulchre of all his other passions, as they successively decay. But, unlike other tombs, it is enlarged by repletion, and strengthened by age.

A Damp Joke.

A gentleman having fallen into the river Exe, in Devonshire, relating it to a friend, said, "You will suppose I was pretty wet?" "Yes," was the reply, "wet, certainly, in the Exe-stream."

A Minister's Apology.

Rowland Hill was greatly annoyed when there happened to be any noise in his chapel, to divert the attention of his hearers from what he was saying. On one occasion he was preaching to one of the most crowded congregations that ever assembled to hear him. In the middle of his discourse he was disturbed by a great commotion in one of the galleries; and looking in that direction, he exclaimed, "What's the matter there: The devil seems to have got among you!" A plain country-looking man immediately started to his feet,

and addressing Mr. Hill in reply, said, "No, sir, it arn't the devil as is doing on it; it's a lady wots fainted; and she's a fat un, sir, as don't seem likely to come to again in a hurry." "Oh, that's it, is it?" observed Mr. Hill, drawing his hand across his face; "then I beg the lady's pardon, and —— *the devil's too.*"

Anecdote of Sheridan.

When Sheridan was in distress, in early life, one of his recourses was that of writing for the fugitive publications of the day; in which he was materially assisted by his wife, and many years after his entrance into the sphere of politics, he was heard to say that, "if he had stuck to law, he believed he should have done as much as his friend Tom Erskine; but," continued he, "I had no time for such studies. Mrs. Sheridan and myself were often obliged to keep writing for our daily leg or shoulder of mutton; otherwise we should have had no dinner." One of his friends, with whom he conversed thus, wittily replied, "Then I perceive it was a *joint* concern."

Blessing of a Clear Conscience.

A good conscience is more to be desired than all the riches of the East. How sweet are the slumbers of him who can lie down on his pillow and review the transactions of every day, without condemning himself! A good conscience is the finest opiate.

Macklin's Last Appearance.

The veteran Macklin was announced for "Shylock" when he was at least ninety-three; some accounts said several years older. Reasonable fears were entertained that he would be unable to get through—his memory and faculties had failed twice before—and Ryder was told to be in readiness, in case he should be required. When Macklin had costumed himself for "Shylock," with his usual accuracy, he went into the green-room, and coming up to Mrs. Pope, said, "My dear, are you to act to-night?" "Surely I am, sir; don't you see I am dressed for Portia?" "Ah! very true; I had forgotten; but who is to play Shylock?" The imbecile tone of voice, and the inanity of look with which this last question was asked, caused a melancholy sensation in all who heard it. At last, Mrs. Pope, rousing herself, said, "Why you, to be sure; are you not dressed for the part?" He then seemed to resume recollection, and putting his hand to his forehead, exclaimed mournfully, "Heaven help me!—my memory, I am afraid, has gone entirely." He, however, after this, went upon the stage when summoned, and spoke two or three speeches in a manner that evidently proved he was unconscious of what he was repeating. After a while he recovered a little, and seemed to make an effort to rouse himself, but in vain—Nature could assist him no further; and after pausing for a few moments

as if considering what to do, he then came forward and informed the audience that he now found he was unable to proceed in the part, and hoped they would accept Mr. Ryder as his substitute, who was already prepared to finish it. The audience received his apology with a mixed applause of indulgence and pity, and the weak, worn-out old man tottered from the stage for ever. Ryder then went on for "Shylock," and was well received. Macklin lived until the 11th of July 1797. By his own computation he was only ninety-eight, but strong and highly probable authorities give him ten years more. His widow had a benefit at Covent Garden in 1805. Macklin was undoubtedly a great actor in a limited line, principally in comedy, with the exception of "Shylock," in which he stood alone. Cooke, his great successor, admitted that in this part he built himself on Macklin, and Edmund Kean allowed that he drew his conception from Cooke.

Health and Long Life.

Whether long life be a blessing or not God alone can determine, who alone knows what length it is like to run, and how it is like to be attended. Socrates used to say, that it was pleasant to grow old with good health and a good friend; and he might have reason a man may be content to live while he is no trouble to himself or friends; but after that, it is hard if he be not content to die. In life, as in wine he that will drink

it good, must not draw it to the dregs. Where this happens, one comfort of age may be, that whereas younger men are usually in pain whenever they are not in pleasure, old men find a sort of pleasure whenever they are out of pain; and as young men often lose or impair their present enjoyments by craving after what is to come, by vain hopes or fruitless fears, so old men relieve the wants of their age by pleasing reflections upon what is past. Therefore, men in the health and vigour of their age, should endeavour to fill their lives with reading, with travel, with the best conversation, and the worthiest actions, either in public or private stations; that they may have something agreeable left to feed on when they are old, by pleasing remembrances.

The Elements of Success.

It was a saying of Aristotle, that to become an able man in any profession whatever, three things are necessary—nature, study, and practice.

Origin of "The Devil's Own."

George III. (says Earl Stanhope in his Life of Pitt) was in high health and excellent spirits. When the "Temple Companies" had defiled before him, his majesty inquired of Erskine, who commanded them as lieutenant-colonel, what was the composition of that corps. "They are all lawyers, sire," said Erskine.

"What, what!" exclaimed the king, "all lawyers? all lawyers? Call them 'The Devil's Own'—call them 'The Devil's Own.'" And "The Devil's Own" they were called accordingly. Even at the present day this appellation has not wholly died away. Yet, notwithstanding the royal parentage of this pleasantry, I must own that I greatly prefer to it another which was devised in 1860. It was then in contemplation to inscribe upon the banner of one of the legal companies, "Retained for the Defence."

Noble-mindedness.

He that is truly noble-minded has the same concern for his own fortune that every wise man should have, and the same regard for his friend that every good man really has: his graceful manner of conferring an obligation carries as many charms as the obligation itself: his favours are not extorted from him by importunity, but flow from a liberal hand and a generous heart.

Ambition.

It is to the mind what the cap is to the falcon; it blinds us first, and then compels us to tower, by reason of our blindness. But, alas, when we are at the summit of our vain ambition, we are also at the depth of real misery. We are placed where time cannot improve, but must impair us; where chance and change cannot

befriend, but may betray us; in short, by attaining all we wish, and gaining all we want, we have only reached a pinnacle, where we have nothing to hope, but everything to fear.

How to get a Fever.

The old divine, Jeremy Taylor, used to observe, that when any one tempted him to drink to excess, he was civilly invited to a fever.

Anecdote of King Charles II.

King Charles II. possessed the reputation of being skilled in naval architecture. Being once at Chatham, to view a ship which had just been completed, he asked the famous Killigrew "if he did not think he should make an excellent shipwright?" Killigrew replied that "he always thought his Majesty would have done better at any trade than his own!"

The Bible and the Sword.

We should justly ridicule a general, who, just before an action, should suddenly disarm his men, and, putting into the hands of all of them a Bible, should order them, thus equipped, to march against the enemy. Here we plainly see the folly of calling in the Bible to support the sword; but, is it not as great a folly to call in the

sword to support the Bible? Our Saviour divided force from reason, and let no man presume to join what God hath put asunder. When we combat error with any other weapon than argument, we err more than those whom we attack.

Inconsistency of Man.

Men will wrangle for religion; write for it; fight for it; die for it; anything but—*live* for it.

How to Use a Friend.

Make use of a friend with great caution and discretion: trust him not before you know him thoroughly; for many that pretend to be friends, use flattery as a mask to hide their hearts from their neighbours.

Plain Speaking.

When called upon by Louis XIII. to give his opinion in some great emergency, the Duke of Sully observed the favourites of the new king whispering to one another, and sneering at his somewhat rough exterior. "Whenever your Majesty's father," said the old statesman, "did me the honour to consult me, he ordered the buffoons of the court to leave the audience chamber." This pointed reproof silenced the satellites, who at once retired in confusion.

An Independent Sailor.

One day as a noble naval commander, who is a strict disciplinarian, was walking through the streets of Portsmouth, he encountered a drunken sailor whom he accosted thus:—"What ship do you belong to?" Jack answered carelessly, "Don't know." "Do you know who I am?" "No." "Why, I am commander-in-chief." "Then," replied Jack, "you have a capital berth of it, that's all I know."

The Duty of Man.

Nature bids me love myself, and hate every one that injures me; reason bids me love my friends, and hate my enemies; religion bids me love all, and hate none, and overcome evil with good.

Napoleon's Presence of Mind.

While Napoleon was visiting a battery, an artilleryman was shot at the gun which he was serving. As soon as he was made acquainted with the fact, he ran to the spot, seized the rammer which belonged to the dead man, and, in order to give encouragement to his soldiers, charged the gun repeatedly with his own hands. In consequence of using this implement, he caught a cutaneous complaint which, being injudiciously treated and

thrown inward, was of great prejudice to his health, until after his Italian campaigns, when he was completely cured by his celebrated physician, Corvoisart. Afterwards, for the first time, he showed that tendency to "embonpoint," which marked the latter part of his eventful life.

Curious Weather.

A traveller at a Pennsylvanian hotel got out of his bed one night to see what sort of weather it was, but instead of looking out upon the sky, thrust his head through the glass window of a cupboard. "Landlord," shouted the guest, "what sort of weather do you call this, the night is as dark as Egypt, and *smells of cheese*"

Industry Ennobles.

It is a most noble and commendable design of children of mean descent, by their industry to become men of virtue and position, thus rendering themselves equal in the estimation of the wise and good to those whose ancestors' names are recorded in the roll of antiquity.

Invention of the Guillotine.

The man whose name has acquired so painful a celebrity, by being assimilated to his invention, was M. Guillotin, a learned physician, who had invented, two years before, the instrument of death which he

deemed best calculated to abridge the sufferings of the culprits condemned to forfeit their lives by the sentence of the laws. The invention was laid hold of for the purpose of "expediting" a greater number of victims. Such was the expression used by a member of the convention.

M. Guillotin was inconsolable for what he considered as an involuntary blemish in his existence. His venerable countenance bore the impress of a settled gloom, and his hair, of a snowy whiteness, afforded a clear indication of his mental sufferings. He had aimed at relieving the sorrows of human nature, and he unintentionally contributed to the destruction of a greater number of human beings. Had they been put to death in a less expeditious manner, the people might have soon grown weary of those executions, which they showed the same eagerness to behold, as they would have done a theatrical representation.

A Candid Judge.

Judge T——, who was not particularly famous for his brilliancy, on one of his country circuits, had to try a man for stealing some copper. In his charge he had frequent occasion to mention the "copper," which he uniformly called "lead," adding "I beg your pardon, gentlemen, *copper;* but *I can't get the lead out of my head!*" At this somewhat candid admission the whole court was convulsed with laughter.

Anecdotes of the Emperor Napoleon.

Mr. Lumley, in his "Reminiscences of the Opera," says—"With the future Emperor of France, when an exile in England, I had been well acquainted. He had been a constant subscriber to her Majesty's Theatre, was a frequent guest at my house, and had 'assisted' at the afternoon *fêtes* given by me at my residence, The Chancellors at Fulham, where he had entered heart and soul into the amusements of the hour. Frequenters of these '*champêtres*' entertainments may remember one occasion when Prince Louis Napoleon figured in the same quadrille with Taglioni, Cerito, and Carlotta Grisi; having the director of her Majesty's Theatre as his *vis à vis*. The prince and I frequently dined in company at Gore House, the residence of the late Countess of Blessington, where all that was distinguished in literature and art was constantly assembled; and it may be worth recording, in connection with the prince's known firm reliance on his destiny, that at one of these dinners, when Count D'Orsay was expatiating on the evidences that had come before him of the popularity of the prince in France (although, at that time, the law forbidding any member of the Bonaparte family to enter the country was still in force), the future emperor sat silent, with a significant smile upon his face, the meaning of which none could fail to interpret. On another occasion,

when I was alluding to the part played by General Cavaignac in June 1848, in firing upon the people after the *emeute* had been quelled, the prince drily, but in an earnest manner, remarked, 'That man is clearing the way for me.'"

Love and Jealousy.

Love may exist without jealousy, although this is rare; but jealousy may exist without love, and this is common; for jealousy can feed on that which is bitter, no less than on that which is sweet, and is sustained by pride, as often as by affection.

Le Petit Caporal.

Las Cases, the biographer of Napoleon Bonaparte, thus describes the origin of the title Le Petit Caporal:—A singular custom was established in the army of Italy, in consequence of the youth of the commander, or from some other cause. After each battle, the oldest soldiers used to hold a council, and confer a new rank on their young general, who, when he made his appearance in the camp, was received by the veterans, and saluted with his new title. They made him a corporal at Lodi, and a serjeant at Castiglione; and hence the surname of "Petit Caporal," which was for a long time applied to Napoleon by the soldiers. How subtle is the chain which unites the most trivial circum-

stances to the most important events! Perhaps this very nickname contributed to his miraculous success on his return in 1815. While he was haranguing the first battalion, which he found it necessary to address, a voice from the ranks exclaimed, "Vive notre petit Caporal! we will never fight against him!"

A Polite Soldier.

An officer in battle happening to stoop his head, a cannon-ball passed completely over it, and took off the head of a soldier who stood behind him. "You see," said he, "that a man never loses by politeness."

A Philosopher's Reproof.

Zeno, the philosopher, having remonstrated with certain of his pupils for their extravagance, they excused themselves by saying that they were rich enough to indulge in prodigality. "Would you," said he, "excuse a cook that should over-salt his meat because he had a superabundance of salt?"

How to bear the Ills of Life.

There are three modes of bearing the ills of life: by indifference, which is the most common; by philosophy, which is the most ostentatious; and by religion, which is the most effectual. It has been acutely said, that

"philosophy readily triumphs over past or future evils, but that present evils triumph over philosophy." Philosophy is a goddess, whose head indeed is in heaven, but whose feet are upon earth; she attempts more than she accomplishes, and promises more than she performs; she can teach us to hear of the calamities of others with magnanimity; but it is religion only that can teach us to bear our own with resignation.

Bonaparte's Marriage with Josephine.

Bonaparte was but twenty-six years of age when he married the widow of Viscount de Beauharnois. This event took place on the 9th of March 1796. It was a union in which, with the exception of a few light clouds, there was much affection. Bonaparte never, until the period of the divorce, gave cause of real sorrow to his wife. In addition to her beauty, Madame de Beauharnois possessed many excellent qualities; to few indeed, did she ever give cause of complaint. Benevolence was in her a natural impulse, and she was kind and attached to those with whom she was acquainted. At this period, Napoleon had never commanded an army, witnessed a regular battle, nor even assisted at one; but he possessed youth, knowledge, ardour, science, judgment, and activity; added to these qualities, he had a high opinion of his own talents, a confidence, in which experience afterwards proved him not mistaken.

The dowry of the bride was the chief command of the army of Italy, a scene which opened a full career to the ambition of the youthful general. Bonaparte remained with his wife only three days after his marriage; he then hastened to see his family, who were at Marseilles, and proceeded rapidly to begin that career to which fate called him.

Medical and Legal Quacks.

Pettifoggers in law, and empyrics in medicine, whether their patients lose or save their property, or their lives, take care to be, in either case, equally remunerated; they profit by both horns of the dilemma, and press defeat, no less than success, into their service. They hold, from time immemorial, the fee-simple of a vast estate, subject to no alienation, diminution, revolution, nor tax; the folly and ignorance of mankind. Over this extensive domain, they have long had, by undisputed usage, the sole management and control, inasmuch as the real owners most strenuously and sturdily disclaim all right, title, and proprietorship therein.

Heroism in Humble Life.

In the obscurity of retirement, amid the squalid poverty and revolting privations of a cottage, scenes of magnanimity and self-denial are often seen, as much beyond the belief as the practice of the great; an heroism

borrowing no support, either from the gaze of the many, or the admiration of the few, yet flourishing amidst ruins, and on the confines of the grave; a spectacle as stupendous in the moral world, as the falls of the Missouri in the natural; and, like that mighty cataract, doomed to display its grandeur, only where there are no eyes to appreciate its magnificence.

Incident in the Life of a Soldier.

A Scotch Highlander was taken prisoner by a tribe of Indians; his life was about to be sacrificed, when the chief adopted him as his son. They carried him into the interior; he learnt their language, assumed their habits, and became skilful in the use of their arms. After a season, the same tribe began their route to join the French army, at that time opposed to the English. It was necessary to pass near to the English lines during the night. Very early in the morning, and it was spring, the old chief roused the young Highlander from his repose; he took him to an eminence, and pointed out to him the tents of his countrymen. The old man appeared to be dreadfully agitated, and there was a keen restlessness in his eye. After a pause, "I lost," said he, "my only son in the battle with your nation; are you the only son of your father? and do you think that your father is yet alive?" The young man replied, "I am the only son of my father, and I hope that my father is yet alive." They stood close to a

beautiful magnolio in full blossom. The prospect was grand and enchanting, and all its charms were crowned by the sun, which had fully emerged from the horizon. The old chief, looking steadfastly at his companion, exclaimed, "Let thy heart rejoice at the beauty of the scene! to me it is as the desert; but you are free; return to your countrymen, revisit your father, that he may again rejoice, when he sees the sun rise in the morning, and the trees blossom in the spring!"

Bonaparte as a Litterateur.

At the age of seventeen he gained the prize offered by the Academy of Lyons on the following subject:—"What are the principles and institutions by application of which mankind can be raised to the highest pitch of happiness?" Many years afterwards, Talleyrand got the essay out of the records of the Academy, and returned it to the author. After reading a few pages of it, Bonaparte committed it to the flames. Thus his first literary production is lost to the world.

Experience and Hope.

Hope is a prodigal young heir, and experience is his banker; but his drafts are seldom honoured, since there is often a heavy balance against him, because he draws largely on a small capital, is not yet in possession, and if he were, would die.

Scarcity of Good and Great Men.

As in literature we shall find many things that are true, and some things that are new, but very few things that are both true and new; so also in life, we shall find many men that are great, and some men that are good, but very few men that are both great and good.

Prosperity and Adversity.

The virtue of prosperity is temperance; the virtue of adversity is fortitude, which in mortals is the more heroical virtue. Prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament—adversity is the blessing of the New, which carrieth the greater benediction, and the clearer revelation of God's favour.

Advice to Orators.

In answering an opponent, arrange your ideas, but not your words; consider in what points things that resemble differ, and in what those things that differ resemble; reply to wit with gravity, and to gravity with wit; make a full concession to your adversary, and give him every credit for those arguments you know you can answer, and slur over all those which you feel you cannot; but above all, if he has the privilege of making his reply, take especial care that

the strongest thing you have to urge is the last. He must immediately get up and say something, and if he be not previously prepared with an answer to your last argument, he will infallibly be boggled, for very few possess that remarkable talent of Charles Fox, who could talk on one thing, and at the same time think of another.

Who Began It?

A dog was accidently present during Divine service in a Scotch kirk, where the worthy minister was in the habit of speaking very loud in the sermon, and in fact, when he got warmed with his subject, of shouting almost to the top of his voice. The dog, who in the early part had been very quiet, became quite excited, as is not uncommon with some dogs when hearing a noise; and from whining and whining, as the speaker's voice rose loud and strong, at last began to bark and howl. The minister, naturally much annoyed at the interruption, called upon the betherel to put out the dog; and he at once expressed his readiness to obey the order, but could not resist the temptation to look up to the pulpit, and to say very significantly. "Aye, aye, sir; but indeed it was yoursel' began it."

Toleration of the Priesthood.

That country where the clergy have the most influence, and use it with the most moderation, is England.

The Bishop's Lugoage.

An amusing blunder occurred one day at the Norwich Railway Station. The Bishop of ——, and Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul were passengers from London; and as his Grace was on a country visit to Cromer, he was supplied with an unusually large quantity of luggage; and as Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul were to give representations of their entertainment at the theatre, their boxes were necessarily numerous. At the station, by a blunder of the servants in attendance, the luggage (being in the same van) got hopelessly mixed, and a portion of Mr. Howard Paul's was sent to the lodgings of his Grace, while a large portion of the Bishop's found its way to the theatre. The exchange was soon rectified, however; but it must have ruffled the serene temper of even a bishop, to have seen a great box carted up to his door, with the words "Blue Beard" on it in large staring letters.

The Other Side.

One story, says an American paper, is good until another is told, and the advice to "hear both sides" is old but always good. The annoyance caused by ladies in street cars has been so frequently dwelt on, that it has come to be accepted as a matter of course, that the wearers of crinoline are sinners above all

among the occupants of street cars. But read the following indictment drawn up against the male persuasion of street car society, and see if the account is not about balanced. What "female nuisance" can surpass, for instance, the man who crosses his legs, or puts his foot upon his knee, allowing a dirty boot to wipe itself on good clothes passing him; the man who gets in chewing the stump of a cigar, and declines to throw it away because he is not smoking, and consequently stenches the whole conveyance; the man who sits sideways when the seat is crowded; the man who fidgets in a crowded seat; the man who, in getting out, lifts his feet so high as to wipe the knees of every passer-by; the man who enters with a paint-pot; the ever talkative man who insists on drawing you into conversation, and boring you with his ideas political; the man who is deep in his cups; the ill-natured, ugly-looking man, who frightens all children in arms; the over-dressed man, who is afraid of being "messed;" the rowdy man, who is spoiling for a fight; the fat man, who occupies too much room; the lean man, who cuts you with his sharp bones; the pretty man, who smirks so disgustingly; the man who wants to pick your pocket; the friendly man, who requests a loan; the man with a writ; the man that smells of garlic; the man that perfumes with musk; the vanity-man, who displays all the money he has while searching for a five-cent postal; the lazy man, who never hurries to get on or off; the unaccommodating man, who refuses to have his basket

placed on the front platform; the man who treads on your newly-blacked boots; the man who asks for a chew of tobacco; the profane man; the subscription man; the insane man, on his way to the insane asylum; and the man who asks you the time of day when you are *minus* a watch?

A Scottish Domestic.

Dean Ramsay, speaking of an eccentric old Scottish domestic servant, says, "One day he sent up a roast goose for dinner which he or some one had despoiled of a leg before it came to table; on which his master summoned him from the kitchen to inquire who had taken the leg off the goose. John replied that all the geese here had but ae leg. In corroboration of his assertion, he pointed to a whole flock before the window, who were, happily, sitting asleep on one leg, with a sentinel on the watch. The laird clapped his hands and cried *whew*, on which they got up on both legs, and flew off. But John, no way discomfited, told his master if he had cried *whew* to the one on the table, it would most likely have done the same! It is not to be believed that John had ever read Boccaccio, or that he ever heard of the Venetian cook, Chichibio, who played the same trick with the crane's leg; but it is possible that two artists in the same vocation, even with four centuries rolling between them, may have originated similar ideas—therefore we may safely give this old servitor

credit for his invention. He died in Dundee, where his master paid the last tribute of respect to his memory, and laid his head in the grave beside the family he had served so faithfully.

A Text for Monarchs.

There is one passage in the Scriptures to which all the potentates of Europe seem to have given their unanimous assent and approbation, and to have studied so thoroughly as to have it quite at their fingers' ends: "There went out a decree in the days of Claudius Cæsar, that all the world should be taxed."

An Innocent Reply.

A lady, meeting a girl who had lately left her service, inquired, "Well, Mary, where do you live now?" "Please, ma'am, I don't live anywhere now," replied the girl, "I'm married."

Importance of Perfection.

That writer who aspires to immortality, should imitate the sculptor, if he would make the labours of the pen as durable as those of the chisel. Like the sculptor, he should arrive at ultimate perfection, not by what he adds, but by what he takes away; otherwise all his energy may be hidden in the superabundant mass of his

matter, as the finished form of an Apollo, in the unworked solidity of the block. A friend called on Michael Angelo, who was finishing a statue; some time afterwards he called again; the sculptor was still at his work; his friend, looking at the figure, exclaimed, "You have been idle since I saw you last." "By no means," replied the sculptor, "I have retouched this part, and polished that; I have softened this feature, and brought out this muscle; I have given more expression to this lip, and more energy to this limb." "Well, well," said his friend, "but all these are trifles." "It may be so," replied Angelo, "but recollect that trifles make perfection, and that perfection is no trifle."

Are You Answered?

A pompous fellow made a very inadequate offer for a valuable property; and calling the next day for an answer, inquired of the gentleman if he had *entertained his proposition.* "No," replied the other; "your proposition entertained me."

Pitt and the Volunteers.

The following anecdote is recorded in Lord Stanhope's Life of Pitt:—A pleasantry of Pitt has been preserved by tradition. It seems that one battalion of volunteers which he was forming, or in the formation of which he was consulted, did not show the same readiness as dis-

tinguished the rest. Their draft rules, which they sent to Pitt, were full of cautions and reserves. The words "except in the case of actual invasion," were constantly occurring. At length came a clause that at no time, and on no account whatever, were they to be sent out of the country. Pitt here lost patience, and, taking up his pen, he wrote opposite to that clause in the draft the same words as he had read in the preceding, "except in the case of actual invasion."

The Law and the Sword.

In all governments, there must of necessity be both the law and the sword; laws without arms would give us not liberty, but licentiousness; and arms without laws would produce not subjection, but slavery. The law, therefore, should be unto the sword what the handle is to the hatchet; it should direct the stroke, and temper the force.

The Shrewdness of Imbeciles.

It is recorded in Dean Ramsay's amusing "Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character," that a well-known idiot, named Jamie Fraser, belonging to the parish of Lunan, in Forfarshire, quite surprised people sometimes by his replies. The congregation of his parish church had for some time distressed the minister by their habit of sleeping in church. He had often

endeavoured to impress them with a sense of the impropriety of such conduct, and one day when Jamie was sitting in the front gallery wide awake, when many were slumbering round him, the clergyman endeavoured to awaken the attention of his hearers by stating the fact, saying, "You see even Jamie Fraser, the idiot, does not fall asleep as so many of you are doing." Jamie not liking, perhaps, to be thus designated, coolly replied, "An' I hadna been an idiot I wad ha' been sleeping too." Another of these imbeciles, belonging to Peebles, had been sitting at church for some time listening attentively to a strong representation from the pulpit of the guilt of deceit and falsehood in Christian characters. He was observed to turn red, and grow very uneasy, until at last, as if wincing under the supposed attack upon himself personally, he roared out, "Indeed, minister, there's mair lears in Peebles than me."

Dissimulation

If dissimulation is ever to be pardoned, it is that which men have recourse to, in order to obtain situations which may enlarge their sphere of general usefulness, and afford the power of benefiting their country, to those who must have been otherwise contented only with the will. Liberty was more effectually befriended by the dissimulation of one Brutus, than by the dagger of the other. But such precedents are to be adopted but rarely, and more rarely to be advised. For a Crom-

well is a much more common character than a Brutus; and many men who have gained power by an hypocrisy as gross as that of Pope Sixtus, have not used it half so well. This pope, when cardinal, counterfeited sickness and all the infirmities of age so well as to dupe the whole conclave. His name was Montalto; and on a division for the vacant apostolic chair, he was elected as a stop-gap by both parties, under the idea that he could not possibly live out the year. The moment he was chosen, he threw away his crutches, and began to sing "Te Deum" with a much stronger voice than his electors had bargained for; and instead of walking with a tottering step, and a gait almost bending to the earth, he began to walk, not only firm, but perfectly upright. On some one remarking to him on this sudden change, he observed, "While I was looking for the keys of St. Peter, it was necessary to stoop; but, having found them, the case is altered." It is but justice to add, that he made a most excellent use of his authority and power; and although some may have attained the papal chair by less objectionable means, none have filled it with more credit to themselves, and satisfaction to others.

Priestly Pride.

The most ridiculous of all animals is a proud priest; he cannot use his own tools without cutting his own fingers.

Bonaparte's Mother.

She was one of the most beautiful women of the day and was celebrated throughout Corsica. Paoli, in the time of his power, having received an embassy from Algiers or Tunis, wished to give the savage envoys some notion of the attractions of the island, and for this purpose he assembled together all the most beautiful women in Corsica, among whom Madame Bonaparte took the lead. Subsequently, when she travelled to Brienne to see her son, her personal charms were remarked even in Paris.

During the war for Corsican liberty, Madame Bonaparte shared the dangers of her husband, who was an enthusiast in the cause. In his different expeditions she frequently followed him on horseback. She was a woman of extraordinary vigour of mind, joined to considerable pride and loftiness of spirit. She was the mother of thirteen children, and she was a widow at the age of thirty. Of these thirteen children, only five boys and three girls lived, all of whom played distinguished parts in the reign of Napoleon.

Woman's Pleasure and Duty.

Pleasure is to woman what the sun is to the flower: if moderately enjoyed, it beautifies, it refreshes, and it improves; if immoderately, it withers, etiolates, and

destroys. But the duties of domestic life, exercised as they must be in retirement, and calling forth all the sensibilities of the female, are perhaps as necessary to the full development of her charms, as the shade and the shower are to the rose, confirming its beauty, and increasing its fragrance.

Beauty of Charity.

Did universal charity prevail, earth would be a heaven, and hell a fable.

Woman's Wit.

It has been said, that to excel them in wit, is a thing the men find is the most difficult to pardon in the women. This feeling, if it produce only emulation, is right; if envy, it is wrong. For a high degree of intellectual refinement in the female, is the surest pledge society can have for the improvement of the male. But wit in women is a jewel, which, unlike all others, borrows lustre from its setting, rather than bestows it; since nothing is so easy as to fancy a very beautiful woman extremely witty. Even Madame de Stael admits that she discovered, that as she grew old, the men could not find out that wit in her at fifty, which she possessed at twenty-five; and yet the external attractions of this lady were by no means equal to those of her mind.

Happiness and Freedom in England.

England, with a criminal code the most bloody, and a civil code the most expensive in Europe, can, notwithstanding, boast of more happiness and freedom than any other country under Heaven. The reason is, that despotism, and all its minor ramifications of discretionary power, lodged in the hands of individuals, is utterly unknown. The laws are supreme.

Repartee.

It is perfect, when it effects its purpose with a double edge. Repartee is the highest order of wit, as it bespeaks the coolest yet quickest exercise of genius, at a moment when the passions are roused. Voltaire, on hearing the name of Haller mentioned to him by an English traveller at Ferney, burst forth into a violent panegyric upon him; his visitor told him that such praise was most disinterested, for that Haller by no means spoke so highly of him. "Well, well, *n'importe*," replied Voltaire, "perhaps we are both mistaken."

An Ingenious Retort.

A man who knows the world, will not only make the most of every thing he does know, but of many things he does not know, and will gain more credit by his

adroit mode of hiding his ignorance, than the pedant by his awkward attempt to exhibit his erudition. In Scotland, the "jus et norma loquendi" has made it the fashion to pronounce the law term curātor curātor. Lord Mansfield gravely corrected a certain Scotch barrister when in court, reprehending what appeared to English usage a false quantity, by repeating—"Curātor, sir, if you please." The barrister immediately replied, "I am happy to be corrected by so great an orātor as your Lordship."

Throw Physic to the Dogs.

A certain young clergyman, modest almost to bashfulness, was once asked by a country apothecary, of a contrary character, in a public and crowded assembly, and in a tone of voice sufficient to catch the attention of the whole company, "How it happened that the patriarchs lived to such extreme old age?" To which question the clergyman replied, "Perhaps they took no physic."

The Duke of Wellington's Recollections of Pitt.

I did not think (said the Duke in conversation, as recorded in Lord Stanhope's Life of Pitt) that he would have died so soon. He died in January 1806; and I met him at Lord Camden's, in Kent, and I think that he did not seem ill, in the November previous. He

was extremely lively, and in good spirits. It is true that he was by way of being an invalid at that time. A great deal was always said about his taking his rides —for he used then to ride eighteen or twenty miles every day—and great pains were taken to send forward his luncheon, bottled porter, I think, and getting him a beef-steak or mutton-chop ready at some place fixed beforehand. That place was always mentioned to the party, so that those kept at home in the morning might join the ride there if they pleased. On coming home from these rides, they used to put on dry clothes, and to hold a Cabinet, for all the party were members of the Cabinet, except me, and, I think, the Duke of Montrose. At dinner, Mr. Pitt drank little wine; but it was at that time the fashion to sup, and he then took a great deal of port wine and water. In the same month I also met Mr. Pitt at the Lord Mayor's dinner. He did not seem ill. On that occasion I remember he returned thanks in one of the best and neatest speeches I ever heard in my life. It was in very few words. The Lord Mayor had proposed his health as one who had been the saviour of England, and would be the saviour of the rest of Europe. Mr. Pitt then got up, disclaimed the compliment as applied to himself, and added, "England has saved herself by her exertions, and the rest of Europe will be saved by her example." That was all: he was scarcely up two minutes, yet nothing could be more perfect. I remember another curious thing at that dinner. Erskine was there. Now

Mr. Pitt had always over Erskine a great ascendency—the ascendency of terror. Sometimes, in the House of Commons, he could keep Erskine in check by merely putting out his hand or making a note. At this dinner, Erskine's health having been drunk, and Erskine, rising to return thanks, Pitt held up his finger, and said to him across the table, "Erskine, remember that they are drinking your health as a distinguished colonel of volunteers." Erskine, who had intended, as we heard, to go off upon rights of juries, the State trials, and other political points, was quite put out; he was awed like a schoolboy at school, and in his speech kept strictly within the limits enjoined him.

A Literary Dinner.

In Lumley's "Reminiscences of the Opera," he says, —While speaking of the press, a literary dinner occurs to my memory which, among a certain party, was long afterwards talked about as the "Banquet of the Wits" The dinner took place at my villa; the guests, some ten or twelve, comprised several choice spirits of the day, and more than ordinary brilliancy was expected from the circumstance that Messrs. W. M. Thackeray and G. A. à'Beckett (now, alas! both deceased) were among their number. Expectation was grievously disappointed. Never was the "feast of reason" more insipid; never did the "flow of soul" more approach stagnation. The smaller wits thought all the sparkling was to be

done by the more distinguished luminaries, and these, with distressing magnaninity, refused to outshine their less noted brethren. Thus a perfect equilibrium of dulness was preserved.

Ars Celare Artem.

To excel others is a proof of talent; but to know *when* to conceal that superiority, is a greater proof of prudence. The celebrated orator Domitius Afer, when attacked in a set speech by Caligula, made no reply, affecting to be entirely overcome by the resistless eloquence of the tyrant. Had he replied, he would certainly have conquered, and as certainly have died; but he wisely preferred a defeat that saved his life to a victory that would have cost it.

Napoleon's Ancestors.

On the paternal side he was descended from one of the most illustrious families of Florence. Civil dissension occasioned many of the noble families to emigrate from time to time, among whom was the ancestor of that branch of the Bonaparte family from which Napoleon was descended.

When the island of Corsica became subject to France, Carolo Bonaparte, the father of Napoleon, whose profession was the law, was chosen to represent the nobility of the country. He afterwards received

the appointment of "procureur du roi," or king's attorney-general, at Ajaccio. Napoleon was educated at the "Ecole Royal Militaire" at Paris, an institution founded by Louis XV. for the education of the sons of noble families, with small fortunes, for the military service; and his eldest sister was educated at the academy of St. Cyr, which was a foundation for the education of young ladies of noble family.

On the maternal side the descent of Bonaparte is still more distinguished. The family of Ramolini, to which his mother, Madame Bonaparte, belonged, is one of the most ancient in the republic of Genoa, and allied not only to all the principal families of that republic, but to the families of most of the great potentates of Europe.

Sir David Baird's Mother.

Dean Ramsay, in his "Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character," relates, that when Mrs. Baird received the news from India of the gallant but unfortunate action of '84 against the Hyder Ali, in which her son, then Captain Baird, was engaged, it was stated that he and other officers had been taken prisoner and chained together two and two. The friends were careful in breaking such sad intelligence to the mother of Captain Baird. When, however, she was made fully to understand the position of her son and his gallant companions, disdaining all weak and useless expressions of her own

grief, and knowing well the restless and athletic habits of her son, all she said was, "Lord pity the chiel that' chained to our Davy."

Vanity of Life.

How small a portion of our life it is that we really enjoy. In youth we are looking forward to things that are to come; in old age, we are looking backwards to things that are gone past; in manhood, although we appear indeed to be more occupied in things that are present, yet even that is too often absorbed in vague determinations to be vastly happy on some future day, when we have time.

Self-Command.

He who commands himself, commands the world too; and the more authority you have over others, the more command you will have over yourself.

An Idiot's Shrewdness.

Dean Ramsay, in his "Reminiscences," relates the following anecdote. A clergyman in the north of Scotland, on coming into church one Sunday, found the pulpit occupied by the parish idiot. The authorities had been unable to remove him without more violence than was seemly, and therefore waited for the minister to dis-

possess Tam of the place he had assumed. "Come down, sir, immediately," was the peremptory and indignant call; and on Tam being unmoved, it was repeated with still greater energy. Tam, however, very confidentially replied, looking down from his elevation, "Na, na, minister! just ye come up wi' me. This is a perverse generation, and faith they need us baith."

A Witty Bishop.

A gentleman once interceded with a certain bishop for a minister who was much in debt, and who had, on more than one occasion, been imprisoned at the instance of his creditors. The gentleman urged the abilities of his friend, which, notwithstanding his delinquencies, were of no small order. "He is, in fact, my lord," said he, "really and truly a St. Paul." "Yes," replied the bishop sarcastically, "*In prisons oft.*"

Conscientious Advocates.

A faithful advocate can never sit without clients. Nor do I believe that any man could lose by it in the end that would not undertake a cause he knew not honest. A goldsmith may gain an estate as well as he that trades in every coarser metal. An advocate is a limb of friendship; and further than the altar he is not bound to go. And it is observed of as famous a lawyer as was then in the world (the Roman Cicero) that he was

slain by one he had defended, when accused of the murder of his father. Certainly he that defends an injury is next to him that commits it. And this is recorded, not only as an example of ingratitude, but as a punishment for patronizing an ill cause.

Importance of Costume.

It is not every man that can afford to wear a shabby coat; and worldly wisdom dictates to her disciples the propriety of dressing somewhat beyond their means, but of living somewhat within them; for every one sees how we dress, but none can see how we live, except we choose to let them. But the truly great are, by universal suffrage, exempted from these trammels, and may live or dress as they please.

Shakspere the Greatest Poet.

All the poets are indebted more or less to those who have gone before them; even Homer's originality has been questioned, and Virgil owes almost as much to Theocritus, in his Pastorals, as to Homer, in his Heroics; and if our own countryman, Milton, has soared above both Homer and Virgil, it is because he has stolen some feathers from their wings. But Shakspere stands alone. His want of erudition was a most happy and productive ignorance; it forced him back upon his own resources, which were exhaustless; if his

literary qualifications made it impossible for him to borrow from the ancients, he was more than repaid by the powers of his invention, which made borrowing unnecessary. In all the ebbings and the flowings of his genius, in his storms no less than in his calms, he is as completely separated from all other poets as the Caspian from all other seas. But he abounds with so many axioms applicable to all the circumstances, situations, and varieties of life, that they are no longer the property of the poet, but of the world; all apply, but none dare appropriate them; and, like anchors, they are secure from thieves by reason of their weight.

Milton and his Wife.

Milton, when blind, married a shrewish wife. A friend, desirous of complimenting the poet on his choice, termed his spouse a rose. "I can't judge of colours," said Milton, "and it may be as you say, for I feel the thorns daily."

A Matter-of-Fact Preacher.

Dean Ramsay, in his "Reminiscences," records the following anecdote of a minister in the north of Scotland:—A minister in the north returning thanks in his prayers one Sabbath for the excellent harvest, began, as usual, "O Lord, we thank thee," etc., and went on to mention its abundance, and its safe ingathering; but

feeling anxious to be quite candid and scrupulously truthful, added, "all except a few fields between this and Stonehaven, not worth mentioning."

Papal and Imperial Rome.

Imperial Rome governed the bodies of men, but did not extend her empire farther. Papal Rome improved upon imperial: she made the tiara stronger than the diadem, pontiffs more powerful than prætors, and the crozier more victorious than the sword. She devised a system so complete in all its parts for the subjugation both of body and of mind, that, like Archimedes, she asked but one thing, and that thing Luther denied her—a fulcrum of ignorance on which to rest that lever by which she could have balanced the world.

Folly of Scepticism.

As the man of pleasure, by a vain attempt to be more happy than any man can be, is often more miserable than most men are, so the sceptic, in a vain attempt to be wise beyond what is permitted to man, plunges into a darkness more deplorable, and a blindness more incurable than that of the common herd, whom he despises, and would fain instruct. For the more precious the gift, the more pernicious ever will be the abuse of it, as the most powerful medicines are the most dangerous, if misapplied, and no error is so remedi-

less as that which arises, not from the exclusion of wisdom, but from its perversion. The sceptic, when he plunges into the depths of infidelity, like the miser who leaps from the shipwreck, will find that the treasures which he bears about him will only sink him deeper in the abyss.

Contentment insures Happiness.

Agar said, "Give me neither poverty nor riches," and this will ever be the prayer of the wise. Our incomes should be like our shoes: if too small, they will gall and pinch us; but, if too large, they will cause to stumble and to trip. But wealth, after all, is a relative thing, since he that has little, and wants less, is richer than he that has much, but wants more. True contentment depends not upon what we have, but upon what we would have—a tub was large enough for Diogenes, but a world was too little for Alexander.

A Clergyman and his Prompter.

A clergyman reading the burial-service over an Irish corpse, forgot the sex of the deceased. Coming to that part of the ceremony which reads thus, "Our dear brother or sister," the rev. gentleman whispered to one of the followers of the funeral for information, "Is it a brother or sister?" "Faith," was the reply, "it's neither the one nor the other—it's only a relation."

Infatuation of the Gambler.

The gamester, if he die a martyr to his profession, is doubly ruined. He adds his soul to every other loss, and by the act of suicide, renounces earth to forfeit heaven.

A Sharp Remark on 'Change.

Two Liverpool merchants conversing about business matters one day on 'Change, one of them remarked on the badness of the times, and the difficulty of meeting acceptances which were coming due; at the same time observing a group of sparrows on a neighbouring house-top, he exclaimed to his companion, "How happy these birds must be, they have no acceptances to provide for." "Why," replied his friend, "I don't see how you can properly say that; they have their *bills* to provide for the same as we have."

Value of Literature.

The manuscript of "Robinson Crusoe" was offered to nearly all the publishers before one could be found bold enough to print it. It was at last disposed of, and the purchaser realised a thousand pounds by it. "Rejected Addresses," the celebrated work of Horace and James Smith, was handed in a like manner completely round the trade ere a publisher could be procured. At

length it was given to the public, and immediately obtained a popularity which still endures. A large sum of money was cleared by it. "Buchan's Domestic Medicine," and "Burns' Justice," were both sold for a small sum; "The Vicar of Wakefield," the charming production of Oliver Goldsmith, was sold for a few pounds; and Miss Burney's "Evelina" produced only five guineas. Dr. Johnson named as the price of his "Lives of the Poets" two hundred guineas, and it is said that the booksellers cleared upwards of twenty-five thousand pounds by it. Tonson rode in his carriage, with the profits of the "Paradise Lost" of Milton.

Bear no Malice.

He that lets the sun go down upon his wrath, and goes angry to bed, is like to have the devil for his bed-fellow.

Quick Shaving—Colonel Ellison.

Captain Gronow, in his Memoirs, says:—About twelve o'clock, on the second day after the battle of Waterloo, when on our march to Paris, we were ordered to come to a halt. Every officer and soldier immediately set to work to get rid of the superabundance of beard which had been suffered to grow for several days. During this not very agreeable duty, a shout was heard from Lord Saltoun, who called us to witness a bet he had

made with Bob Ellison, that he, Ellison, could not shave off his beard in one minute. Preparations were made; Ellison taking care to bathe his face for a considerable time in water. He then commenced operations, and in less then a minute, and without the aid of a looking-glass, actually won his bet (a considerable one), to the astonishment, and, I must add, the satisfaction of his comrades. This feat appeared to us all perfectly impossible to accomplish, as his face was covered with the stubble of a week's growth of hair, so dark, that it had procured for him in the regiment the sobriquet of Black Bob. Ellison was one of our best officers. After joining the brigade at Cadiz, he was present in every action in the Peninsula, and was with the light companies at Hougomont. He greatly distinguished himself there; and on one occasion, when he was forced to retreat from the orchard to the chateau, he would have been bayoneted by the French, had not the men, with whom he was a great favourite, charged back, and saved his life. Ellison led the storming party at Péronne, and commanded the second battalion of his regiment in Canada. He was colonel of his old battalion in 1843; when at a brigade field-day in Hyde Park, on the occasion of a general salute, as he gave the word, "Present arms," he dropped down dead from his horse, while the old corps, in which he had passed nearly forty years, were presenting arms to him. All who knew him will bear witness with me to his many amiable and excellent qualities. In his younger days he was remarkably good-

looking, and he had still preserved his handsome face and kindly, expressive eye. Though quick and clever, no one ever heard him say a malevolent or ill-natured thing. If there was a good turn to be done, or a friendly word to be spoken, Black Bob was first and foremost; and in looking back on the old friends and comrades of bygone days, I feel there is not one I could name who was more deservedly popular or more generally regretted than Colonel Ellison.

Prodigality and an Evil Conscience.

'Tis as disagreeable to a prodigal to keep an account of his expenses, as it is for a sinner to examine his conscience; the deeper they search, the worse they find themselves.

Evil of Drunkenness.

All the crimes on earth do not destroy so many of the human race, nor alienate so much property as drunkenness.

A Sharp Rejoinder.

A lady was one day walking through the streets of London, when the tray of a butcher's boy came in contact with her, and soiled her dress. "The deuce take the tray," exclaimed the lady, angrily. "*Ah, but the deuce can't take the tray,*" replied the boy with the greatest coolness.

Temperance.

Epicurus recommends temperance to us, if it were for nothing else but the very pleasure of it; 'tis the glory of a man who hath abundance, to live as reason, not as appetite directs.

Importance of Education.

Quintilian recommends all parents properly to educate their children, advising them to train their offspring carefully in learning good manners, and virtuous exercises, since we commonly retain those qualities in age, which we cultivated and possessed in our youth.

Vanity of Riches.

The more experience we have of the world, the more that experience should show us how little is in the power of riches; for what indeed truly desirable can they bestow upon us? Can they give beauty to the deformed, strength to the weak, or health to the infirm? Surely if they could, we should not see so many ill-favoured faces haunting the assemblies of the great, nor would such numbers of feeble wretches languish in their coaches and palaces. Can they prolong their own possession, or lengthen his days who enjoys them? So far otherwise, that the sloth, the luxury, the care which

attend them, shorten the lives of millions, and bring them with pain and misery to an untimely grave. Where then is their value, if they can neither embellish nor strengthen our forms, sweeten nor prolong our lives? Again, can they adorn the mind more than the body? Do they not rather swell the heart with vanity, puff up the cheeks with pride, shut our ears to every call of virtue, and our bowels to every motive of compassion?

A Garrulous Lady.

Tom Hood, on hearing the piety of a very loquacious lady spoken of, said, "Yes, she is well known for her *mag-piety*."

Desire for Long Life.

There appears to exist a greater desire to live long than to live well! Measure by man's desires, he cannot live long enough; measure by his good deeds, and he has not lived long enough; measure by his evil deeds, and he has lived too long.

The Despatch that never came.

The following incident in the Franco-Italian war against the Austrians, is recorded in *Blackwood's Magazine*:— On the day of the battle of Solferino, the Austrian envoy at Rome dined with the Cardinal Antonelli. It was a very joyous little dinner, each in the highest

spirits—satisfied with the present, and full of hope for the future. The telegram which arrived at mid-day told that the troops were in motion, and that the artillery fire had already opened. The position was a noble one—the army full of spirit, and all confident that before the sun should set the tide of victory would have turned, and the whole legions of the Danube be in hot pursuit of their flying enemy. Indeed the envoy came to dinner fortified with a mass of letters from men high in command, all of which assumed as indisputable that the French must be beaten. Of the Italians they never spoke at all. As the two friends sat over the dessert, they discussed what at that precise moment might be going on over the battlefield. Was the conflict still continuing? Had the French reserves been brought up? Had they, too, been thrown back, beaten and disordered? and where was the fourth corps under the Prince Napoleon? They were 40,000 strong—could they have arrived in time from the Po? All these casualties, and many others, did they talk over, but never once launching a doubt as to the issue, or ever dreaming that the day was not to reverse all the late past, and bring back the Austrians in triumph to Milan. As they sat, the prefect of police was announced and introduced. He came with the list of the persons who were to be arrested and sent to prison—they were one hundred and eighteen, some of them among the first families of Rome—so soon as certain tidings of the victory arrived, and the game of reaction might be safe

to begin. "No news yet, Signor Prefetto? come back at ten," said the cardinal. At ten he presented himself once more. The cardinal and his friend were taking coffee, but less joyous, it seemed, than before. At least they looked anxious for news, and started at every noise in the street that might announce new-come tidings. "We have heard nothing since you were here," said the cardinal. "His Excellency thinks that at a moment of immense exigency, they may not have immediately bethought them of sending off a despatch." "There can be no doubt what the news will be when it comes," said the envoy, "and I'd say, make the arrests at once." "I don't know; I'm not sure. I think I'd rather counsel a little more patience," said the cardinal. "What if you were to come back at, let us say midnight?" The prefect bowed, and withdrew. At midnight it was the same scene, only that the actors were more agitated; the envoy at least, worked up to a degree of impatience that bordered on fever; for while he persisted in declaring that the result was certain, he continued to censure, in very severe terms, the culpable carelessness of those charged with the transmission of news. "Ah!" cried he, "there it comes at last!" and a loud summous at the bell resounded through the house. "A telegram, Eminence," said the servant, entering with a despatch. The envoy tore it open; there were but three words—"Beaten—*sanglante deroute.*" The cardinal took the paper from the hands of the overwhelmed and panic-struck Minister and read it

He stood for a few seconds gazing on the words, not a line or lineament in his face betraying the slightest emotion; then, turning to the envoy, he said, "Bon soir; allons dormir;" and moved away with his usual quick little step, and retired.

A Double Fare.

A gentleman resident in Edinburgh, whose personal dimensions were somewhat similar to those of Falstaff, was in the habit, when travelling by coach, to secure half the inside of the vehicle for himself. Having a new servant, he sent him one day to book him for a neighbouring town. The man returned with the following pleasing intelligence:—"There weren't two inside places left, so I took one in, and another out."

Faith and Works.

A worthy son of the church in the West Highlands, who had peculiar notions touching the "full assurance of faith," having occasion to cross a ferry, availed himself of the opportunity to interrogate the boatman as to the grounds of his belief, assuring him, that if he had faith, he was certain of a blessed immortality. The boatman said he had always entertained a different notion of the subject, and begged to give an illustration of his opinion. "Let us suppose," said the ferryman, "that one of these oars is called faith, and the other

works, and try their several merits." Accordingly, throwing down one oar in the boat, he proceeded to pull the other with all his strength, upon which the boat was turned round and made no way. "Now," said he, "you perceive faith won't do—let us try what works can." Seizing the other oar, and giving it the same trial, the same consequences ensued. "Works," said he, "you see, won't do either; let us try them together." The result was successful; the boat shot through the waves, and soon reached the wished-for haven. "This," said the honest ferryman, "is the way by which I hope to be wafted over the troubled waters of this world to the peaceful shores of immortality."

Leonidas at Thermopylæ.

Leonidas, king of Sparta, when defending Thermopylæ against the Persian host under Xerxes, was told by one of his soldiers that the Persian arrows were so numerous that they obscured the light of the sun. "Never mind that," was the reply, "we shall have the advantage of fighting in the shade."

Don't meet Sorrow Half-way.

Fear not that which cannot be avoided. It is extreme folly to make yourself miserable before your time, or to fear that which may never come; or if it do, may possibly be converted into felicity. For it often falls

out, that that which we most dreaded, when it comes, brings much happiness with it, and we recognise the hand of Providence unveiling to us the silver lining of the cloud that seemed charged with misfortune and despair.

Advice to the Married.

As a great part of the uneasiness of matrimony arises from mere trifles, it would be wise in every young married man to enter into an agreement with his wife —that in all disputes of this kind, the party who was most convinced they were right, should always surrender the victory. By which means both would be more forward to give up the cause.

Narrow-minded People.

It is with narrow-souled people as with narrow-necked bottles: the less they have in them, the more noise they make in pouring it out.

Advantage of Learning.

Learning is the chief ornament and jewel of man's life, and without it no man can attain to any preferment in the commonwealth. Learn, therefore, whilst you are young, not only book-knowledge, but also to cultivate those good qualities which will in after life make you a good husband, a kind father, and a true friend.

Servants.

If you keep one servant, your work is done; if you keep two, it is half done; and if you keep three, you may do it yourself.

A Slight Misapprehension.

A happy pair, in smart array,
By holy church united,
From London town, in open *shay*,
Set off, by love incited.

The day was dull as dull could be,
So (dreaming of no pun),
Quoth John, "I hope, my dear, that we
May have a little *sun*."

To which his bride, with simple heart,
Replied ('twas nature taught her),
"Well—I confess—for my own part—
I'd rather have a daughter."

Inquisitiveness.

Inquisitive people are the funnels of conversation—they do not take in anything for their own use, but merely to pass it to another.

Evils of Pride.

Proud men have no friends; neither in prosperity, because they know nobody, nor in adversity, because then nobody knows them.

Definition of Wealth.

He is rich whose income is more than his expenses; and he is poor whose expenses exceed his income.

Sharp for the Doctor.

A gentleman once rallying a physician on the inefficacy of his prescriptions, the doctor said he defied any of his patients to find fault with him. "That is exactly what Jack Ketch says," was the reply.

Worldly Friends.

When I see (says Warwick in his "Spare Minutes") leaves drop from their trees in the beginning of autumn, just such, think I, is the friendship of the world. While the sap of maintenance lasts, my friends swarm in abundance; but, in the winter of my need, they leave me naked. He is a happy man, that hath a true friend at his need; but he is more truly happy, that hath no need of his friend.

A Courageous Nigger.

A nigger, on being charged by his master with being afraid of work, replied, "No, massa, no 'fraid of work; I'll lie down and sleep by it."

"The Apparel oft proclaims the Man."

A man ought in his clothes to conform something to those that he converses with, to the custom of the nation, and the fashion that is decent and general, to the occasion, and his own condition: for that is best that best suits with one's calling, and the rank we live in. And, seeing all men are not Œdipuses, to read the riddle of another man's inside, and most men judge by appearances, it behoves a man to barter for a good esteem, even from his clothes and outside. We guess the goodness of the pasture by the mantle we see it wear.

Definition of Wit.

Like every other power wit has its boundaries. Its success depends on the aptitude of others to receive impressions; and that as some bodies, indissoluble by heat, can set the furnace and crucible at defiance, there are minds upon which the rays of fancy may be pointed without effect, and which no fire of sentiment can agitate or exalt.

A Schoolboy Catechised.

A schoolboy undergoing an examination, being asked who was the wickedest man, replied, "Moses; because he broke all the commandments at once."

Origin of the Term "Spinster."

Formerly it was a custom that a girl should not get married until she had spun herself a set of body and table-linen. From this custom, all unmarried women were termed "spinsters"—an appellation they still retain in England in all deeds and legal proceedings.

Pursuit of Wealth.

The world would be more happy if persons gave up more time to an intercourse of friendship. But money engrosses all our deference; and we scarce enjoy a social hour because we think it unjustly stolen from the main business of life.

Solon the Lawgiver.

Solon being asked, why, amongst his personal laws, there was not one against personal affronts? answered, He could not believe the world so fantastical as to regard them.

Prepare for Adversity.

In the height of your prosperity be prepared for adversity, but fear it not. If it come not, you are possessed of the happiness you have, and the more strongly confirmed; if it come, you are the more gently disposed, and the more firmly prepared to endure philosophically the misfortunes that Providence may see fit to afflict you with.

Hope.

Hope is a flatterer, but the most upright of all parasites, for she frequents the poor man's hut as well as the palace of his superior. Sir E. Bulwer Lytton finely remarks:

> Hope, the sweet bird, whilst that the air can fill,
> Let earth be ice, the soul has summer still.

Drunkenness.

It were better for a man to be subject to any vice, than to drunkenness; for all other vanities and sins may be recovered, but a drunkard will rarely ever shake off his vice; and the longer it possesses a man, the more he will delight in it, and the older he grows, the more he will be subject to it; for it dulls the spirits and destroys the body, as ivy does the old tree, or as the worm engenders in the kernel of the nut.

Avoid Loquacity.

Accustom not yourself to speaking overmuch, and before you speak, think; let not your tongue run, before reason and judgment bid it go; if the heart does not premeditate, the tongue must necessarily precipitate.

Power of the Pen.

The fangs of a bear, and the tusks of a wild boar, do not bite worse, and make deeper gashes, than a goose-quill sometimes: no not even the badger himself, who is said to be so tenacious of his bite, that he will not give over his hold till he feels his teeth meet and the bones crack.

A Reminder.

A person asking a wit if the tolling of a bell did not remind him of his latter end, was answered, "No; but the rope puts me in mind of yours."

A Model Servant.

A gentleman once advertised for a valet who did not mind confinement, and who had lived some time in his last place. He was applied to by a person who had borne confinement in his last place for several years. His last place was in Newgate.

The Student—the Good he Confers.

He that is well employed in his study, though he may seem to do nothing, does the greatest things yet of all others: he lays down precepts for the government of our lives and the moderating of our passions, and obliges human nature, not only in the present, but in all succeeding generations.

Yankee Sharpness.

A Yankee pedlar in his cart, overtaking another of his class, was addressed, "Hallo, what do you carry?" "Drugs and medicines," was the reply. "Go ahead," was the rejoinder, "I carry gravestones."

Choice of Friends.

There are two requisite qualities in the choice of a friend: he must be both a sensible and an honest man; for fools and vicious men are incapable of true friendship.

The Last Days of Malibran.

The following interesting account of the last days of Madame Malibran de Beriot appears in "Notes and Queries":—The brilliant performances of the fair vocal actress, Madame Malibran de Beriot, were brought to a

close at the Manchester grand musical festival of 1836. She arrived in that town from Paris on Sunday the 11th of September. On the Monday, she went through the fatigue of singing fourteen pieces with her Italian friends. She was ill on Tuesday; but insisted upon singing both morning and evening. On Wednesday, her indisposition was still more evident, but she gave the last sacred composition she ever sang, "Sing ye to the Lord!" with thrilling effect; and on that evening (the 14th) her last notes in public were heard in the duet, "Vanne se alberghi in petto," from Andronico, with Madame Caradori Allan. It was received with enthusiastic applause, and the last movement was encored. She did repeat it; but it was a desperate struggle against sinking nature—she never sang afterwards. Her complaint proved irremediable, and she expired on the evening of Friday, September 23d, attended by her second husband, Monsieur de Beriot, to whom she was devotedly attached. The Roman service was first said over the remains of the deceased at her rooms. On the arrival of the funeral cortège at the Collegiate Church of Manchester, the organ commenced playing the "Dead March in Saul;" the body was then placed on tressels in the centre aisle, and the service of the English church was read, and chanted by the choir. The corpse was then carried on the bier to the south aisle, to a grave which was formerly a burial-place of the Fitzherberts. Not long after, her remains were exhumed, and taken to Brussels, her mother coming to England for that

purpose. The death of this gifted lady excited the most painful sensation at the time, for it was rumoured that it was occasioned by improper treatment.

Life and Death.

While we are reasoning concerning life, life is gone; and death, though perhaps they receive him differently, yet treats alike the fool and the philosopher.

Value of Reputation.

Be careful of your reputation; if that be once lost, you are, like a cancelled writing, valueless.

Laconic Correspondence.

Thelwall, when about to be tried for treason, wrote to Mr. Erskine the following epistle: "I shall plead my own cause." To which Erskine as briefly replied, "You'll be *hanged* if you do." Thelwall wittily rejoined, "Then if I do, I'll be *hanged*."

Love of Truth with the Athenians.

The virtue of the ancient Athenians is very remarkable in the case of Euripides. This great tragic poet, though famous for the morality of his plays, had introduced a person who, being reminded of an oath he had

taken, replied, "I swore with my mouth but not with my heart." The impiety of this sentiment set the audience in an uproar; made Socrates (though an intimate friend of the poet) go out of the theatre with indignation; and gave so great offence, that he was publicly accused, and brought upon his trial, as one who had suggested an evasion of what they thought the most holy and indissoluble bond of human society. So jealous were these virtuous heathens of the smallest hint that might open a way to perjury.

Death the Comforter.

There are a great many miseries which nothing but death can give relief to. This puts an end to the sorrows of the afflicted and oppressed; it sets the prisoners at liberty; it dries up the tears of the widows and fatherless; it eases the complaints of the hungry and naked; it tames the proudest tyrants; and puts an end to all our labours. And the contemplation on it supports men under their present adversities, especially when they have a prospect of a better life after this.

Woman in Domestic Life.

The chief part of a woman's character is contained in domestic life;—first, her piety towards God: and next in the duties of a daughter, a wife, a mother, a sister, and a friend.

Men of Sense the best Husbands.

The silliest fellows are in general the worst of husbands, and it may be asserted as a fact, that a man of sense rarely behaves very ill to a wife who deserves very well.

An Irishman's Letter.

An Irishman called at the General Post-Office to inquire if there were any letters for him. He was asked for his name. "Oh," said he, "sure you will find it *on the back of the letter!*"

A True Prophet.

Colonel George Hanger, in his Autobiography, written in 1801, thus prophesies of the future of America. The realization of his prediction in the present day gives an interest to his remarks. I shall here relate a conversation that took place one day at table before a large company, and an opinion which I gave relative to the future destiny of the government of that country, and I am of opinion that the state of affairs there is rapidly hastening a dissolution of the United States. At that time, when peace had been concluded but a few weeks, I was of that opinion, and remember well when General Dickenson asked me my opinion of the government and its stability, I communicated my

thoughts nearly in the following words: — Sir, as long as General Washington, and the other principal military characters and leading men in Congress, who have brought about this revolution, are alive, the government will remain as it is—united; but when all of you are in your graves there will be wars and rumours of wars in this country. There are too many different interests in it for them to be united under one government. Just as this war commenced you were going to fight amongst yourselves, and would have fought had the British not interfered. You then, one and all, united against us as your common enemy; but one of these days the Northern and Southern powers will fight as vigorously against each other as they both have united to do against the British. This country, when its population shall be completed, is large enough for three great empires. Look casually at the map of it. View how irregularly the provinces are laid out, running into each other. Look particularly at the State of New York. It extends 150 miles in length, due north, and in no place in breadth above 15 to 20 miles. No country can be said to have a boundary or frontier unless its exterior limits are marked by an unfordable river, or a chain of mountains not to be passed but in particular places. The great finger of Nature has distinctly pointed out three extensive boundaries to your country: the North River is the first; the Great Potomac, which runs 300 miles from Alexandria to the sea, unfordable, the second; and the Mississippi, the

third and last. When the country of Kentucky is completely settled, and the back country farther on to the banks of the Mississippi shall become populous and powerful, do you think they will ever be subjected to a government seated at Philadelphia or New York, at the distance of so many hundred miles? But such a defection will not happen for a very long period of time, until the inhabitants of the country become numerous and powerful. The Northern and Southern powers will first divide and contend in arms.

A Heroic Reply.

When Xerxes wrote to Leonidas, the Spartan hero, asking him to surrender his arms, the reply he obtained was this brief one—"Come and take them."

Yankee Froth.

The beer in Rhode Island is said to be so strong that it requires three men to blow the head off a pot of porter, and they must be long-winded!

How to Cultivate Memory.

The best way to remember a thing is thoroughly to understand it, and often to recal it to mind. By reading continually with great attention, and never passing a passage without understanding and considering it well,

the memory will be stored with knowledge; and things will occur at times when we want them, though we can never recollect the passages or from whence we draw our ideas.

How to Converse.

In conversation, men should not talk to please themselves, but those that hear them. Were this rule generally observed, it would make them consider whether what they speak be worth hearing; whether there be either wit or sense in what they are about to say; and whether it be adapted to the time when, the place where, and the person to whom, it is spoken.

A Hint from the Gallery.

A comedian was once performing at one of the Dublin theatres in a dirty pair of white duck trousers. A lad in the gallery, observing the state of the actor's nether garment, shouted out, "Och! mister, wouldn't your *ducks* be the better of a swim?"

Hints to Emigrants.

An acquaintance of a certain Scotch bailie made a grievous complaint to him one day of the hard times, and the impossibility of scraping together a livelihood in this wretched country. The bailie's own experience ran directly counter to these croakings, for his industry

had realised a handsome competence; but he knew too much of the world to attempt proving to the complainer, that his ill success might be partly his own fault. He contented himself with remarking that it was surely possible for a tradesman to draw together a tolerable business. "Not in this country," his friend repeated. "Weel, then," said the bailie, "what say ye to emigration? I have heard that some push their way weel in Australia." "Yes," replied his desponding townsman, "that might be the case ance in a day, but if there is business there, mae folk are there than can get a share o't." "Weel, it may be true ye say," rejoined the bailie, "but ye might gang further—ye might gang up into the interior." "There 's naebody there," said the grumbler, "but kangaroos." The worthy magistrate, concluding that kangaroos were a tribe of native savages among whom a careful pedlar might make indifferent good bargains, replied, "Weel-a-weel, and isna a kangaroo's siller as gude as anither man's?"

Cumberland and Sheridan.

Cumberland, the play-writer, was asked what he thought of Sheridan's comedy, "The School for Scandal." He pronounced it, in his opinion, to be a failure, saying that "when he went to see it, he did not laugh once." Sheridan, hearing of this, remarked that "Cumberland was very ungrateful, for, when he went to see Mr. C.'s tragedy, he laughed from the beginning to the end of it."

The Glory of Forgiveness.

Pardon to one who has injured us is the most glorious revenge. Cicero commended Cæsar more for pardoning Metullus, than for the great victory obtained over his enemies.

A Sharp Editor.

A subscriber to an American newspaper writes to the editor thus: "I don't want your paper any longer." To which the editor replies, "I would n't make it any longer if you did. Its present length suits me very well."

An Irishman's Ready Wit.

An Irish officer in the French service solicited Louis the Fourteenth for some favour for a friend. The king, being in an angry mood, exclaimed, "I find you Irishmen very troublesome." "Your enemies, sire, make the same remark," replied the officer—which so pleased the king that the favour solicited was granted at once.

A Proverb Altered.

"Idleness covers a man with rags," says the proverb. An Irish schoolmaster, thinking to improve on this, wrote a copy for one of his boys with the proverb thus altered: "Idleness covers a man with nakedness."

The Value of Wisdom.

It was remarked by Seneca, that a wise man is provided for occurrences of every kind: the good he controls, the bad he vanquishes; in prosperity he betrays no presumption, and in adversity he feels no despondency. The wisdom he possesses enables him to bear up with heroism under all reverses.

Rabelais and the Doctors.

When Rabelais was on his death-bed, a consultation of physicians was called. "Pray," said the dying wit to the doctors, "pray let me die a natural death."

The Heroism of Patience.

To endure present evils with patience and forbearance, and wait for expected good with long-suffering, is equally the part of the true Christian and the hero.

Value of Friendship.

True friendship is one of the greatest blessings upon earth: it makes the cares and anxieties of life sit easy; provides us with a partner in our afflictions, and is a sure resort against every accident and difficulty that can happen to us.

Dr. Johnson and his Publisher.

When Johnson had completed his Dictionary, the delay of which had quite exhausted the patience of Millar, the bookseller, the latter acknowledged the receipt of the last sheet in the following terms:—

"Andrew Millar sends his compliments to Mr Samuel Johnson, with the money for the last sheet of the copy of the Dictionary, and thanks God he has done with him."

To this uncourteous intimation the doctor replied in this smart retort:

"Samuel Johnson returns his compliments to Mr. Andrew Millar, and is very glad to find (as he does by his note) that Andrew Millar has the grace to thank God for anything."

The Voice of Conscience.

The voice of conscience is so delicate, that it is easy to stifle it; but it is also so clear, that it is impossible to mistake it.

Duties of an Instructor.

A tutor should not be continually thundering instruction into the ears of his pupil, as if he were pouring it through a funnel; but, after having put the lad, like a young horse, on a trot, before him, to observe his paces,

and see what he is able to perform—should, according to the extent of his capacity, induce him to taste, to distinguish, and to find out things for himself; sometimes opening the way, at other times leaving it for him to open; and, by abating or increasing his own pace, accommodate his precepts to the capacity of his pupil.

Periods of Life—their Characteristics.

The prerogative of infancy is innocency; of childhood, reverence; of manhood, maturity; and of old age, wisdom.

Pedantry and Pedants.

A man who has been brought up among books, and is able to talk of nothing else, is a very indifferent companion, and what we call a pedant. But we should enlarge the title, and give it to every one that does not know how to think out of his profession and particular way of life. What is a greater pedant than a mere man of the town? Bar him the play-houses, a catalogue of the reigning beauties, and you strike him dumb. The military pedant always talks of a camp, and in storming towns, making lodgments, and fighting battles from one end of the year to the other. Every thing he speaks smells of gunpowder; if you take away his artillery from him, he has not a word to say for himself. The law pedant is perpetually putting cases, repeating the transactions of Westminster Hall, wrangling with you upon

the most indifferent circumstances of life, and not to be convinced of the distance of a place, or of the most trivial point in conversation, but by dint of argument. The state pedant is wrapt up in news, and lost in politics. If you mention either of the sovereigns of Europe, he talks very notably; but if you go out of the gazette, you drop him. In short, a mere courtier, a mere soldier, a mere scholar, a mere anything, is an insipid, pedantic character, and equally ridiculous.

A Wife's Qualifications.

There are three things which a good wife should resemble, and yet those three things she should not resemble. She should be like a town clock—keep time and regularity. She should not, however, be like a town clock—speak so loudly that all the town may hear her. She should be like a snail—prudent and keep within her own house. She should not be like a snail—carry all she has upon her back. She should be like an echo—speak when spoken to. But she should not be like an echo—determined always to have the last word.

Good conferred by the Alchymists.

The pursuit of alchymy is at an end. Yet surely to alchymy this right is due, that it may truly be compared to the husbandman whereof Æsop makes the fable, that

when he died, he told his sons he had left unto them a great mass of gold buried under ground in his vineyard, but did not remember the particular place where it was hidden; who when they had with spades turned up all the vineyard, gold indeed they found none; but by reason of their stirring and digging the mould about the roots of their vines, they had a great vintage the year following: so the painful search and stir of alchymists to make gold, hath brought to light a great number of good and fruitful experiments, as well for the disclosing of nature, as the use of man's life.

A Paradox.

Two friends were discussing that interesting event in French history, the Vendean Revolt, and the character of the Vendean hero, Henri Larochejaquelein. "What brave fellows those poor Vendean peasants were," said one. "Yes," enjoined his friend, "but yet the greater portion of them were *cow-herds.*"

Lord Byron's Superstition.

Hearing of the death of a friend, his lordship said: "I was convinced something very unpleasant hung over me last night. I expected to hear that somebody I knew was dead; so it turns out; who can help being superstitious? Scott believes in second sight; Rousseau tried whether he would be damned or not by aiming at

a tree with a stone; Goethe trusted to the chance of a knife's striking the water whether he was to succeed in some undertaking; Swift placed the success of his life on the drawing a trout he had hooked out of the water. Several extraordinary things have happened on my birthday; so they did to Napoleon; and a more wonderful circumstance still occurred to Marie Antoinette. At my wedding, something whispered me that I was signing my death-warrant. At the last moment I would have retreated if I could have done so. I am a great believer in presentiments. Socrates' demon was no fiction; Monk Lewis had his monitor, and Bonaparte many warnings.

Charm of Good Temper.

A cheerful temper, joined with innocence, will make beauty attractive, knowledge delightful, and wit good-natured. It will lighten sickness, poverty, and affliction, convert ignorance into an amiable simplicity, and render deformity itself agreeable.

Suggestions to the Newly-Married.

Every little thing can blast an infant blossom; and the breath of the south can shake the little rings of the vine, when first they begin to curl like the locks of a new-weaned boy; but when by age and consolidation they stiffen into the hardness of a stem, and have, by the warm embraces of the sun and the kisses of heaven,

brought forth their clusters, they can endure the storms of the north, and the loud noises of a tempest, and yet never be broken; so are the early unions of an unfixed marriage—watchful and observant, jealous and busy, inquisitive and careful, and apt to take alarm at every unkind word. After the hearts of the man and the wife are endeared and hardened by a mutual confidence and experience, longer than artifice and pretence can last, there are a great many remembrances, and some things present, that dash all little unkindnesses in pieces.

Curious Blunder.

An American periodical announced that Mr. W. Chambers, the well-known author and publisher, had produced a work entitled "The History of Publishers." "I am greatly diverted," says Mr. Chambers, "with the droll mistake into which our American friends have fallen, by transforming my 'History of *Peeblesshire*' into a 'History of *Publishers.*'"

The Translation Accommodated.

The late Dr. Hutcheson of Hamilton was visiting at a house where there was a young girl, who was a great toast among the country beaux, but had hitherto failed to attain her object, marriage. The doctor asked a few questions, and then requested her to repeat some verses of a psalm. She fixed upon the 72d psalm, which

ends, "Amen, so let it be;" but, partly from the confusion into which she was thrown by the visitation of the minister, and partly from the broad drawling accent so common among country people, she pronounced the words "A man, so let it be." The doctor, smiling, remarked, "Very well, my woman, I daresay that is the conclusion of many a young maiden's prayer."

Charles XII. at Narva.

Charles XII. of Sweden, at the battle of Narva, being told that the enemy were as three to one when compared with his own army, replied, "I am glad to hear it, for then there will be enough to kill, enough to take prisoners, and enough to run away."

George II. and General Wolfe.

When George II. was once expressing his admiration of General Wolfe, some one remarked that the general was mad. "Is he, indeed?" said his Majesty; "then I wish he would bite some of my other generals."

Envy.

Captain Gronow, in his "Reminiscences," relates that at an evening party, many years since, at Lady Jersey's, every one was praising a young duke who had just come in, and who had lately attained his majority. There

was a perfect chorus of admiration, to this effect;—Everything is in his favour—he has good looks, considerable abilities, and a hundred thousand a-year. Rogers, who had been carefully examining the "young ruler," listened to these encomiums for some time in silence, and at last remarked, with an air of exultation, and in his most venomous manner, "Thank God, he has got bad teeth."

Cause and Effect.

"So poor ——, the barrister, is dead," said a judge in the *nisi prius* court, "and I hear, poor fellow, that he left but very few *effects*." "Not likely that he could leave many," said Lyndhurst with a knowing look, "when he had so few *causes*."

Cooke the Tragedian.

"How are you this morning?" said Fawcett, the comedian, to George Frederick Cooke. "Not at all myself," replied the tragedian. "Then, I congratulate you," replied Fawcett, "for, be whoever else you will, you will be a gainer by the bargain."

An Irishman and his Lawyer.

An attorney said to an Irishman, his client, "Why don't you pay me that six and eightpence, Mr. Mulrooney?" "Why, faith, because I do not owe it to

you." "Not owe it me? yes, you do; it's for the opinion you had of me." "That's a good un, indeed," rejoined Pat, "when I never had any opinion of you in all my life."

A Sharp Pupil.

A schoolmaster inquired of one of his pupils on a cold day in winter what was the Latin word for "cold?" "I can't remember it at the moment," said the boy, "but I have it at my fingers' ends."

Uncertainty of Court Favour.

Warwick, in his "Spare Minutes," thus remarks—When I see a gallant ship well rigged, trimmed, tackled, manned, and munitioned, with her top and top-gallant, and her spread sails proudly swelling with a full gale in fair weather, putting out of the haven into the smooth main, and drawing the spectators' eyes with a well-wishing admiration; and shortly hear of the same ship being split against some dangerous rock, or wrecked by some disastrous tempest, or sunk by some leak sprung in her by some accident; it seemeth I see the case of some court favourite, who to-day, like Sejanus, dazzleth all men's eyes with the splendour of his glory, and with the proud and potent beak of his powerful prosperity cutteth the waves and ploweth through the press of the vulgar, and scorneth to fear aught at his keel below, or any cross winds from above; and yet to-morrow, on

some storms of unexpected disfavour, springs a leak in his honour, and sinks on the Syrtes of disgrace, or dashed against the rocks of displeasure, is split and wrecked in the Charybdis of infamy, and so concludes his voyage in misery and misfortune.

Sheridan's Precocity.

The father of the celebrated Sheridan was one day speaking of the pedigree of the Sheridan family, and regretting that they were no longer styled O'Sheridan, as they were formerly. "Indeed, father," replied Sheridan, then a boy, "we have more right to the O than any one besides; for we *owe* every body."

Moore's Estimate of Ireland.

The celebrated poet, Tom Moore, was once complimented by a gentleman on the beauty and fertility of Ireland, the land of the poet's birth. "Yes," said Moore, "Ireland is the finest country in the world—*to live out of.*"

Anecdote of Curran.

Lord Clare, in a discussion with Curran in court one day, on some law point, exclaimed sharply in reply to some legal points urged by Curran, "Oh, if that be law, Mr. Curran, I may burn my law-books?" "You had better read them, my lord," was the sarcastic rejoinder.

A Witty Executioner.

A culprit at the point of execution, asked the executioner if he had any commands to the next world. "Nothing particular," was the reply, "but I must just trouble you with a *line*."

Charm of Wedlock.

Marriage improves happiness, and abates misery, by the doubling of our joy and dividing of our grief; and when we are blessed with a healthy progeny, the comforts of home possess hitherto unknown allurements.

The Force of Example.

Nothing is so influential as example. We imitate good actions from a desire to emulate, and bad ones from a natural perversity in our natures, which shame conceals and example frees.

An Impracticable Witness.

During a trial in Scotland, a barrister was examining an old woman, and trying to persuade her to his view by some "leading questions." After several attempts to induce her memory to recur to a particular circumstance, the barrister angrily observed, "Surely you must re-

member this fact—surely you can call to mind such and such a circumstance." The witness answered, "I ha' tauld ye I can't tell; but if ye know so much mair about it than I do (pointing to the judge), do'e tell maister yerself."

Wisdom at the Scaffold.

When Lord William Russell was beheaded for high treason in the reign of Charles II., he was attended to the scaffold by the celebrated Dr. Burnet, who afterwards became Bishop of Salisbury. Arrived at the foot of the scaffold, he handed his watch to Burnet, with this remark—"Here," said he, "I don't require this now; it shows time, and I am going into eternity."

Friendship.

Of all felicities, how charming is that of a firm and gentle friendship! It sweetens our cares, softens our sorrows, and assists us in extremities. It is a sovereign antidote against calamities.

A Learned Provost.

A plaintiff, in stating his case before the provost of a certain Scotch burgh, having had occasion to speak of a party who was dead, repeatedly described him as the defunct. Irritated by the iteration of a word which he

did not understand, the provost exclaimed, "What's the use o' talking sae muckle about this chield you ca' the defunct?—canna ye bring the man here and let him speak for himsel'?" "The defunct's dead, my Lord," added the weaver. "Oh! that alters the case," gravely observed the sapient provost.

Genius.

The only difference between a genius and one of common capacity is, that the former anticipates and explores what the latter accidentally hits upon. But even the man of genius himself more frequently employs the advantages that chance presents to him. It is the lapidary that gives value to the diamond, which the peasant has dug up without knowing its worth.

Danger of Prosperity.

Prosperity hath always been the cause of more evils to men than adversity; and it is easier to bear one patiently, than not to forget himself in the other.

Anecdote of George I.

George I., on a journey to Hanover, stopped at a village in Holland, and while horses were getting ready for him, he asked for two or three eggs, which were brought him, and charged a hundred florins. "How

is this?" said the king, "eggs must be very scarce here." "Pardon me," said the host, "eggs are plentiful enough, but kings are scarce."

A Smart Reply.

Two gentlemen sitting over their wine at a tavern were amusing themselves by asking each other to solve riddles. At length one of them took up a filbert, and, showing it to his friend, said, "If this filbert could speak, what would it say?" "Why," rejoined the other, "it would say—Give me none of your *jaw*."

Suett and Incledon.

Incledon, the celebrated singer, happening one day to meet Suett, the comedian, at Tattersall's, asked him if he had come to buy a horse. "Yes," said Suett. "Why, I should not think," added Incledon, "that you know the difference between a horse and an ass." "O yes," said Suett, "I should know you amongst a hundred horses."

An Irishman's Idea of Hospitality.

An Irish soldier, who had been abroad, being asked if he met with much hospitality where he had been. "O yes," replied he, "too much, I was in the hospital almost all the time I was there."

Love your Enemies.

A physician, seeing Charles Bannister about to drink a glass of brandy, said, "Don't drink that filthy stuff; brandy is the worst enemy you have." "I know that," was the reply, "but you know we are commanded in Scripture to love our enemies."

Where Matches are Made.

"Matches," said a single young lady one day whilst earnestly discussing the subject of marriage—"matches are made in heaven." "Very likely," was the cool rejoinder of a married lady, her friend, "and they are often *dipped* in the other place."

A Definition of Humbug.

A woman was being examined at the Old Bailey as a witness, when, to a question put by the barrister, Clarkson, she replied, "Don't think to humbug me." Upon which the Recorder said, "Answer the question directly, woman, or I will commit you." "Aye," said Clarkson, "and tell us what you mean by humbug?" "Why," replied the woman, "If I was to tell you, Mr. Clarkson, that the Recorder was a gentleman, that would be humbugging you and the court too."

The Elephant and his Trunk.

Mr. Canning and a friend were admiring a picture of the Deluge, in which was seen an elephant in the act of drowning. "I wonder," said the gentleman, "that the elephant did not secure an inside place in the ark." "He was too late," replied Canning, "he was detained packing up his *trunk*."

A Hint to the Tailors.

Two friends strolling through the streets of London, observed the walls in every direction placarded with a huge woodcut representing a pair of trousers, with a lettering beneath, "The Sydenham Trousers." "Surely," said one of the gentlemen to his friend, "this article of dress is misnamed. Why not say the *Sit-in-em* trousers?"

Palmer and Bannister.

John Palmer, the actor, appeared one day at rehearsal in great agitation. Jack Bannister requested to know what was the matter. "Why, sir, my donkey of a brother was married yesterday to a pennyless girl of the name of Sharp." "My dear friend," said Bannister, "don't fret, it was a musical wedding—there was a flat and a sharp."

A Harmless Soldier.

A young officer, who had lost his right arm, remarked to his friend, that he should not now be much feared by his enemies. "No," replied his friend, "you will *now* always be considered an *armless* fellow."

An Unclean Doctor.

A certain doctor at a dinner party had his hand on the table. "What a dirty hand Dr. —— has," said one of the party. "I'll bet you a bottle of wine there is a dirtier in company," said the doctor, who had overheard the remark. "Done," said the other; upon which he produced his other hand, and won the bet.

Pride.

Zeno said, "Nothing was more indecent than pride, and especially in a young man."

Wewitzer's Candles.

Wewitzer, the actor, ordering some candles, told the tradesman from whom he was purchasing that he hoped they would be better than the last he had, which burnt very well down to the middle, but after that they would not burn any *longer*.

A Rap for the Lawyers.

An estate was lately advertised for sale; after a description had been given of the beauty of the situation, the richness of the soil, and the mildness of the climate, this addendum was given to enhance the value of the property: *N.B.*—There is not a lawyer within ten miles of the place.

The Luxury of being Rich.

When the Emperor Joseph II. was in Paris, in the reign of Louis XVI., he was in the habit of walking about the city incognito. One morning, he went into an elegant coffee-house, and asked for a cup of chocolate. He was plainly dressed, and the waiters insolently refused it, saying it was too early. Without making any reply, he walked out, and went into a little coffee-house. He asked for a cup of chocolate, and the landlord politely answered, that it should be ready in a moment. While he waited for it, as the coffee-house was empty, he walked up and down, and was conversing on different subjects, when the landlord's daughter, a very pretty girl, made her appearance. The emperor wished her a good day, according to the French mode; and observed to her father that it was time she should be married. "Ah!" replied the old man; "if I had but a thousand crowns, I could marry her to a man

who is very fond of her—but, sir,—the chocolate is ready." The emperor called for pen, ink, and paper; the girl ran to fetch them; and he gave her an order on his banker for six thousand livres.

A Boy's Rebuke.

A boy being praised for shrewdness in replying, a person remarked, that it generally happened that when children were sharp, it frequently turned out that in after-life they became dull and stupid, and *vice versa*. "You must have been a very sensible child, sir, I should think," rejoined the boy.

A King's Magnanimity.

Philip II. of Spain having granted a general pardon to the inhabitants of a revolted city, with some exceptions, one of his courtiers informed him of the place where a gentleman was hidden who was not included in the amnesty. "You would have done better," said the king, "to have gone and told him that I am here, than to come and tell me where he is."

Highland Notion of Tooth-Brushes.

A family in Edinburgh, not keeping a footman, engaged a Highlander to serve them during a visit from a man of fashion. Dinner having waited an unreasonable time

one day for the guest, Duncan was sent into his room to inform him that it was on the table. But he not coming, Duncan was sent again; still they waited, and the lady at last said to the man, "What can the gentleman be doing?" "Please ye, madam," said Duncan, "the gentleman was only sharpening his teeth."

Affectation and Hypocrisy.

Affectation is to be always distinguished from hypocrisy, as being the art of counterfeiting those qualities which we might, with innocence and safety, be known to want. Hypocrisy is the natural burden of villany, affectation part of the chosen trappings of folly.

An American Deacon.

The deacon was the owner and overseer of a large pork-packing establishment, and placed himself at the head of the scalding trough, watch in hand, to time the length of the scald, crying, "Hog in," when the slaughtered hog was to be thrown into the trough, and "Hog out," when the watch told three minutes. One week the press of business compelled the packers to unusually hard labour, and Saturday night found the deacon completely exhausted. Indeed, he was almost sick the next morning when church time came; but he was a leading member, and it was his duty to attend the usual Sabbath service, if he could. He went, but soon fell asleep.

The minister preached a sermon well calculated for effect. His peroration was a climax of beauty. Assuming the attitude of one intently listening, he recited to the breathless auditory—

"Hark! they whisper: angels say"—

"Hog in!" came from the deacon's pew, in a stentorian voice. The astonished audience turned their attention from the preacher. He went on, however, unmoved—

"Sister spirit, come away"—

"Hog out!" shouted the deacon: "tally four."

Somewhat Embarrassing

Two gentlemen but slightly acquainted with each other were sitting in the pit of Drury Lane Theatre, when, seeing two ladies come into a box opposite to them, one said to the other, "Do you know who that ugly old woman is with the straw bonnet on, that has just entered that box?" "That lady, sir," was the reply, "is my sister." "O dear," said the other, greatly confused, "you mistake me. I mean that shabby-looking old hag with her." "That, sir," was the reply, "that is my wife."

How Women are Duped by Flattery.

Sensible women have often been the dupes of designing men, thus:—They have taken an opportunity of praising them to their own confidant, but with a solemn injunc-

tion to secrecy. The confidant, however, as they know, will infallibly inform her principal the first moment she sees her; and this is a mode of flattery which always succeeds. Even those females who nauseate flattery in any other shape, will not reject it in this; just as we can bear the light of the sun without pain, when reflected by the moon.

Wooing in Poetry.

An old gentleman of the name of Page, finding a young lady's glove at a watering-place, presented it to her with the following words:—

"If from your *glove* you take the letter *G*,
Your *glove* is *love*, which I devote to thee."

To which the lady returned the following answer:—

"If from your *Page* you take the letter *P*,
Your *Page* is *age*, and that won't do for me."

A Yankee General "Scotched."

An American general was in company where some Scotch gentlemen were present. After supper, when the wine was served up, the general rose, and addressed the company in the following words:—"Gentlemen, I must inform you, that when I get a little too much to drink, I have an absurd custom of railing against the Scotch; I hope no gentleman in company will take it amiss." With this he sat down. A Scotch gentle-

man immediately rose, and without seeming the least displeased, said, "Gentlemen, I, when I have drunk rather freely, and hear any person railing against the Scotch, have an absurd custom of kicking him out of the company; I hope no gentleman will take it amiss." It is said, that on that occasion the Scotchman had no opportunity for the exercise of his talents.

A Lawyer's Reply.

A gentleman having occasion to call on a solicitor, found him in his office, which was very hot. He remarked the great heat of the apartment, and said, "it was hot as an oven." "So it ought to be," replied the lawyer, "for 'tis here I *make my bread.*"

An Actor's Cold.

Mr. Lumley, in his "Reminiscences of the Opera," relates the following anecdote of Ronconi, the celebrated actor and singer:—Illnesses, be it understood, were not confined to the *vieille garde.* Ronconi was continually afflicted with an *abassamento di voce* by superior command, when his female counsellor fretted under the mortification of not being allowed to sing. One afternoon, not long before the performance, when Ronconi had written to say that one of these *abassamenti* prevented his singing, I visited him with the physician. The singer expressed his regrets in a hollow whisper.

But Ronconi's consummate powers as an actor were not unknown to me, and I naturally doubted the reality of this whispering performance. Affecting to be its dupe, however, I proceeded to talk upon a topic which I knew would greatly interest the supposed invalid. In a moment Ronconi warmed up, the feigned voice was forgotten, and the wonted tones burst forth in the animation of the discourse. Caught in the fact, the singer ascribed his marvellous recovery to the mere presence of the doctor. He sang that night, and with more than usual vigour. The *abassamenti*, it was found, generally occurred when Ronconi was cast to sing with Frezzolini, whom his wife detested.

Sincere Flattery.

Those who imitate us in our actions and sayings are the sincerest of flatterers.

Endurable Hatred.

The hate which we all bear with the most Christian patience, is the hate of those who envy us.

A Brief Sermon.

Dean Swift once preached a charity sermon at St. Patrick's, Dublin, the length of which disgusted many of his auditors; which coming to his knowledge, and

it falling to his lot soon after to preach another sermon of the like kind in the same place, he took special care to avoid falling into the former error. His text on the second occasion was, "He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord, and that which he hath given will he pay him again." The Dean, after repeating his text in a more than commonly emphatical tone, added, "Now, my beloved brethren, you hear the terms of this loan; if you like the security, down with your dust."

A Pulpit Joke.

At a church in Scotland, where there was a popular call, two candidates offered to preach, of the names of Adam and Low. The last preached in the morning, and took for his text, "Adam, where art thou?" He made a most excellent discourse, and the congregation were much edified. In the evening Mr. Adam preached, and took for his text, "Lo, here am I!" The impromptu and his sermon gained him the church.

The American Eagle.

This emblem of the United States is thus spoken of by Benjamin Franklin:—For my part, I wish the bald eagle had not been chosen as the representative of our country. He is a bird of bad moral character—he does not get his living honestly. You may have seen him perched on some dead tree, where, too lazy to fish for himself,

he watches the labours of the fishing-hawk; and when that diligent bird has at length taken a fish, and is bearing it to his nest for the support of his mate and young ones, the bald eagle pursues him and takes it from him. With all this injustice, he is never in good case; but, like those among men who live by sharping and robbing, he is generally poor. Besides, he is a rank coward; the little king-bird, not bigger than a sparrow, attacks him boldly and drives him out of the district.

The Power of Idleness.

It is a mistake to imagine that only the violent passions, such as ambition and love, can triumph over the rest Idleness, languid as she is, often masters them all: she indeed influences all our designs and actions, and insensibly consumes and destroys both passions and virtues.

Diplomatists and Music.

Mr. Lumley thus speaks of the passion generally entertained by statesmen for music:—During the short sojourn of the Emperor Nicholas in England, the veteran diplomatist, Count Nesselrode, by whom he was accompanied, was on one occasion my guest. I took the liberty of asking the count the secret of his prolonged youth, when he replied, "Music and flowers." This anecdote may serve (as far as it goes) to confirm an observation which has been made, to the effect that long-

lived diplomatists have generally cultivated a love for music. The present distinguished ambassador of Russia at the British Court (who accompanied the Russian chancellor on the visit referred to) is himself an enlightened connoisseur of the art. The late Duke of Wellington was one of the most constant supporters of the opera. Prince Paul Esterhazy, Count Rechberg, Lord Westmoreland, and others, might also be enumerated.

Henry VIII. and Sir T. More.

Henry VIII. appointed Sir T. More to carry an angry message to Francis I. of France. Sir Thomas told him he feared, if he carried such a message to so violent a king as Francis, it might cost him his head. "Never fear," said the king, "if Francis should cut off your head, I would make every Frenchman now in London a head shorter." "I am obliged to your Majesty," said Sir Thomas, "but I much fear if any of their heads will fit my shoulders."

Rachel the French Actress.

The excitement caused by the intensity of Rachel's acting is thus recorded by Mr. Lumley:—In "Bajazet," in "Andromaque," in "Marie Stuart," she electrified the house; and even in the monotonous "Ariâne" of Thomas Corneille, and the dull "Tancrede" of Voltaire, she worked up her audience by the force of her

impersonations to a state of frantic admiration. Great indeed must have been the power of this young actress to have not only reconciled the English taste to the uncongenial classicalities of French "legitimate" tragedy, but to have produced in her audience a positive enthusiasm. It is a genuine fact, that many ladies fainted from emotion during these representations. One was carried insensible from the theatre, in spite of all efforts to recover her. On this circumstance being told to an American manager, he exclaimed, "Oh, that's nothing! She ought to have died in the theatre. The effect would have been tremendous—what a good puff lost!" The humble origin of Mademoiselle Rachel is well known, but few perhaps are aware that she had not received in her youth the commonest rudiments of education, and that she taught herself writing merely by copying the manuscript of others. On her first introduction into high society, she was greatly embarrassed by the conventions of the table; and the question that once arose in her mind, at a grand dinner, as to the proper use of the knife and fork in the consumption of asparagus, was infinitely embarrassing.

Health and Wealth.

There is this difference between those two temporal blessings, health and money: money is the most envied, but the least enjoyed; health is the most enjoyed, but the least envied; and this superiority of the latter is still

more obvious, when we reflect that the poorest man would not part with health for money, but that the richest would gladly part with all their money for health.

Lord Byron's Children.

Two gentlemen were on one occasion discussing the genius of Lord Byron as a poet. "By the by," said one of them, when the discussion was over, "do you know how many children his lordship had?" "Certainly," said the other; "he had only one child—

'Ada, sole daughter of my house and heart!'"

"Yes," said his friend, "he had another, you know—*Childe* Harold was his also."

An Irishman's Idea of Posthumous Works.

An Irishman being asked by a friend what was meant by an author's posthumous works, replied, that "they were the works an author wrote after he was dead."

The Power of Latin.

An American paper records that Andrew Jackson was once making a stump speech out west, in a small village. Just as he was concluding, Amos Kendall, who sat behind him, whispered, "Tip 'em a little Latin, General. They won't be content without it." Jackson instantly thought upon a few

phrases he knew, and in a voice of thunder, wound up his speech by exclaiming, "E pluribus unum—sine qua non—ne plus ultra—multum in parvo." The effect was tremendous, and the shouts could be heard for many miles.

A Quaker's Wit.

A clergyman, thinking to puzzle a Quaker, asked him, "Where was your religion before George Fox lived?" "Where thine was," said the Quaker, "before Harry Tudor's time. Now," added the Quaker, "pray let me ask thee a question.—Where was Jacob going when he was turned ten years of age? Canst thou tell that?" "No, nor you either," said the clergyman. "Yes I can," replied the Quaker, "he was going into his eleventh year."

Doctors' Commons Wit.

A farmer from the country, going into the Will Office in Doctors' Commons, and observing the large volumes ranged along the wall, inquired if they were all Bibles. "No," replied an attendant, "they are all *testaments* though."

A Good Translation.

Dryden's translation of Virgil being commended by a right reverend bishop, a wit remarked, "The original is excellent; but everything suffers by translation—except a bishop."

A Witty Soldier.

A dragoon was tried in Dublin for deserting, and for carrying off his horse and accoutrements at the same time. When on his trial, an officer asked him what could induce him to take his horse away. To which the culprit replied, that he *ran away* with him. "What," said the officer, "did you do with the money you sold him for?" "That, please your honour," said the fellow, with the utmost indifference, "*ran away too.*"

Madame Sontag.

After many years' retirement from public life, this lady reappeared on the stage which she had adorned in her youth. Mr. Lumley, the manager of Her Majesty's Theatre, where she reappeared, thus describes her wonderful fascination, even in advanced life:—All had felt that it must be a marvel, if, after more than twenty years, this gifted *prima donna* could return with her powers unimpaired. Yet the marvel was here—an unquestionable fact. Her voice *was* "as fresh, pure, and beautiful as ever." Madame Sontag brought back an artistic skill, matured and perfected by the continued study which, since her retirement, had been to her a labour of love. The beauty, which had exercised so great a fascination over an elder generation, was, strange to say, but little changed. It was remodelled rather than

effaced, whilst the figure seemed almost untouched by time. The pleasing contour of the face, the beaming and expressive eye, and, above all, the winning smile which formerly had stolen away so many hearts, were all there. Men declared, that with the most clear and searching of opera-glasses, they could not give her more than five-and-twenty. She was in truth a living marvel! And, more strange than all, the Sontag who had been deemed by a former generation somewhat deficient as an actress (although the most exquisite of soprano singers), was discovered to have warmth, animation, expression, even power, as a dramatic artist! The fascination of her histrionic talent came to be as great as that of her faultless execution.

The Chinese and Dead Languages.

The ignorance of the Chinese may be attributed to their language. A literary Chinese must spend half his life in acquiring a thorough knowledge of it. The use of metaphor, which may be said to be the algebra of language, is unknown amongst them. And as a language, after all, is made up only of the signs and counters of knowledge, he that is obliged to lose so much time in acquiring the sign, will have but little of the thing. So complete is the ignorance of this conceited nation, on many points, that very curious brass models of all the mechanical powers, which the French government had sent over as a present, they considered to be meant as toys for the

amusement of the grandchildren of the emperor. And the late Sir George Staunton has been heard to declare, that the costly mathematical instruments made by Ramsden and Dollond, and taken to Pekin by Lord Macartney, were as utterly useless to the Chinese, as a steam-engine to an Esquimaux, or a loom to a Hottentot. The father of Montaigne, not inaptly to this subject, has observed, that the tedious time which we moderns employ in acquiring the language of the ancient Greeks and Romans, which cost them nothing, is the principal reason why we cannot arrive at that grandeur of soul and perfection of knowledge that was in them. But the learned languages, after all, are indispensable to form the gentleman and the scholar, and are well worth all the labour that they cost us, provided they are valued not for themselves alone, which would make a pedant, but as a foundation for farther acquirements.

The Doctor and his Patients.

A certain eminent physician, being invited to a dinner-party, arrived at the house of his host at a somewhat earlier hour than had been named as the dinner-hour. He accordingly strolled out of the house into a churchyard which was hard by. When dinner was announced the doctor was absent, and an inquiry was made as to where he was. "Oh," said one of the guests, who had seen him in the churchyard, "he is paying a visit to some of his old patients."

Aristippus and the Cynic.

The cynic who twitted Aristippus, the disciple of Socrates, by observing that the philosopher who could dine on herbs might despise the company of a king, was well replied to by Aristippus, when he remarked that the philosopher who could enjoy the company of a king, might also despise a dinner of herbs.

Franklin's Notion of saying Grace.

When a child, he found the long graces used by his father before and after meals very tedious. One day, after the winter's provision had been salted, "I think, father," said Benjamin, "if you were to say grace over the whole cask once for all, it would be a great saving of time."

How to Sell Cheaply.

A lady seeing at the window of a linen-draper, who had not long been in business, that very common lure, "The goods of this shop selling under prime cost!" stepped into a friend's who happened to live within two or three doors, and inquired whether he thought his neighbour was really selling under prime cost, and would let her have any good bargains? "As to bargains," replied her friend, "I am really at a loss to

answer; but with respect to selling under prime cost, that I can most positively assure you must be impossible; for to my certain knowledge, he has never paid a single farthing for anything he has in his shop."

Resignation under Calamity.

The severest, the sublimest, and perhaps the most meritorious virtues of which we are capable, are patience and composure under distress, pain, and affliction; a steadfast keeping up of our confidence in God, and our dependence upon his final goodness, even at the time that everything present is discouraging and adverse; and, what is no less difficult to retain, a cordial desire for the happiness and comfort of others, even then when we are deprived of our own. The possession of this temper is almost the perfection of our nature. But it is then only possessed, when it is put to the trial; tried at all, it could not have been in a life, made up only of pleasure and gratification. Few things are easier to perceive, to feel, to acknowledge, to extol the goodness of God, the bounty of Providence, the beauties of nature, when all things go well, when our health, our spirits, our circumstances, conspire to fill our hearts with gladness, and our tongues with praise. This is easy, this is delightful. None but they who are sunk in sensuality, sottishness, and stupefaction, or whose understandings are dissipated by frivolous pursuits; none but the most giddy and insensible, can be destitute of these sentiments.

But this is not the trial or the proof. It is in the chambers of sickness; under the stroke of affliction, amidst the pinchings of want, the groans of pain, the pressures of infirmity; in grief, in misfortune; through gloom and horror—that it will be seen, whether we hold fast our hope, our confidence, our trust in God; whether this hope and confidence be able to produce in us resignation, acquiescence, and submission. And as those dispositions, which perhaps, from the comparative perfection of our moral nature, could not have been exercised in a world of unmixed gratification, so neither would they have found their proper office or object in a state of strict and evident retribution; that is, in which we had no sufferings to submit to, but what were evidently and manifestly the punishment of our sins. A mere submission to punishment evidently and plainly such would not have constituted—at least, would very imperfectly have constituted—the disposition we speak of—the true resignation of a Christian.

James II. and Milton.

James II., when Duke of York, made a visit to Milton the poet, and asked him if he did not think the loss of sight was a judgment upon him for what he had written against his father, Charles I. The poet answered, if his Highness thought his loss of sight a judgment upon him, he wished to know what he thought of his father's losing his head.

Beau Nash and Dr. Cheyne.

When the celebrated Beau Nash was ill, Dr. Cheyne wrote a prescription for him. The next day the doctor, coming to see his patient, inquired if he had followed his prescription. "No, truly, doctor," said Nash; "it I had, I should have broken my neck, for I threw it out of the bedroom window."

A Dean of Oxford and Undergraduates.

A certain Dean, passing one day through the streets of Oxford, met several undergraduates, who passed him without removing their caps. The Dean called one of them, and asked, "Do you know me?" "No, sir." "How long have you been at College?" "Eight days, sir." "Oh, very well," said the Dean, continuing his walk away; "puppies, I remember, don't open their eyes till the ninth day."

Reply to a Wife-Hunter.

A person advertised, in a Yankee paper, for a wife, requesting every one who replied to enclose her *carté de visite*. One lady who replied declined to enclose her *carté*, remarking, that, "though there is some authority for putting a cart before a horse, there is none for putting one before an ass."

Anger.

The intoxication of anger, like that of the grape, shows us to others, but hides us from ourselves; and we injure our own cause, in the opinion of the world, when we too passionately and eagerly defend it. Neither will all men be disposed to view our quarrels precisely in the same light that we do; and a man's blindness to his own defects will ever increase in proportion as he is angry with others, or pleased with himself.

An Ungallant Explanation.

The teeth of a certain talkative lady being loose, she asked a gentleman if he could explain the cause of it. He replied, that "it proceeded from the violent shocks she gave them with her tongue."

"What's in a Name?"

A person passing through a certain town, and observing upon a door the name "Haswell," remarked that the gentleman's name would be *as well* without the *H*."

Hard upon the Lawyers.

The renowned Peter the Great, being at Westminster Hall in term time, and seeing multitudes of people

swarming about the courts of law, is said to have inquired what all those busy people were, and what they were about; and being told that they were lawyers, replied, "Lawyers! why, I have but four in my whole kingdom, and I design to hang two of them as soon as I get home."

A Witty Parson.

On Sterne's entering a coffee-room at York, a conceited fellow, staring him full in the face, said he hated a parson; upon which Sterne said, "And so, sir, does my dog, for as soon as I put on my gown and cassock, he commences to bark." "Indeed," replied the offender, "how long has he done so?" "Ever since he was a puppy, sir," answered Sterne, "and I still look upon him as one."

A Doubtful Match.

It was told Lord Chesterfield that a lady, who was a great termagant, was married to a gamester; on which his lordship said, "that cards and brimstone made the best matches."

Granting and Refusing Favours.

There are some who refuse a favour so graciously as to please us even by the refusal; and there are others who

confer an obligation so clumsily, that they please us less by the measure than they disgust us by the manner of a kindness, as puzzling to our feelings as the politeness of one who, if we had dropped our handkerchief, should present it unto us with a pair of tongs.

How to go to Law.

A lady inquired of an attorney what were the requisites for going to law? to which he replied, "Why, it depends upon a number of circumstances. In the first place, you must have a good cause; secondly, a good attorney; thirdly, a good counsel; fourthly, good evidence; fifthly, a good jury; sixthly, a good judge; and lastly, good luck."

A Reply of Fontenelle's.

Fontenelle, the celebrated French author, being one day asked at Versailles, what difference there was between a clock and a woman, replied, "A clock serves to point out the hours, and a woman to make us forget them."

Returning a Visit.

Two gentlemen having a difference, one went to the other's door early in the morning, and wrote "Scoundrel" upon it. The other called upon his neighbour, and was answered by a servant that his master was not

at home, but if he had anything to say he might leave it with him. "No, no," said he, "I have nothing of importance to say. I only wished to return your master's visit, as he left his name at my door in the morning."

Anecdote of Dr. Parr.

Dr. Parr, who was not very delicate in the choice of his expressions, when heated by argument or contradiction, once called a clergyman a fool, who, in fact, was not much better. The clergyman said he would complain of this usage to the bishop. "Do," said the doctor, "and my Lord Bishop will *confirm* you."

Poverty and Riches.

If rich, it is easy enough to conceal our wealth; but, if poor, it is not quite so easy to conceal our poverty. We shall find that it is less difficult to hide a thousand guineas than one hole in our coat.

A Lady's Wit.

A young man, in a large company, descanting very flippantly on a subject, his knowledge of which was evidently very superficial, a lady present asked his name. "'Tis *Scarlett*," replied a gentleman who stood by. "Indeed," said the lady, "then I am sure he belies his name, for I am sure he is not *deep read*."

A Student's Garment.

A poor student, whose coat was much too short for him on hearing this remarked on, said, "Never mind; it will be *long enough* before I get another."

The Tobacconist's Motto.

A tobacconist having set up his carriage, in order to anticipate the jokes that might be passed on the occasion, displayed on it the Latin motto of "Quid rides?" (At what do you laugh?) Two sailors, who had often used his shop, seeing him pass by in his carriage, the one asked the meaning of the inscription, when his companion said it was plain enough, repeating them as two English words, *Quid* rides.

Hibernian Arithmetic.

An Irish barrister, having lost a cause which had been tried before three judges, one of whom was esteemed an able lawyer, the other two very poor ones, a brother counsel was merry on the occasion. "Why," said the barrister who had lost the cause, "who could help it, when there were a hundred judges on the bench, and all against me?" "A hundred," said the other, "there were but three." "By St. Patrick!" replied the barrister, "there was a figure of one and two cyphers."

Truth and Falsehood.

Falsehood, like a drawing in perspective, will not bear to be examined in *every* point of view, because it is a good imitation of truth, as a perspective is of the reality, only in *one*. But truth, like that reality of which the perspective is the representation, will bear to be scrutinized in *all* points of view, and though examined under every situation, is one and the same.

Curious Advertisement.

The following is a verbatim copy of an advertisement which appeared in a daily paper:—Wanted for a wine-merchant's house in the city, as a porter, an athletic man, of a serious countenance, a good character, and the Lady Huntingdon persuasion; must attend prayers twice a day, and divine service four times on Sunday; be able to bear confinement; have the fear of God before his eyes, and be able to carry two hundred-weight. Wages, fourteen shillings a week and find himself.

Cockle Sauce.

A countryman, on a trial respecting the right of a fishery, was cross-examined by Sergeant Cockle, who, among many other questions, asked the witness, "Do you love fish?" "Yea," said the witness with a look of sim-

plicity, "but I donna like *Cockle* sauce with it." A roar of laughter followed, in which the Sergeant joined with great good humour.

Revenge.

Revenge is a debt, in the paying of which the greatest knave is honest and sincere, and, so far as he is able, punctual. But there is a difference between a debt of revenge and every other debt. By paying our other debts, we are equal with all mankind; but in refusing to pay a debt of revenge, we are superior.

Importance of Punctuality.

Boileau is said to have been very exact in keeping his engagements at dinner, remarking that the quarter of an hour which a person makes a company wait for him at dinner, is employed in finding out his faults, or inventing some for him.

Singing the Athanasian Creed.

A clergyman in a small town in a remote part of England refused to read the Athanasian Creed, though repeatedly desired to do so by his parishioners. The parishioners complained to the bishop, who ordered it to be read. Now this Creed is appointed to be said or *sung*, and the clergyman accordingly, on the following

Sunday, thus addressed his congregation:—"Next follows Athanasius's Creed, either to be said or sung, and with Heaven's leave I'll sing it.—Now, clerk, mind what you are about." When they both struck up, and sung it with great glee to a fox-hunting tune, which, having been previously practised, was well performed. The parishioners again met, and informed the bishop of what they called the indecorum; but the bishop said that their pastor was right, for it was so ordered; upon which they declared that they would dispense with the Creed in future.

A Coxcomb Reproved.

When Quin the actor was one day lamenting his growing old, a pert young fellow asked him what he would give to be as young as he. "I would be content," replied Quin, "to be as foolish."

Operatic Discords.

In his book on the Opera, Mr. Lumley thus feelingly describes the difficulties and anxieties that a manager has to undergo:—There are jealousies, feuds, and intrigues going on in the scenic holes and corners of every theatre, but nowhere to such an extent as at the Italian Opera. There Madame G. protests against playing in the same piece as Signor H.; and Signor D. gives notice that he will be ill if Madlle. K. be permitted to

sing in the same opera with him. Signora L. must have Signor M., and no one else, to play with her; and, to crown all, the *prima donna* has a cold, sore throat, fever, spasms, and "the thousand ills that flesh is heir to," and cannot sing in the advertised opera. All these germs of rebellion, sprouting forth under one roof, at the same moment, would perplex an old manager, and are enough to drive a new one mad. Ronconi and Frezzolini are at loggerheads, and won't meet at rehearsal. Grisi refuses to allow anybody else the use of *her Pollione*. Poor Moltini has unconsciously offended Persiani, by singing so well last Thursday, when *she* could not. Madame Ronconi vows that her *caro sposo* shall not play his favourite part in "Torquato Tasso," unless *she* herself personates his adored *Leonora;* and Signor Poggi cannot sing in the "Bravo," which requires two tenors, because the other gentleman of the establishment refuses to play "second fiddle."

Pride Checked.

William Penn and Thomas Story, travelling together in Virginia, being caught in a shower of rain, unceremoniously sheltered themselves from it in a tobacco-house; the owner of which happening to be in, thus accosted them:—"You have a great deal of impudence to trespass on my premises—you enter without leave. Do you know who I am?" To which was answered "No." "Why, then, I would have you to know that I

am a justice of the peace." Thomas Story replied, "My friend here makes such things as thou art; he is the governor of Pennsylvania." The would-be great man quickly abated his haughtiness.

An Irishman's Telescope.

A gentleman remarked one day to an Irishman, that the science of optics was now brought to such perfection, that by the aid of a telescope, which he had just purchased, he could discern objects at an incredible distance. "My dear fellow," replied the Irishman, "I have one at my house in the county of Wexford that will be a match for it; it brought the church of Enniscorthy so near to my view, that I could hear the whole congregation singing Psalms."

Food for Fishes.

David Hume and Lady W. once crossed the Forth together, when a violent storm rendered the passengers apprehensive that they should be drowned, and her ladyship's terrors induced her to seek consolation from her friend, who with infinite *sang froid* assured her he thought there was great probability of their becoming food for fishes. "And pray, my dear friend," said Lady W., "which do you think they will eat first—you or me?" "Those that are gluttons," replied Hume, "will undoubtedly fall foul of me, but the epicures will attack your ladyship."

A Groundless Report.

A gentleman meeting an old friend whom he had not seen for a long time, congratulated him on lately coming into the possession of a large *landed* estate. "There was such a report," replied the other, "but I assure you that it was quite *groundless*."

Pope Outdone.

Pope, the poet, who was diminutive in stature and deformed, sneering at the ignorance of a young man, asked him if he knew what a note of interrogation was. "Yes," said he, "it is a little crooked thing that asks questions."

The Lord Chamberlain and Robert the Devil.

The difficulties attending the first appearance of the renowned songstress, Jenny Lind, in this country, are thus narrated by Mr. Lumley, the manager under whose auspices she first appeared before an English audience :— A few days after Mademoiselle Lind's first appearance at rehearsal, I received an official communication from Lord Spencer, the then Lord Chamberlain, peremptorily prohibiting the representation of "Roberto il Diavolo," though the work had been already performed by French and English operatic companies ; and a melo-

drama, embracing all the incidents of its libretto, had been brought out at the Adelphi, shortly after its production at Paris. What was I to do? To have told Mademoiselle Lind of the obstacle at such a moment would have been fatal, for she had set her heart on making her *début* in the character of *Alice*, and would not have heard of any opera but "Roberto." Nor was this predilection founded on mere caprice—for she had said to me, "If the emotion takes away my voice, I can at least show that I can act—and besides, the *entrée* will give me a few moments to recover my self-possession." I called on Lord Spencer, renowned as a gallant naval officer, but evidently inexperienced in theatrical affairs. Referring to the subject of "Roberto." he said: "Why, one might as well bring the devil on the stage at once;" as if the stage had not already been frequently occupied by "Faust" and his *Mephistopheles*, the "Frieschutz" and his *Zamiel*, "Don Giovanni" with his troop of demons, serious and burlesqued. I explained to him that by this novel act of authority he was passing a censure not only on his predecessors in office, but likewise on all the courts in Europe; for which of them had not honoured Meyerbeer's *chef d'œuvre* with his patronage? At last, through the kind intervention of the late Mr. Anson, a man justly honoured with the confidence of the Court, I overcame all difficulties. "Roberto il Diavolo" was duly licensed, and the eventful night arrived.

A Candidate for Matrimony.

A young girl who had an offer of marriage which she wished to accept, submitted the matter to her father, who advised her against matrimony, using as an argument the quotation from St. Paul: "They who marry do well; but they who do not, do better." "Well," said the damsel, "I love to do well, let those do better who can."

A Sharp Witness.

A humorous man being subpœnaed as a witness on a trial for an assault, one of the counsel, who was notorious for brow-beating witnesses, asked him what distance he was from the parties when the assault happened; he answered, "Just four feet five inches and a half." "How come you to be so very exact?" said the counsel. "Because I expected some fool or other would ask me," said he, "and so I measured it."

An Opera-House Riot.

During M. Laporte's management of Her Majesty's Theatre, a memorable riot occurred. Owing to the high terms required by the eminent singer, Tamburini, the manager, at the commencement of a fresh season, declined to engage him. The "row" that ensued on the great singer's non-appearance is thus described by

Mr. Lumley :—The famous *omnibus* boxes were filled, towards the conclusion of the opera, with the fashionable allies of the coalition ; and it was from this quarter that, on the fall of the curtain, the uproar first commenced. Shouts of "Tamburini!" "Laporte!" "Tamburini!" were taken up and echoed by partisans, and easily-led public clamourers, in various parts of the house ; whilst many of the genuine public raised the counter-cries of "Shame!" "No intimidation!" "Don't be bullied!" and even evidenced their sense of the real cause of the disturbance by shouting "Turn out the omnibus!" responded to by the occupants with cries of "You had better try." Several times M. Laporte appeared, and endeavoured to address the audience, but the deafening clamour rendered him inaudible. Yells, hisses, shouts, overpowered every other sound. A sort of stormy conference took place, during this scene of confusion, between the manager and the tenants of the omnibus boxes, whose rage seemed to increase as the "row" warmed their blood. The curtain at last rose upon the *ballet*. Cerito was that evening to have made her first appearance. For more than an hour the scared *coryphées* stood ready to begin. In vain! For the fourth time M. Laporte appeared. He seemed to have succumbed, for, in answer to direct appeals on the point, he promised to make propositions to Tamburini. But even this did not appear sufficient to the originators of the row. They still hooted, and, at last, the whole of the noble and fashionable occupants of the omnibus

boxes leaped on the stage, among them a young prince of the blood. The curtain now fell definitively, and, amidst the sympathetic cheers of one portion of the house and the hootings of another, the gallant chevaliers of the "omnibus" waved their hats triumphantly, and shouted "Victory!"

An Eloquent Clergyman.

Two clergymen were conversing together, when one complained to the other that he found it a great hardship to preach twice on a Sunday. "Well," said the other, "I preach three times, and *make nothing of it.*"

An Irish Bull.

At one time at Gibraltar there was a great scarcity of water. An Irish officer said, "he was very easy about the matter, for he had nothing to do with water; if he only got his tea in the morning, and punch at night, it was all that he wanted."

The King and the Judge.

Judge D—— married the sister of Mr. P——, who killed a gentleman unfairly. He applied to King George I. to pardon his relation, confessing at the same-time that little could be urged in his favour; but hoped his Majesty would save him and his family from the

infamy of P——'s execution. "So, Mr. Judge," says the king, "what you want is, that I should transfer the infamy from you and your family, to me and my family."

Anecdote of Lord Lyndhurst.

A story is told of Lord Lyndhurst, who sat as a judge on an occasion when, in a prosecution for counterfeiting money, a gardener, who had discovered one of the implements used for the purpose, was examined by Mr Clarkson, the barrister. "So, sir," said the learned counsel, "you went to sow the *seeds* of this prosecution." "No, Mr. Clarkson," said Lord Lyndhurst, "he only found the *mould*."

Conjugal Differences.

A lady who was constantly quarrelling with her husband, expressed her surprise that they disagreed so frequently "for," said she, "we agree uniformly in one grand point: he wishes to be master, and so do I."

Jack Reeve and his Razors.

A story is told of poor Jack Reeve the actor. One day when he was going out on some expedition with a friend who was waiting for him, he had to go through the process of shaving. His razor was utterly unfit for the operation; its condition somewhat resembling a saw.

Turning round coolly to his attendant, a sharp-looking London boy, he expostulated thus: "Dick, don't open any *more* oysters with my razors."

Old Stories Over Again.

Bubb Doddington was very lethargic. Falling asleep one day, after dinner, with Sir Richard Temple and Lord Cobham, the latter reproached Doddington with his drowsiness. Doddington denied that he had been asleep; and, to prove that he had not, offered to repeat all Lord Cobham had been saying. Cobham challenged him to do so. Doddington repeated a story; and Lord Cobham owned he had been telling it. "Well," said Doddington, "and yet I did not hear a word of it; but I went to sleep because I knew that about that time of day you would tell that story."

Mrs. Mountford's Last Appearance on the Stage.

M. Esquiros in his work, "The English at Home," relates the following anecdote:—Love had deprived her of reason, and she was confined in a madhouse, when, one day, during a lucid interval, she asked what was the piece to be performed that evening at the theatre. The answer she received was to the effect that it was "Hamlet." She remembered that she had always been partial to the character of "Ophelia," and, with the cunning that frequently characterises the

insane, she escaped towards evening from the asylum, went to the theatre, and, concealed in the side scenes, awaited the moment when Ophelia was to appear in a state of madness. She glided on to the stage at the moment when the actress who had played the first portion of the part was about to make her entrance. Imagine the surprise of the audience at the sight of another face, which had the eyes, expression, voice, and gestures of the ideal girl dreamed of by Shakespere! It was no longer an actress, but Ophelia herself; it was madness, but intelligent madness, at once graceful and terrible. Nature had made a supreme effort. "Now," the actress exclaimed, on leaving the theatre, "all is over." Mrs. Mountford died a few days later.

Richard Whately and Nassau Senior.

The following account of the appointment of Whately to the Archbishopric of Dublin is from "Blackwood's Magazine":—The late Mr. Nassau Senior, going in for his bachelor's degree, was plucked. He failed, if we recollect right, in divinity—to break down in which, as it formed the first subject on which the aspirant was then examined, rendered fruitless any amount of general learning, and insured immediate rejection. Nowise distrustful of himself, Mr. Senior determined to try again at the next examination; and, in the meanwhile, looked out for a private tutor with whom to read. He called upon Whately, and expressed a wish to be received by

him as a pupil. Whately, never very tender of the feelings of others, though as little delighting in the pain which he inflicted as man could well do, scarcely took the trouble to look his visitor in the face, but answered, "You were plucked, I believe. I never receive pupils unless I see reason to assume that they mean to aspire at honours." "I mean to aspire at honours," replied Senior. "You do, do you?" was the answer. "May I ask what class you intend to take?" "A first class," said Senior, coolly. Whately's brow relaxed. He seemed tickled with the idea that a lad who had been plucked in November should propose to get into the first class in March; and he at once desired Senior to come to be coached. Never were tutor and pupil better matched. Senior read hard—went up, as he had proposed to do, into the schools in March—and came out of them with the highest honours which the examining masters could confer. Senior and Whately became fast friends at once; and to Senior, more perhaps than to Earl Grey himself, Whately was, in point of fact, indebted for his advancement to the See of Dublin. For Senior, a man of great talent—which a very silly manner and a vast amount of vanity could not mar—made himself useful to the Whigs in various ways, and was especially consulted by them in the preparation of their new Poor Law. It happened that, during an interview with Earl Grey, the latter spoke of the death of Archbishop Magee, and of the difficulty which he experienced in finding a successor for that prelate from

among a body so tinctured as the more eminent of the clergy then were with Toryism. "You need not go far for a man who will fill the See with credit to you and honour to himself," said Senior. Then followed an account of Whately—of his scholarship, his reforming propensities, his acquaintance with the principles of political economy, and his Liberalism. Lord Grey listened attentively, inquired farther about Whately, and finally, in a manner most gratifying to the subject of this sketch, offered him the archbishopric.

Eulogium on Pitt.

The conclusion of the inscription on the monument to Pitt, in the Guildhall, London, is perhaps the highest tribute which has ever been paid to a deceased statesman. After a high eulogium on the abilities of this great minister, showing the immense power that he possessed, the panegyric concludes with these words:—"He lived without ostentation, and he died poor.'

American Bathos.

An American paper indulges in the following bombastic description:—Last night the sun set in glorious effulgence, as though he would make amends for his last performance, which was wanting in all the essentials of a southern sunset. As he slowly sunk over the sleet-crusted forests of Arkansas, his light lit them up

with a magic splendour; they looked like a world of silver arborescence, sparkling as if every bud had been transformed into a diamond. As the reflection of the burnished clouds for a moment rested here or there, it looked like a poetical realization of Solomon's idea of "apples of gold in pictures of silver." It was altogether a picture for a poet to see—not describe; to enthuse a painter, but not for a painter to paint. How such a scene glorifies God, yet how it burns the fact of the human finiteness into our own proud hearts.

An Outside Place at a Theatre.

In a country theatre, after the play was over, which was wretchedly performed, an actor came upon the stage to give out the play for the next night. "Pray," said one of the audience, "what is the name of the piece you have played to-night?" "The Stage-Coach, sir," said the actor. "Then let me know when you perform it again, that I may be an outside passenger."

The Origin of the M'Gregors.

In "Chambers' Book of Days" the origin of the clan M'Gregor is thus traced:—St. Gregory the Great was a weakly man, often suffering from bad health, and he did not get beyond the age of sixty-four. We owe to him a phrase which has become a sort of formula for the Popes—"Servant of the servants of God." His

name, which is the same as Vigilantius or Watchman, became, from veneration to him, a favourite one; we find it borne, amongst others, by a Scottish prince of the eighth century, the reputed progenitor of the clan M'Gregor. It is curious to think of this formidable band of Highland outlaws of the seventeenth century as thus connected by a chain of historical circumstances with the gentle and saintly Gregory, who first caused the lamp of Christianity to be planted in England.

Requiring Long Credit.

Fox, the statesman, on being applied to by an importunate Jew, from whom he had borrowed money, for payment, expressing his inability to pay then, was requested to fix some day for paying the money. "Well then," said Fox, "suppose we name the day of judgment." "Ah, sir," said the Jew, "that will be a very busy day for all of us" "True,'' replied the debtor, "then suppose we make it the day after."

A Quaker Outwitted.

A Quaker having married for his wife a member of the Church of England, was asked, after the ceremony, by the clergyman for his fee, which he said was a crown. The Quaker, astonished at the demand, said, if he could be shown any text in Scripture which proved the fees were a crown, he would give it, upon which the clergy-

man directly turned to the 12th chapter of Proverbs, verse 4th, where it is said, "A virtuous woman is a *crown* to her husband." "Thou art right," replied the Quaker, "in thy assertion: Solomon was a wise man; here is thy money which thou hast well and truly earned."

How to live Long

An old man, on being asked how he had lived to attain so great an age, replied, "When I could sit, I never stood: I married late, was soon a widower, and never married again."

Judge Burnet and his Father.

Judge Burnet, son of the famous Bishop of Salisbury (author of the "History of the Reformation), when young, is said to have been of a wild and dissipated turn. Being one day found by his father in a very serious humour. "What is the matter with you," said the bishop, "what are you ruminating on?" "A greater work than your lordship's History of the Reformation," answered the son. "Ay, what is that?" asked the father. "The reformation of myself," replied the son.

Contentment.

Chambers' "Book of Days" records the following confession of a wealthy man:—An actual millionaire

of our time, a respected member of parliament on the Liberal side, conversing confidentially some years ago with a popular authoress, stated that he had once been a clerk in Liverpool, with forty pounds a-year, living in a house of four small apartments; and he was fully of belief that he enjoyed greater happiness then than he has since done in what must appear to the outer world as the most superbly fortunate and luxurious circumstances.

Epitaphs regardless of Grammar.

On a deceased lady:—

Weep not for me, my dearest dear;
I am not dead, but sleeping here;
The time will come when you must die;
Therefore prepare to follow I.

On the second marriage of the husband a wag wrote these lines:—

I do not weep, my dearest life;
Sleep on; I've got another wife.
I therefore cannot come to thee,
For I must go and talk to she.

Definition of Eternity.

It is recorded that, in reply to the question "What is eternity?" a pupil in a Sunday school gave this admirable definition—"Eternity is the life-time of the Omnipotent."

Change of Opinions in Mid-Life.

As we advance from youth to middle age a new field of action opens, and a different character is required. The flow of gay impetuous spirits begins to subside; life gradually assumes a graver cast; the mind a more sedate and thoughtful turn. The attention is now transferred from pleasure to interest—that is, to pleasure diffused over a wider extent, and measured by a larger scale. Formerly, the enjoyment of the present moment occupied the whole attention; now, no action terminates ultimately in itself, but refers to some more distant aim. Wealth and power, the instruments of lasting gratification, are now coveted more than any single pleasure; prudence and foresight lay their plan; industry carries on its patient efforts; activity pushes forward; address winds around; here an enemy is to be overcome; there a rival to be displaced; competition warms; and the strife of the world thickens on every side.

A Flattering Compliment.

A certain duchess, a very handsome woman, was once walking through the streets of London, when a costermonger, whose pipe had gone out, walked up to her and addressing her, said, "Pray, madam, let me light my pipe at your eye." She declared this to be the greatest compliment which she had ever had paid to her.

Modesty.

A young lady, on being asked which was the most beautiful colour, answered—that of modesty.

Swift and the Lawyers.

Swift, preaching an assize sermon, was severe upon the lawyers for pleading against their consciences. After dinner, a young counsel said some severe things upon the clergy, and expressed his belief that were the devil to die, a parson might be found to preach his funeral sermon. "Yes," said Swift, "I would, and would give the devil his due, as I did his children this morning."

Barry's Eloquence.

It was said of Barry, the actor and manager, that he had a voice which might lure a bird from a tree, and, at the same time, an address and manner the most prepossessing and conciliating. Of the justice of the latter remark, the subsequent anecdote is a testimony. The Dublin theatre, of which Mr. Barry was then proprietor, was in difficulties, and he was considerably indebted to his actors, musicians, etc. Among others, the master carpenter called at Barry's house, and was very clamorous in demanding his money. Barry, who was ill at the time, came to the head of the stairs, and asked what

was the matter? "Matter enough," replied the carpenter; "I want my money, and can't get it." "Don't be in a passion," said Barry; "do me the favour to walk up stairs, if you please, and we will speak upon the business." "No, no, Mr. Barry!" cried the carpenter; "you owe me a hundred pounds already, and if I come up you will owe me *two* before I leave you."

An Actor on Trial.

A young actor offered himself to the manager of a theatre, who desired him to give a specimen of his abilities to the stage-manager. After he had rehearsed a speech or two in a wretched manner, he was asked whether he had ever acted any part in comedy. The young man answered, that he had played the part of Abel in the Alchymist. To which his interrogator replied, "You surely are wrong; it was the part of *Cain* you acted; for I am sure you murdered *Abel.*"

A Small Congregation.

During the time that Dean Swift held the two livings of Larcor and Rathbeggan, he went to reside at Larcor, and gave public notice to his parishioners that he would read prayers every Wednesday and Friday. Upon the subsequent Wednesday, the bell was rung, and the rector attended in his desk, when, after having sat some time, and finding the congregation to consist

only of himself and his clerk Roger, he began with great composure and gravity, but with a turn peculiar to himself, "Dearly beloved Roger, the Scripture moveth you and me in sundry places." And then proceeded regularly through the whole service.

How to go Mad.

An American newspaper thus records an editor's miseries:—Be an editor; let the printer's devil be waiting for copy; sit down to write an article, and get a few sentences done; then let an acquaintance drop in and begin to tell you stories and gossips of the town; and let him sit, and sit, and sit. This is the quickest way we can think of to go raving distracted mad.

A Philosophic Negro.

A correspondent of an American newspaper gives a humourous account of a colloquy with a philosophic African. He says:—I noticed upon the hurricane deck to-day an elderly darkey, with a philosophical and retrospective cast of countenance, squatted upon his bundle, toasting himself against the chimney, and apparently plunged into a state of profound meditation. Finding upon inquiry that he belonged to the 9th Illinois, one of the most gallantly behaved and heavy losing regiments at the Fort Donelson battle, and part of which was aboard, I began to interrogate him on

the subject. His philosophy was so much in the Falstaffian vein, that I will give his views in his own words, as near as my memory serves me. "Were you in the fight?" "Had a little taste of it, Sa." "Stood your ground, did you?" "No, Sa, I runs." "Run at the first fire, did you?" "Yes, Sa, and would have run soona, had I known it war comin." "Why, that was not very creditable to your courage." "Dat isn't in my line, Sa—cookin's my perfeshun." "Well, but have you no regard for your reputation?" "Reputation's nuffin to me by de side ob life." "Do you consider your life worth more than other people's?" "It's worth more to me, Sa." "Then you must value it very highly." "Yes, Sa, I does—more dan oll dis wuld—more than a million ob dollars, Sa; for what would dat be worth to a man wid de bref out of him? Self-preserbashom am de first law wid me." "Then patriotism and honour are nothing to you?" "Nuffin whatever, Sa—I regard them as among de vanities." It is safe to say that the dusky corpse of that African will never darken the field of carnage.

A Chance Hit.

A clergyman in the north of Scotland was riding along the road one day, and had on a cloak, which he wore when the elements without seemed to wage war and dispute their claims to superiority, of rather an extraordinary make and pattern, cape upon cape like the

outworks in a regular fortification; so that when the rain had got possession of one fold it had a fresh one to encounter. The winds were trying their full power to turn this tailor's barricade into ridicule, and were assailing the shoulder turrets in all directions, when an English gentleman came up, mounted on a very spirited horse, which had never been trained to such sights, and took alarm, and almost threw his rider. "Why man," said John Bull, "that cloak o' yours would frighten the Devil." "Weel," replied the minister, "that's just my trade."

A Sharp-witted Boy.

A sharp boy had purchased for his amusement a magpie, which he carried to his father's house, and was at the door feeding it, when a gentleman in the neighbourhood, who had an impediment in his speech, coming up, said, "T—T—T—Tom, can your magpie t—t—talk?" "Ay, sir," says the boy, "better than you, or I'd wring his head off."

Duke Pasquier and Napoleon.

M. St. Marc-Girardin relates the following anecdote, which possesses a certain historical interest:—What constituted Napoleon's strength in negotiation and in war was his army, ever formidable to the enemy. M. Pasquier mentions a curious testimony of the fear with

which that force and its chief inspired their enemies. "On the evening of the 1st of April," he says, "I was summomed to a council of war at the Prince de Schwartzenberg's, and my opinion was asked as to the necessity of leaving troops in Paris for the purpose of maintaining order while the army marched towards Fontainebleau against Napoleon. I hesitated to answer, and remarked that I was not a competen. judge in such a matter. However, being pressed to reply, I said, that in my opinion, at least 30,000 men ought to be ordered to remain. All the generals present protested against this, and maintained that only 12,000 or 15,000 could possibly be left in Paris. I then called attention to the immense population of the capital, its vast extent, and the necessity of occupying the village north of the city, where the battle of the 30th March had been fought; that a French *corps d'armée* was said to be advancing on that side; that if they attacked Paris on that side, while the allied armies advanced along the Essones road, it was greatly to be feared that the faubourgs would rise and join the said *corps d'armée*. Notwithstanding my remarks, Prince de Schwartzenberg declared that it was impossible to leave 30,000 men in Paris—the number was too great. 'Yet,' I replied, 'if I may rely on the muster-rolls and the rations demanded, the allied troops cantoned in Paris and the environs amount to 160,000 or 170,000 men, so that if 30,000 remain in Paris you will still have 130,000 in the field.' 'Yes, but how many do you think

Napoleon has with him?' 'Not above 40,000, I should say.' 'You are right.' 'Well, with 130,000 against 40,000 you will be more than three to one. What have you to fear?' 'Oh! it is plain enough that you are not a soldier, and that you do not know what that man can do in the field of battle.' What a homage, said M. Pasquier, was this to our army and to Napoleon! I have never forgotten it, and I am proud to relate it."

A Saddle of Mutton.

A gentleman calling on his butcher to order something for dinner, was asked if he would like to have a saddle of mutton. "Why," said he, "would it not be better to have a *bridle*, as I should then certainly stand a better chance of getting a *bit in my mouth?*"

Qualifications of a General.

It has been said that the retreat shows the general, as the reply the orator; and it is partly true; although a general would rather build his fame on his advances, than on his retreats, and on what he has attained, rather than on what he has abandoned. Moreau, we know, was famous for his retreats, insomuch that his companions in arms compared him to a *drum*, which nobody hears of, *except it be beaten.* But it is nevertheless true that the merits of a general are not to be appreciated by the battle alone, but by those disposi-

tions that preceded it, and by those measures that followed it. Hannibal knew better how to conquer than how to profit by the conquest; and Napoleon was more skilful in taking positions than in maintaining them. As to reverses, no general can presume to say that he may not be defeated; but he can, and ought to say, that he will not be surprised. There are dispositions so skilful, that the battle may be considered to be won even before it is fought, and the campaign to be decided even before it is contested. There are generals who have accomplished more by the march than by artillery; and Europe saw, in the lines of Torres Vedras, a simple telescope, in the hands of a Wellington, become an instrument more fatal and destructive than all the cannon in the camp of his antagonist.

Learned Barons.

It is recorded that out of twenty-six barons who signed the great Bill of Rights—Magna Charta—three only could write their names; the remaining twenty-three merely appended their marks.

A Hit for the Tailors.

The celebrated divine Dr. South, on one occasion, preached before the Corporation of Tailors. He took for his text the appropriate words—"A *remnant* of all shall be saved."

Satire.

It is a sort of glass, wherein beholders generally discover every body's face but their own; which is their chief reason for that kind reception it meets with in the world, and so that very few are offended with it.

Swift and his Parish-Clerk

What perhaps contributed more than any thing to Swift's enjoyment at Laracor, and is said to have often actually prolonged his stay there, was the constant fund of amusement he found in the facetious humour and oddity of the parish-clerk, Roger Cox. Roger was originally a hatter in the town of Cavan, but, being of a lively jovial temper, and fonder of setting the fireside of a village alehouse in a roar, over a tankard of ale or a bowl of whisky, with his flashes of merriment and jibes of humour, than pursuing the dull routine of business to which fate had fixed him, forsook his vocation for the honourable function of a parish-clerk, which he considered as an office appertaining in somewise to ecclesiastical dignity; since by wearing a band, no small part of the ornament of our clergy, he thought he might not unworthily be deemed, as it were, "*a shred of the linen vestments of Aaron.*" Nor was Roger one of those worthy parish-clerks who could be accused of merely humming the psalms through the nostril as a

sackbutt, but much oftener instructed and amused his fellow-parishioners with one of those national songs which awake the remembrance of glorious deeds, and make each man burn with the enthusiasm of a hero. With this jocund companion, Swift relieved the tediousness of his lonesome retirement; nor did the easy freedom which he indulged with Roger ever lead this humble friend beyond the strict bounds of decorum and respect.

An Operatic Joke.

During the run of the opera of Norma some years ago, a discussion occurred amongst some theatrical gentlemen, as to which actor was the best representation of the character of Pollio. The debate was concluded in a roar of laughter, by one of the party giving it as his opinion, that undoubtedly the most natural representation of Pollio was *Mario* (Mary-o). It may be added that Mario repeatedly played Pollio to the Norma of Grisi.

Origin of the Term Roundhead.

The fanatics in the time of Charles the First, ignorantly applying the text, "Ye know that it is a shame for men to have long hair," cut theirs very short. It is said that the Queen, once seeing Pym, a celebrated patriot, thus cropped, inquired who that *round-headed man* was; and that from this incident the distinction became general, and the party were called round-heads.

A Slow Coach.

A gentleman was one day, in the old coaching times, travelling by a coach which moved at a very slow pace. "Pray," said he to the guard, "what is the name of this coach?" "The Regulator," was the reply. "And a very appropriate name too," said the traveller, "for I see all the other coaches *go by it*."

Mental Pleasures.

They never cloy; unlike those of the body, they are increased by repetition, approved of by reflection, and strengthened by enjoyment.

An Early Dinner.

Two gentlemen at an hotel wished to dine early. "Suppose," said one of them, "we say one o'clock." "Well," rejoined the other, "that will be better than fifty minutes past twelve." "Why so?" inquired his friend. "Because if we name the latter time, it will be *ten to one* if we get it."

Qualifications of Public Men.

In choosing persons for all employments we should have more regard to good morals than to great abilities;

for since government is necessary to mankind, the common size of understandings must be fitted to some station or other, for Providence never intended to make the management of public affairs a mystery comprehended only by a few persons of sublime genius, of which there seldom are three born in an age: but *truth*, *justice*, *temperance*, and the like, are in every man's power, the practice of which virtues, assisted by experience and good intention, will qualify any man for the service of his country, except where a course of study is required; and the want of moral virtue is so far from being supplied by superior endowments of the mind, that employments should never be put into the hands of persons so qualified; and at least the mistakes committed by ignorance in a virtuous disposition can never be of such fatal consequence to the public weal, as the practices of a man whose inclinations lead him to be corrupt, and who has great abilities to manage, to multiply, and defend his corruption.

Dryden's Wit.

The Duke of Dorset, John Dryden, Bolingbroke, and Chesterfield, were in the habit of spending their evenings together; 'twas in general, "the feast of reason and the flow of soul;" on one occasion, however, *ennui* had taken possession of the whole: at last it was proposed that the three aristocrats should each write a something, and place it under the candlestick, and that

Dryden (who was at that period in very indifferent circumstances) should determine who had written the *best* thing. It was no sooner proposed than agreed to; the scrutiny commenced, judgment was given:—"My Lords," said Dryden, addressing Bolingbroke and Chesterfield, "you each of you have proved your wit, but I am sure you will, nevertheless, agree with me, that his Grace the Duke of Dorset has excelled; pray attend, my Lords,—'I promise to pay to *John Dryden, Esq.*, on demand, *One Hundred Pounds.*—Dorset.'" It scarcely need be observed, that the noble wits subscribed to the judgment.

A Critic's Eye.

The eye of a critic is often, like a microscope, made so very fine and nice, that it discovers the atoms, grains, and minutest particles, without ever comprehending the whole, comparing the parts, or seeing all at once the harmony.

Anecdote of Raphael.

Two cardinals objected to this great master of the pencil, that in one of the pieces he had put too much red in the countenances of Saint Peter and Saint Paul. "Be not astonished at that, my Lords; I have painted them as they are in heaven, blushing with shame at seeing the church *so badly governed.*"

Wit without Knowledge.

Wit without knowledge is a sort of cream which gathers in a night to the top, and by a skilful hand may be soon whipped into froth; but once scummed away, what appears underneath will be nothing but refuse.

Swift and the Scriblerus Club.

Before Swift retired to Ireland, Mr. Pope, Dr. Arbuthnot, Mr. Gay, Dr. Parnell, Mr. Jervas, and Swift, formed themselves into a society called the Scriblerus Club. They wrote many things in conjunction, and, according to Goldsmith, Gay was usually the amanuensis. The connection between these wits advanced the fame and interest of them all. They submitted their several productions to the review of their friends, and readily adopted alterations dictated by taste and judgment, unmixed with envy, or any sinister motive.

When the members of the Scriblerus Club were in town, they were generally together, and often made excursions into the country. They generally preferred walking to riding, and all agreed once to walk down to Lord Burlington's, about twelve miles from town. It was Swift's custom, in whatever company he might visit or travel, to endeavour to procure the best bed for himself. To secure that, on the present occasion, Swift,

who was an excellent walker, proposed, as they were leaving town, that each should make the best of his way. Dr. Parnell, guessing the Dean's intentions, pretended to agree; but as soon as his friend was out of sight, he took horse, and arrived at his Lordship's by another way, before Swift. Having acquainted his noble host with the other's design, he begged of him to disappoint it. It was resolved that Swift should be kept out of the house. Swift had never had the small-pox, and was, as all his friends knew, very much afraid of catching that distemper. A servant was despatched to meet him as he was approaching the gate, and to tell him that the small-pox was raging in the house, that it would be unsafe for him to enter the doors, but that there was a field-bed in the summer-house in the garden at his service. Thither the Dean was under the necessity of betaking himself. He was forced to be content with a cold supper, whilst his friends, whom he had tried to outstrip, were feasting in the house. At last, after they thought they had sufficiently punished his too eager desire for his own accommodation, they requested his Lordship to admit him into the company. The Dean was obliged to promise he would not afterwards, when with his friends, attempt to secure the best bed to himself. Swift was often the butt of their waggery, which he bore with great good humour, knowing well, that though they laughed at his singularities, they esteemed his virtues, admired his wit, and venerated his wisdom.

Death-Bed Repentance.

A death-bed repentance is a dangerous speculation: 'tis true, the thief on the cross was forgiven at the last hour, but it was intended as a singular instance, that none might despair—a solitary one, that none might presume.

Lines by Garrick.

It is said that Garrick, on being advised by a nobleman to get into parliament, replied to the suggestion in the following lines:—

More than content with what my labours gain,
Of public favour tho' a little vain,
Yet not so vain my mind, so madly bent,
To wish to play the fool in parliament;
In each dramatic unity to err;
Mistaking time and place and character!
Were it my fate to quit the mimic art,
I'd "strut and fret," no more in any part;
No more in public scenes would I engage,
Or wear the cap and mask of any stage.

Rubini's Fascination

The great power of this "Prince of Tenors" in fascinating his hearers is thus described by Mr. Lumley in his book on the opera:—The opinion of Rubini was

always entitled to respect. Never, probably, was there another singer who so absolutely commanded the admiration of his brother artists. I remember well that in the "good old times," when he was executing one of his fascinating arias, Lablache and others of "the corps" would linger at the wings, as though unwilling to lose one of his enchanting notes. Considering how unusual it is for one singer to take much interest in the performance of another, this fact is significant of Rubini's power of enchaining the ear of his listeners.

Theatricals at Botany Bay.

"The theatre at Sydney appears to be in a very flourishing state," said a gentleman to John Kemble, speaking of the Botany Bay theatricals. "Yes," replied the tragedian, "the performers ought to be all good, for they have been selected and sent to that situation by very excellent judges."

Gay's Beggars' Opera.

This famous opera at the time of its production was the subject of much bitterness and party feeling. Attempts had been made from time to time to introduce musical dramas, upon the Italian model, on the English stage; but the scheme was not successfully brought to bear until the beginning of last century. The novelty, patronised by the Royal Family and people of fashion,

superseded the regular drama, and Shakspeare and Jonson, with other worthies, were forgotten, until the rage for music began to subside in a violent schism among the patrons and the performers, when the contending parties, tired of the war, and the perfidious lords and ladies withdrawing their alliance, the Beggars' Opera burst forth, and the Italian Opera was fairly, or as many thought, unfairly, hunted down.

Bononcini, a celebrated Italian composer, was ungraciously pitted against the great German, Handel. Cuzzoni and Faustina, two rival syrens, set the fashionables at war. Lady Pembroke headed one party, Lady Burlington the other. The wits enjoyed the sport, and sided with none. Hence Swift's epigram:—

"Strange that difference should be
'Twixt tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee."

It may be remarked here that the first female who ever performed "Polly Peachum," in the Beggars' Opera was Miss Fenton, who afterwards became a duchess, viz., Duchess of Bolton.

Swift and the Blacksmith.

It happened that Swift, having been dining at some little distance from Laracor, his residence, was returning home on horseback, in the evening, which was pretty dark; just before he reached a neighbouring village his horse lost a shoe. Unwilling to run the risk of laming the animal by continuing his ride in that

condition, he stopped at one Kelly's, the blacksmith of the village, where, having called the man, he asked him if he could shoe a horse with a candle. "No," replied the son of Vulcan; "but I can with a hammer."

"Still Waters run Deep."

Those that are loudest in their threats, are the weakest in the execution of them. In springing a mine, that which has done the most extensive mischief makes the smallest report; and again, if we consider the effect of lightning, it is probable that he that is killed by it hears no noise; but the thunder-clap which follows, and which most alarms the ignorant, is the surest proof of their safety.

An Extemporaneous Pun.

A celebrated punster was once asked to make an extemporaneous pun. "Upon what subject?" inquired the punster. "Upon the king," said one of the company. "Oh," said the wit, "the *king* is no *subject*."

Patience.

An emperor of China, making a progress, discovered a family in which the master, with his wives, children, grand-children, daughters-in-law, and servants, all lived in perfect harmony. The emperor, admiring this, in-

quired of the old man what means he employed to preserve quiet among such a number of persons; the old man taking out a pencil, wrote three words—patience, patience, patience.

A Reformed Drunkard.

A gentleman very much addicted to drinking often promised his friends that he would leave off the bad habit. One day a friend calling on him, was informed by his servant that he was out. "Has he left off drinking yet?" inquired the gentleman. "O yes," said the servant; "he has left off two or three times to-day."

Love after Death.

Joan, the mother of Charles the Fifth, was daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella of Castile, and was married to the Archduke Philip of Austria, who was accounted the handsomest man in Europe; his wife was so doatingly fond of him, that after his death she had his corpse embalmed, and sat by it in a most desponding manner for several months, without once leaving it, taking little or no sustenance.

Virtue and Vice.

Vice stings us, even in our pleasures, but virtue consoles us, even in our pains.

A Bid at an Auction.

Charles Bannister going home one evening, dropped into a room where an evening auction was going on. The auctioneer was just about to knock off a lot as Bannister entered the room. "Going," said the auctioneer, raising his hammer. "Going; will no one bid any more?" "I will bid more," said Bannister. "What will you bid?" said the auctioneer. "I will bid you good-night," was the reply, as the wit walked away.

The Antiquarian and the Absent Man.

The absent man would wish to be thought a man of talent, by affecting to forget what all others remember; and the antiquarian is in pursuit of the same thing, by remembering what all others have thought proper to forget. I cannot but think it would much improve society—first, if all absent men would take it into their heads to turn antiquarians; and next, if all antiquarians would be *absent men.*

Swift's First Interview with Vanessa.

The first time that Swift was in company with Miss Vanhomrigh, whom he afterwards celebrated as Vanessa, he offended her so much by some observations, that she struck him. A gentleman who was present asked him

afterwards, what he thought of Miss V——. "There is nothing ugly about her but her name, sir," he replied. That probably determined him to give her the more poetical name of *Vanessa.*

End of a Wise Man's Life.

The latter part of a wise man's life is taken up in curing the follies, prejudices, and false opinions, he had contracted in the former.

A Wise Judge

A showman in the State of Maine, wanted to exhibit an Egyptian mummy, and attended at the Court-house to obtain permission. "What is it you want to show?" inquired the Judge. "An Egyptian mummy more than three thousand years old," said the showman. "Three thousand years old!" exclaimed the Judge, jumping to his feet; "and is the critter alive?"

Motives to Good Actions.

The motives to the best actions will not bear too strict an inquiry. It is allowed that the cause of all actions, good or bad, may be resolved into the love of ourselves; but the self-love of some men inclines them to please others, and the self-love of others is wholly employed in pleasing themselves: this makes the great distinction

between virtue and vice. Religion is the best motive of all action; yet religion is allowed to be the highest instance of self-love.

A Suggestion for a Motto.

Foote being asked by an acquaintance to furnish a motto for a work which he intended publishing, naturally inquired what was the subject, to which the would-be author answered, that he had not yet quite settled that point, but that it would be a mixed composition of poetry and prose:—"Then," said Foots, "you may take your motto from Milton:—

'Things unattempted yet in prose and verse.'"

Lines on the Letter H.

The following ingenious lines have been attributed to various authors—notably to Lord Byron, but they cannot be traced satisfactorily to the pen of his Lordship. The Hon. W. R. Spencer, the translator of Burger's celebrated poem "Lenora," has also had the credit of writing them:—

'Twas whispered in Heaven, it was mutter'd in Hell,
And Echo caught faintly the sound as it fell:
On the confines of Earth 'twas permitted to rest,
And the depths of the ocean its presence confest.
'Twill be found in the sphere, when 'tis riven asunder:
Be found in the lightning, and heard in the thunder

'Twas allotted to man, with his earliest breath,
It attends him in birth, it awaits him in death.
It presides o'er his happiness, honour, and health,
Is the prop of his house, and the end of his wealth.
It begins every hope, every wish it doth bound;
It prays with the hermit, with monarchs is crowned:
In the heaps of the miser 'tis hoarded with care,
But is sure to be lost in his prodigal heir.
Without it the soldier, the seaman may roam,
But woe to the wretch who expels it from home.
In the whispers of conscience its voice will be found,
Nor e'en in the whirlwind of passion be drown'd.
'Twill not soften the heart, but though deaf to the ear,
'Twill make it acutely and constantly hear.
But in shade let it rest, like a delicate flower;
Oh! breathe on it softly—it dies in an hour.

Productive Labour.

"Flourishing cities," says Dr. Paley, "have been raised and supported by trading in tobacco; populous towns subsist by the manufacture of ribbands. A watch may be a very unnecessary appendage to the dress of a peasant; yet if a peasant will till the ground in order to obtain a watch, the true design of commerce is answered, and the watchmaker, while he polishes the case and files the wheels of his ingenious machine, is contributing to the production of corn as effectually, though not so directly, as if he handled the plough or

the spade. The use of tobacco is an acknowledged superfluity; but if the fisherman will ply his nets, and the mariner fetch rice from foreign countries, in order to procure to himself this indulgence, the market is supplied with two important articles of provision, by the instrumentality of a merchandize which has no other apparent use than the gratification of a vitiated appetite."

Anecdote of Garrick.

A lady one day in conversation with Garrick, said, "Dear sir, I wish you was a little taller;" to which he replied, "My dear madam, how happy should I be, did I stand higher in your estimation."

An Author not to be Judged by his Works.

That an author's work is the mirror of his mind, is a position that has led to very false conclusions. If the devil himself were to write a book, it would be in praise of virtue, because the good would purchase it for use, and the bad for ostentation.

A Drowsy Preacher.

The celebrated Malherbes dined one day with the Archbishop of Rouen, who was famous for being a tedious dull preacher. Dinner was scarcely over before Malherbes fell asleep, but was awoke by the prelate,

and invited to go and hear him preach. "I beseech your grace," said Malherbes, "to excuse me; I can sleep exceedingly well where I am."

A Hero's Address to his Men.

The heroic harangue which the great Henri, Marquis de la Rochejaquelein used to his soldiers was couched in these words—"If I advance, follow me; if I retreat, kill me; if I die, revenge me."

Fontenelle and the Asparagus.

Fontenelle, the celebrated French author, is said to have been very partial to asparagus dressed in oil. A certain abbe dining with him one day, preferred this favourite esculent dressed with butter, so it was decided that the dish of asparagus which was preparing, should be dressed half with butter and half with oil. A short time before dinner was ready the abbe was attacked by an apoplectic fit, on which Fontenelle rushed to the cook, and cried out—"All with oil; all with oil."

Anne Boleyn at the Block.

Anne Boleyn, wife of King Henry the Eighth, and mother of Queen Elizabeth, as she was going to be beheaded in the tower, seeing a gentleman there of the King's privy chamber, called him to her, and with a

cheerful countenance, and soul undaunted at approaching death, said to him :—

"Remember me to the king, and tell him he is constant in advancing me to the greatest of honours; from a private gentlewoman he made me a Marchioness; from that degree he made me a queen; and now, because he can raise me no higher in this world, is translating me to heaven, to wear a crown of martyrdom in eternal glory."

A Candid Preacher.

A clergyman one Sunday was complimented by one of his friends on the discourse he had been delivering. "South himself" (alluding to the eminent divine of that name), exclaimed the auditor, "never preached a better." "You are right," replied the honest preacher, "it was the very best he ever did preach."

Importance of Marriage.

Voltaire in his Philosophical Dictionary says :—"The more married men you have, the fewer crimes there will be. Examine the frightful columns of your criminal calendar, you will find there a hundred youths executed to one father of a family. Marriage renders men more virtuous and more wise. The father of a family is not willing to blush for his children, he is afraid to make shame their inheritance."

A Humorous Inscription.

Some years since, a man who lived in a county-town divided his shop into two parts; on one side he opened a wine vault, and on the other a book-stall, and placed over his door the following lines :—

> Two different trades united here you'll find,
> Wine to refresh the body, books the mind.

The Christian Pilgrimage.

If men have been termed pilgrims, and life a journey, then we may add that the Christian pilgrimage far surpasses all others, in the following important particulars;—in the goodness of the road—in the beauty of the prospects—in the excellence of the company—and in the vast superiority of the accommodation provided for the Christian traveller, when he has finished his course

A Thoughtful Husband.

The following story is told:—"I say, Cap'n!" cried a little keen-eyed man, as he landed from a steamer at Natchez, "I say, Cap'n, these here aren't all. I have left somethin' on board, that's a fact." "Them's all the plunder you brought on board, anyhow," answered the captain. "Wal, I see now; I grant it's O.K.

accordin' to list; four boxes, three chests, two band-boxes, and portmanty; two hams, one part-cut, three ropes of inyens, and a tea-kettle. But see, Cap'n, I'm dubersome; I feel there's somethin' short, tho' I've counted um nine times over, and never took my eyes off um while on board; there's somethin' not right, somehow." "Wal, stranger, time's up; thems all I knows on; so just fetch your wife and five children out of the cabin, cos I'm off." "Thems um! Darn it, thems um! I know'd I'd forgot somethin'!"

National Peculiarities.

An Irishman fights before he reasons, a Scotchman reasons before he fights, an Englishman is not particular as to the order of precedence, but will do either to accommodate his customers. A modern general has said, that the best troops would be as follo ws: An Irishman half drunk, a Scotchman half starved, and an Englishman with his belly full.

A Witty Divine.

It is related of Sydney Smith that once on entering a drawing-room in a West End mansion, he found it lined with mirrors on all sides. Finding himself reflected in every direction, he said that he "supposed he was at a meeting of the clergy, and there seemed to be a very respectable attendance."

Suicide.

Selt-destruction sometimes proceeds from cowardice, but not always; for cowardice sometimes prevents it; since as many live because they are afraid to die, as die because they are afraid to live.

Quin and Beau Nash.

Quin, when he first went to Bath, was charged exorbitantly for everything; and at the end of a week complained to Beau Nash, who had invited him thither as the cheapest place in England for a man of taste and a *bon-vivant*. Beau Nash replied, "They have acted by you on truly Christian principles." "How so?" said Quin. "Why," resumed Nash, "you were a stranger, and they took you in." "Ay," rejoined Quin, "but they have fleeced me instead of clothing me!"

The Religious Opinions of Bonaparte.

On religion, Bonaparte had only vague ideas. He was wont to say, "My reason keeps me in unbelief regarding many things, but the impressions of childhood and the feelings of early youth, throw me back into uncertainty." He liked very much to converse about religion. Very frequently, at Passeriano, in Egypt, on 'Orient and Le Muiron," he would take

a most active share in animated conversations on this subject. He readily conceded whatever was proved, but he would never hear of materialism. Being on deck one beautiful night, surrounded by several persons, who were speaking in favour of infidelity, Bonaparte, raising his hand towards the heavens, and pointing to the stars, said, "Gentlemen, your arguments are vain—who made all these?"

An Irishman's Pity.

An Irishman was once bound over to keep the peace towards all her Majesty's subjects. He left the office exclaiming, "Well, then, Heaven help the first furrener I meet with."

Kingly Magnanimity.

While the Eddystone lighthouse was in course of erection, a French privateer took the men upon the rock, together with their tools, and carried them to France; and the captain of the ship was in expectation of a reward for the achievement. While the captives lay in prison, the transaction reached the ears of Louis XIV.; he immediately ordered them to be released, and the captors put in their places; declaring that "though he was at war with England, he was not so with mankind." He directed the men to be sent back to their work with presents; observing that the Eddystone

lighthouse was so situated as to be of equal service to all nations having occasion to navigate the channel between England and France."

An Original Paper.

An American editor tells the following anecdote of a college chum :—"H——, a member of one of the classes, was distinguished not less for dry wit and sly waggery than for his address in evading the writing of themes and palming off the brain-coined currency of others as his legal 'tender.' One evening he read a theme of unusual merit; but Professor A—— 'smelt a rat,' and as H—— finished and sat down in the pride of conscious excellence, asked, 'Is that original?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Are you sure of it?" queried the professor, doubtingly. 'Why, yes, sir,' replied H——, with imperturbable gravity, 'it had original over it in the paper I took it from.'"

A True Philosopher.

A gentleman who had gone through many difficulties without murmuring, was one day asked by a friend if he could communicate to him the secret of being always thus patient and happy. "Yes," was the reply, "very easily. It consists of nothing more than making a right use of my eyes in whatever state I am. I first look up to heaven, and remember that my principal business here is

to get there. I then look down upon the earth, and call to mind how small a space I shall occupy in it when I come to be interred. Then I look abroad into the world, and observe what multitudes there are, who, in all respects, are more unhappy than myself. Thus I learn where true happiness is placed, where all my cares must end, and how little reason I have to repine or complain."

A Sensible Lunatic.

A lunatic, confined in an asylum for life, being asked how he came there, answered, "By a dispute. The world said I was mad, and I said that the world was mad, and they carried it against me."

Fortune's Favourites.

There are some men who are so lucky that, like cats, they light for ever on their legs. Wilkes was one of these didappers, whom, if you had stripped naked, and thrown over Westminster bridge, you might have met the very next day, with a bag-wig on his head, a sword by his side, a laced coat upon his back, and money in his pocket.

Wordsworth and Charles Lamb.

Mr. Buckle, the celebrated author of the "History of Civilization," whose comparatively recent death caused

a wide-spread regret throughout the literary world, used to relate an amusing joke referring to Charles Lamb and Wordsworth. Wordsworth on one occasion told Lamb that Shakspeare was much overrated, and expressed an opinion that he could, if he had a mind, write as well as Shakspeare. "But then you see," said Lamb, "He had not the *mind*."

The Difficulties of a Manager.

Mr. Lumley thus amusingly relates some of the troubles he had to encounter during his career as a theatrical manager. The manager of Her Majesty's Theatre was evidently considered fair game for persecution, and persecuted he accordingly was. Some obliging gentlemen, who would have blushed to ask for money at his hands, would, with the greatest coolness, press him and expect him to make engagements with artists, not only involving considerable and immediate pecuniary loss, but fraught with eventual disastrous consequences. Should such requests be refused, the offended *dilettanti* vowed eternal enmity, and the exercise of all their "power and influence" against the obstinate manager. A rather more exceptional case is the expression of "astonishment and disgust" on the part of an *habitue*, at the omission of his favourite air on one occasion (the air having been omitted for reasons of decorum), and his threat to "warn the public," through the public prints, if the omission should ever occur again. Others demanded the re-in-

stalment of certain *coryphées* dismissed for reasons of discipline. Another, again, to please his individual fancy, calls for an entire ballet for Taglioni, who ought not to appear before him in a mere *divertissement.* "Old subscribers" insist on changes in the performance, and announce their displeasure if the demand be not immediately met. "Club men" protest against operas that they consider "a bore." Men of influence want the chief singers, otherwise engaged, to sing at their private concerts, and think a change of performance for this purpose a mere trifle, such as may be granted without remonstrance or hesitation.

A Scotchman's Tenacity.

On one occasion during a debate in the House of Commons, one of the members of the House was inquiring for a representative of a Scotch County, and was informed that he had left his place. "I never before," said the M.P., "knew a Scotchman quit his place." "Except," added a friend near him, "except his native place."

Qualifications of a Preceptor.

It rarely happens that the finest writers are the most capable of teaching others their art. If Shakspeare himself had been condemned to write a system of metaphysics, explanatory of his magic influence over all the passions of the mind, it would have been a dull

and unsatisfactory work—a heavy task both to the reader and to the writer. All preceptors, therefore, should have that kind of genius described by Tacitus, "equal to their business, but not above it;" a patient industry, with competent erudition; a mind depending more on its correctness than its originality, and on its memory rather than on its invention. If we wish to cut glass, we must have recourse to a diamond; but if it be our task to sever iron or lead, we must make use of a much coarser instrument. To sentence a man of true genius to the drudgery of a school, is to put a race-horse in a mill.

Anecdote of Mrs. Coutts.

Mrs. Coutts, wife of the eminent banker, and previously Miss Mellon, the celebrated actress, made her appearance one day at one of the principal promenades in Edinburgh, dressed in a most magnificent style, so as to quite overawe our northern neighbours. "Hoot, mon," said a gentleman standing by, who did not know who she was, "yon's a braw lady; she'll be a countess, I'm thinking." "No," replied an eminent banker, "not just a *countess* but what's better, a *discountess*."

The Subtleties of Nature.

Light passes from the sun to the earth, a space of ninety-five millions of miles, in eight minutes, and the

beams of the smallest taper are visible at sea, in a dark night, for at least three miles: so that the particles of light instantaneously fill a spherical space of six miles in diameter, or 1,130,976 cubical miles. Instances of the exquisite subtlety of nature are infinite. That so small a drop of ink in a pen should be drawn out into so many letters or lines, as we find it; that silver gilt upon its external surface, should be drawn to such a vast length of gilded wire; that a little saffron should tinge a whole hogshead of water; that a little civet or musk should fill a large chamber with its odour; that such a great cloud of smoke should be raised from a little incense; that the exact differences of sounds should be every way conveyed through the air, and even through the holes and pores of wood and water (though much weakened, indeed, in the passage), and be reflected with great distinctness and velocity; that light and colour should so suddenly pass through such a bulk of solid matter, as glass, or of a fluid, as water; yet so as at the same time to convey a great and exquisite variety of images, even though the light suffers refraction and reflection; that the loadstone should operate through all kinds of bodies, even the most compact and solid; and what is still more wonderful, that in all these cases the action of one thing does not greatly hinder the action of another, in a neutral or indifferent medium, such as the air is. Thus, cold, heat, and magnetical virtues, all pass through the air at once, without obstructing one another, as if each of

them had its own separate way or passage, so as to prevent impinging against, meeting with, or obstructing one another.

Hibernian Wit.

An Irish counsel being questioned by a judge, to know "for whom he was concerned," replied as follows, "I am concerned, my lord, for the plaintiff, but I am employed for the defendant."

Anecdote of Lord Bacon.

James I., King of England, asking the Lord Keeper Bacon what he thought of the French ambassador; he answered that he was a tall and proper man. "Ay," replied the king, "but what think you of his head-piece? Is he a proper man for an ambassador?" "Sir," said Bacon, "tall men are like high houses, wherein commonly the uppermost rooms are worst furnished."

Confront Danger with Prudence.

It is better to meet danger than to wait for it. He that is on a lee-shore, and foresees a hurricane, stands out to sea, and encounters a storm, to avoid a shipwreck. And thus, the legislator who meets some evils, half subdues them. In the grievous dearth that visited the land of Egypt, Joseph forestalled the evil,

and adopted measures that proclaimed to the nation, "you shall not feast, in order that you may not fast; and although you must submit to a scarcity, you shall not endure a famine."

Jenny Lind and Catalani.

Mr. Lumley, in his "Reminiscences of the Opera," thus gives an account of a meeting between these world-renowned singers.—The dinner-party at the Embassy was a small one, no other company being invited except Mr. and Mrs. G——, Mademoiselle Lind, Madame Catalani and her daughter, and one English gentleman, a well-known amateur of the opera; the secretary of the Embassy, and a sister of the Ambassadress being also present. After dinner, the weather being warm, the party strolled in the garden attached to the Embassy—Catalani and Jenny Lind talking much together. In the evening, some little embarrassment arose about asking Jenny Lind to sing, because, as no one ever refuses a request made by the representative of majesty, the Marchioness considerately forbore to place the young Swede in a position of difficulty. But Catalani, who was burning with curiosity to hear Jenny Lind sing, perceiving that there was some hesitation, went up to the "Nightingale," and asked her with grace and earnestness to oblige the company with a song, adding, "C'est la vielle Catalani qui desire vous entendre chanter, avant de mourir!" Such an appeal from such

a person, overcame all Jenny's habitual dislike to sing in private society. She sat down to the piano, and after a few bars of prelude, gave her incomparable "Non credea mirarti," playing the accompaniment herself.

The Highland Calendar.

An anecdote is told of a certain Highland hotel-keeper. He was one day bickering with an Englishman in the lobby of the inn regarding the bill. The stranger said it was a gross imposition—he could live cheaper in the best hotel in London, to which the landlord with nonchalance, replied, "Oh, nae doot, Sir, nae doot; but do ye no ken the reason?" "No, not a bit of it," said the stranger hastily. "Weel then," replied the host, "as ye seem to be a sensible callant, I'll tell ye: there's 365 days in the Lunnon hotel-keeper's calendar, but we have only three months in ours!—do ye understand me noo, frien'?—we maun mak hay in the Hielans when the sun shines, for its unco seldom she dis't!"

Dreams go by Contrary.

When General —— was quartered with his regiment in a small town in Ireland, he and his wife were constantly importuned as they got into their carriage by a beggar-woman, who kept her post at the door, assailing

them daily with fresh solicitations. Their charity and patience at length became exhausted. One morning, as the lady and her husband stepped into the carriage, the beggar-woman began: "Oh, my lady! success to your ladyship, for sure did I not *dream* last night that her ladyship gave me a pound of tea, and your honour gave me a pound of tobacco."—"But my good woman," said the general, "don't you know that dreams go by the rule of contrary?"—"Ah," rejoined the old woman; "then it must mean, that your honour will give me the tea, and her ladyship the tobacco."

A Crooked Traveller.

A deformed gentleman, on his arrival at a provincial town, was asked what place he had come from. "*Straight* from London," was the reply. "Then," said the inquirer, "you must have got terribly twisted on the road."

Frederick the Great and the Monks.

Inspecting his finance affairs, and questioning the parties interested, Frederick, says Thomas Carlyle, notices a certain convent in Cleves, which appears to have, payable from the forest dues, considerable revenues bequeathed by the old dukes "for masses to be said on their behalf." He goes to look at the place, questions the monks on this point, who are all drawn out, in two

rows, and have broken into *Te-Deum* at sight of him: Husht! "You still say those masses, then?" "Certainly, your Majesty." "And what good does anybody get of them?" "Your Majesty, those old sovereigns are to obtain heavenly mercy by them, to be delivered out of purgatory by them." "Purgatory? It is a sore thing for the forests, all this while! And they are not yet out, those poor souls, after so many hundred years of praying?" Monks have a fatal apprehension, No. "When will they be out, and the thing complete?" Monks cannot say. "Send me a courier whenever it is complete!" sneers the king, and leaves them to their *Te-Deum.*

Value of a Play.

A lady who had written a play sent it to the manager of a theatre with a very civil message, offering it to him for nothing. He observed, "She knew the exact value of it."

A Slip of the Tongue.

A gentleman's servant bringing into the dining-room (where a dinner party was assembled) a boiled tongue, tripped on the floor, and caused the tongue to roll off the dish. The master of the house, not the least affected by the accident, soon removed the embarrassment of his guests, as well as of the servant, by saying,

with much good humour, "There's no harm done gentlemen, it is merely a *lapsus linguæ*." This fortunate jeu de mot excited much merriment. A gentleman present, struck with the happy effect of this stroke of wit, was determined to let off the joke himself. He invited a large party, and when they were all assembled he directed his servant to let a piece of roast beef fall on the floor. "Never mind," cried the host, "it is only a *lapsus linguæ*."

Making up for Lost Time.

A well-known wit who was a great lover of conviviality, frequently spent the whole night in company, and all the next morning in bed. On one of these occasions, an old female relation, having waited on him before he had arisen, began to read him a familiar lecture on prudence; which she concluded by saying, "I see plainly that you'll shorten your days." "Very true, Madam," replied he, "but, by the same rule, you must admit that I shall lengthen my nights."

Sir Gerald Massey and the Pugilist.

In "Russell's Eccentric Personages," the following narrative is given:—Ralph Button, a brawny pugilist of local celebrity, was given to cruel practical jokes. One hot day, Sir Gerald, a great walker, finding himself some thirty miles distant from Stone Hall, and at a

place where he was personally unknown, entered a humble hostelry, called for refreshment of some kind, and sat down amidst a number of rude peasants. It was Sunday—the time, afternoon. Ralph Button was there, swaggering and bullying after his usual fashion; but one especial object of his enmity and spite was a grey-haired man named Travis. The old man was guardian to a niece who would in a few weeks be entitled to the splendid fortune of one hundred pounds. That one hundred pounds was much coveted by the brutal pugilist, and the rejection by John Travis of his request to go a-courting the niece was savagely resented. After a good deal of bitter chaff on Button's part, he affected a wish to make it up, be good friends, and offered his hand to the old man in token of his sincerity. The pledge of amity was accepted, and then Button, grasping the hand of Travis in his own, "and keeping the fingers straight," pressed them together with a vice-like force. Many people know by experience that this inflicts excruciating torture; and the old man yelled with pain. Sir Gerald, who was eating powdered beef, sprang up and struck Button in the face with such right good will, that blood spurted from his nose and mouth, and he let go the old man's hand. The brutal pugilist turned fiercely upon Sir Gerald. Had he mentioned who he was, Bully Button would not have dared to assault a titled wealthy county magistrate, or the rustics present, who must all have heard of "good" Sir Gerald Massey, would have immediately interfered, and settled

Button's business in a-twinkling. Sir Gerald disdained to do so. A regular turn up fight ensued, and, after a contest which lasted nearly an hour, the thews and sinews of the pugilist prevailed. Sir Gerald was beaten into a state of insensibility, but not till he had inflicted severe punishment upon his adversary. A doctor was sent for, and the injuries which Sir Gerald had received being very serious, and in the medical gentleman's opinion might possibly have a fatal result, the patient's pockets were searched to ascertain whom he might be. To the astonishment and consternation of the landlady, and great delight of the doctor, it was found by papers or letters he had about him, that the man who had fought a vulgar public-house fight with a low professional bully was Sir Gerald Massey, of Stone Hall, near Appleby! Button fled the county, and enlisted in the army. Sir Gerald quickly recovered, and so little malice did he feel towards the brute, by whom he had been so severely beaten, that he made the fellow's mother—a paralytic woman who had been dependent on her son for support—a present of ten guineas, and allowed her five shillings per week during life.

Sydney Smith and Landseer.

It is recorded of Sydney Smith that he was once asked by Landseer, the celebrated animal painter, to sit for his portrait. "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this?" was the reply of the witty divine.

A Diner Out.

It was remarked of a slanderer, who was also a constant guest at the table of every one who invited him, that he never *opened his mouth* but at the expense of his friends.

Beau Brummell in Exile.

This account of the declining years of this once celebrated man is given in Russell's "Eccentric Personages." —The habits of this eccentric gentleman clung to him through life. He was as preposterously exclusive when a fugitive from his creditors, and living upon the charity of his former acquaintances, as in the days of his ephemeral prosperity. He took up his quarters at a Calais hotel, where he lived in very comfortable style for seventeen years. His correspondence and the occasional visits of great people imposed upon the French tradesmen, who believed he was suffering under a temporary eclipse only, and would again shine out resplendently, a bright particular star in the aristocratic galaxy of England. The French are an acute people, but they have strange notions with regard to England and English society. For example, they believe the Lord Mayor of London to be a potentate second only in dignity and power to the monarch of Great Britain. It is not at all surprising that they should have believed in Beau Brummell. The

Duchess of York, a very amiable lady, sent him not only money, but a table-cover worked with her own hands. This steadfast friendship of her Royal Highness seems to show that, after all, the vain coxcomb must have had something good in him. Lord Sefton, moreover, paid him a visit; so did Wellesley Pole and Prince Puckler Muskau, the Prussian nobleman who once made a small splutter in the literary line. Let us pass swiftly over the decline and fall of this once celebrated gentleman. His debts in Calais rapidly accumulated. His English friends, generous as many of them were, could not supply his extravagances; and when George IV. passed through Calais on a visit to Hanover, and did not send for *ce célebre* Brummell, the faith of the French in the great man sank to zero as quickly as did that of Justice Shallow in Sir John Falstaff, when Henry V. (in the play) publicly rebuked and cast him off. Brummell was refused credit, and a prison was not obscurely hinted at. Driven to desperation, he applied to the Duke of York to procure for him, through his influence with the Ministry, a Government appointment. The application was successful, and on the 10th of September 1830, Beau Brummell was appointed English consul at Caen, at a salary of four hundred pounds per annum. Landed at last, one would think, safe out of Fortune's reach. Not at all. His debts followed; his foolish habits clung to him till the last, till at length the only person whom he could rely upon to befriend him was Mr. Armstrong, a grocer

established in Caen. "My dear Armstrong," he wrote one day, "lend me seventy francs to pay my washerwoman." Yet the man who wrote that note would not "honour" with his presence any assemblage at which people in the remotest degree connected with commerce were to be met with.

A Compliment.

Quin, the actor, being asked by a lady, why there were more women in the world than men, replied, "It is in conformity with the other arrangements of Nature; we always see more of heaven than earth."

How to Sweat a Patient.

A young gentleman was undergoing an examination at the College of Surgeons, when the questions put were of a very searching character. After answering a number of queries, he was asked what he would prescribe to throw a patient into a profuse perspiration. "Why," exclaimed the youthful Galen, "I would send him here to be examined; and if that did not give him a sweat, I do not know what would."

Wilkes and the Councilman.

Among the guests at a corporation dinner during the mayoralty of John Wilkes, the celebrated politician.

was a noisy, vulgar, common councilman, who on entering the dining-room, took off his wig and suspended it on a peg, and with much solemnity put on a cotton night-cap. Wilkes could not take his eyes from the man. At length the offender walked up to him, and asked him whether he did not think that his cap became him! "Oh! yes, sir," replied Wilkes; "but it would look much better if it was pulled quite over your face."

A Purblind Irishman.

An Irishman on board a ship was ordered by one of the officers to go below and fetch a jug of water just as the ship was about to sail. The man hesitated to go, because, as he said, the vessel being about to sail, he was afraid he should be *left behind.*

A Dead Shot.

A barrister on circuit narrating to Lord Norbury his feats in shooting, said that he had on a recent occasion shot thirty hares before breakfast—"Thirty *hairs!*" exclaimed the witty Lord, "Why, you must have been firing at a *wig.*"

Cherry and the Manager.

Mr. A. Cherry, the actor, once received an offer of an engagement from a country manager, who had on some

occasion previously treated him badly. Cherry declined the offer on the plea that he had been bitten once by the manager, and he had determined that he should not make *two bites of a cherry*.

Dublin Stage Anecdotes of Bygone Times.

The following Theatrical Reminiscences are recorded in the "Dublin University Magazine:"—Mossop opened his first campaign with spirit. His best cards, next to himself, were Digges and Mrs. Bellamy. But the lady's charms and powers were on the wane—her voice had lost its music and her eyes their brilliancy. Each house endeavoured to forestall the other by anticipating plays in preparation. Unfair means were resorted to to obtain intelligence. Animosities between the two theatres were carried to such a pitch, that a man in the Crow Street interest arrested Mrs. Bellamy as she was passing through the stage door to her dressing-room. The bailiff owned to her that he had been particularly ordered not to execute the writ on a morning, as it was known she had friends who would advance the money. Her part on the first night of a new play was, consequently, obliged to be read. She relates the anecdote in her own "Memoirs," and adds, that although her salary was fifty guineas a week she never had one in hand. The Smock Alley government retorted by a counter-stroke. One night Barry lay dead on the stage as Romeo. After the curtain fell, two sons of Agrippa, who had

been smuggled behind the scenes as "swells," advanced towards him, and with great delicacy and attention helped him to rise. All three thus standing together, Barry in the centre, one of them whispered politely, "Pardon me, sir, I have an action against you," and touched him on the shoulder. "Indeed!" said Barry, "this is rather a piece of treachery. At whose suit?" The men named the plaintiff, and Barry, who had no alternative, prepared to walk off the stage in their custody. At that moment the scenemen and carpenters, who now understood how it was with their master, after a little busy whispering consultation, went off and almost immediately returned, dragging on with them an ominous-looking piece of machinery, followed by a particularly bold and ferocious fellow, who grasped a hatchet. Barry, surprised, asked them, "what they were about?" One of them said, "Sir, we are only preparing the altar of Merope, because we are going to have a sacrifice." The savage-looking carpenter hereupon flourished his hatchet and grinned horribly at the bailiffs. Barry alarmed, exclaimed, "Be quiet, you foolish fellows." But perceiving they were serious, he beckoned the two catch-poles to accompany him, and led them through the lobbies and passages in safety to the outward door of the theatre, where they quitted him on his assurance that the debt should be settled the next morning. They wished him good-night with many thanks, and rejoicing in their escape with whole bones. An incident somewhat similar to

this, but more ludicrous, occurred when Carter, the lion king, as he was called, was exhibiting with Ducrow at Astley's. A manager with whom Carter had made and broken an engagement issued a writ against him. The bailiffs came to the stage-door and asked for Carter. "Show the gentlemen up," said Ducrow; and when they reached the stage there sat Carter composedly in the great cage, with an enormous lion on each side of him. "There's Mr. Carter waiting for you, gentlemen," said Ducrow, "go in and take him. Carter, my boy, open the door." Carter proceeded to obey, at the same time eliciting, by a private signal, a tremendous roar from his companions. The bailiffs staggered back in terror, rolled over each other as they rushed down stairs, and nearly fainted before they reached the street. O'Keeffe says: "I was once asked by Barry, who knew my skill in drawing, to make his face for 'Lear.' I went to his dressing-room, and used my camel-hair pencil and Indian ink, with, as I thought, a very venerable effect. When he came into the green-room, royally dressed, asking some of the performers how he looked, Isaac Sparkes, in his Lord-Chief Joker way, remarked, 'as you belong to the London Beef-steak Club, O'Keeffe has made you peeping through a gridiron.'" Actors have strange ideas on the subject of what they call making up their faces. We have seen old Mick Fullam, at eighty, deeply indenting his furrowed visage with black lines, to make him look, as he thought, more like an aged man. Barry was so doubtful of his own

conceptions, that he was in the habit of asking experienced stage carpenters, at rehearsals, to give him their opinion how he acted such and such a passage; and he used to call them aside for this purpose. So Moliére was accustomed to read his humorous scenes to his housekeeper, a dull and heavy old lady; and if she laughed, he allowed them to stand.

A Query Answered.

Why can a person who has run away from his creditors, be said to be a man of integrity? Because he is *a non est* man.

How to Cure the Gout.

Abernethy, the celebrated surgeon, was once asked by a gourmand what was the best cure for the gout. "Live upon sixpence a day—and earn it!" was the answer.

George Frederick Cooke.

On one occasion when this famous actor was playing his celebrated character of Richard the Third, the person enacting Ratcliff was very imperfect in his part. Coming on the stage, in the fifth act of the play, to King Richard, just as he concludes his well-known soliloquy in the tent-scene, the King inquires, as Ratcliff enters, "Who's there?" On the occasion in question, Rat-

cliff got as far in his speech in reply, as "'Tis I—the early village cock"—and he could proceed no further. After a short pause, Cooke, with a humorous twinkle of his eye, said, "Why the deuce don't you crow then."

Mademoiselle Piccolomini.

Mr. Lumley, the late manager of Her Majesty's Theatre, thus speaks of this charming singer in his book containing memories of the opera. It may be fairly said, without detracting from Mademoiselle Piccolomini's merits, that a certain portion of the excitement which she created on her first appearance may be attributed to the romance which signalized her operatic career. The descendant of a noble Italian family, which had given popes, cardinals, generals, and statesmen to her native country; the child of a race so often illustrated in history; living in right of her name, her title, and her family connections, in the first Italian society of Rome and France, she had from her earliest childhood conceived irresistible longings, augmenting with years, to devote herself to the public profession of that art she felt within her, and which seemed to point out the course of her destiny. Private life grew more and more wearisome, became almost impossible to bear, as these aspirations strengthened with her advance to womanhood. So urgent was the incessant importunity of little Marietta Piccolomini, that her parents were obliged at last to yield a reluctant consent to her

appearance on the operatic stage. Her youth, her vivacity, her *piquante* grace, ensured her a favourable reception, even as a novice. Her fame soon increased; in Florence, Rome, and Turin, she was welcomed as the spoiled child of the public. In the "Traviata," more especially, her success was enthusiastic. On many occasions her ardent admirers would have dragged her carriage home, had not the spirited girl herself protested against such mistaken homage, or escaped by a *ruse* from so doubtful a triumph.

A Philosophic Clergyman.

A certain preacher gave it as one proof of the wise and benevolent disposition of Providence, that the greatest rivers were always seen to flow past the most populous towns.

A Wrong Conversion.

Old Elwes, the miser, having listened to a very eloquent discourse on charity, remarked: "That sermon so strongly proves the necessity of alms-giving, that—I've almost a mind *to beg*."

A Curious Notion of Heaven.

Dean Ramsay, in his "Reminiscences," relates the following anecdote:—At Hawick the people wear

wooden clogs, which make a clanking noise on the pavement. A dying old woman had some friends by her bed-side, who said to her, "Weel, Jenny, ye are gaun to heeven, an' gin you should see our folk, ye can tell 'em that we're a' weel." To which Jenny replied, "Weel, gin I should see them I'se tell them; but you mauna expect that I am to gang clank, clanking thro' heeven lookin' for your folk!"

A Candid Opinion.

A vain and frivolous authoress asked Dr. Johnson to give her his opinion of a work she had written, of which she handed him the manuscript for perusal, saying at the same time that she "had other irons in the fire." After perusing a page or two the Doctor returned it to her, saying, that his "candid opinion was that she had better put it where her other irons were."

Swift's Enigma upon the Vowels.

We are little airy creatures,
All of different voice and features;
One of us in glass is set,
One of us you'll find in jet.
T'other you may see in tin,
And the fourth a box within.
If the fifth you should pursue,
It can never fly from you.

A Sharp Rebuff.

A well-beneficed old clergyman was holding forth at a dinner-table upon the great profits of his living, much to the annoyance of every one present; when, happening to stretch over the table hands remarkable for their dirtiness, Foote, who was present, struck in with—"Well, doctor, I for one am not at all surprised at your profits, for I see you keep the glebe *in your hands*."

A Small Loaf.

A half-famished fellow in the Southern States tells of a baker (whose loaves had been growing "small by degrees and beautifully less") who, when going his rounds to serve his customers, stopped at the door of one and knocked, when the lady within exclaimed, "Who's there?" and was answered, "The baker." "What do you want?" "To leave your bread." "Well, you needn't make such a fuss about it—put it through the keyhole."

Inscription for a Tobacco-Box.

A Mr. Pratt, the popular landlord of a much-frequented provincial tavern known as the Bull's Head, had on one occasion provided a new tobacco-box for

the use of such of his guests as were smokers. It was suggested that an inscription should be written for the box, when a punster present produced the following lines. The Mr. Bradford alluded to was a noted brewer, the Allsopp of the district:—

Ye gay sons of Momus, who come to this Domus,
Yourselves with a glass to regale;
All here's of the best,—brandy, gin, and the rest,
And there's plenty of Bradford's old ale.
So fill up your glasses, and drink to the lasses,
And replenish your pipes from this box;
There's all kind of good cheer, from Champagne to mild beer,
To be found at the Head of the Ox.

Fox and his Namesake.

A namesake of Charles Fox having been hung at Tyburn, the latter inquired of George Selwyn whether he had attended the execution? "No," was his reply, "I make a point of never attending rehearsals."

Algernon Sydney's Heroism.

Algernon Sydney, on being told that he might save his life by uttering an untruth, said, "When God has brought me into a dilemma in which I must assert a lie or lose my life, he gives me a clear indication of my duty, which is to prefer death to falsehood."

Singing Angels.

Last summer, says an American author, in the height of mosquito time, the little rascals had their songs in the night to the annoyance of every one. While my little sister Ettie, then about five years old, was being put to bed, her mother said to her, "Ettie, you must always be a good girl, and then at night, while you are asleep, the angels will come and watch around your bed." "Oh yes, ma," said Ettie, "I know that, I heard them singing all around my head last night."

True and False Courage.

Courage is incompatible with the fear of death; but every villain fears death; therefore no villain can be brave. He may, indeed, possess the courage of a rat, and fight with desperation, when driven into a corner. If by craft and crime a successful adventurer should be enabled to usurp a kingdom, and to command its legions, there may be moments, when, like Richard on the field of Bosworth, or Napoleon on the plains of Marengo, all must be staked; an awful crisis, when, if his throne be overturned, his scaffold must rise upon its ruins. Then, indeed, though the cloud of battle should lower on his hopes, while its iron hail is rattling around him, the greatest coward will hardly fly to insure that death which he can only escape by facing

Yet the glare of a courage thus elicited by danger, where fear conquers fear, is not to be compared to that calm sunshine which constantly cheers and illuminates the breast of him who builds his confidence on virtuous principle; it is rather the transient and evanescent lightning of the storm, and which derives half its lustre from the darkness that surrounds it.

Posthumous Charity.

Charities of this kind are the very essence of selfishness, when bequeathed by those who, when alive, would part with nothing.

Piccolomini and her Mother.

Mr. Lumley, in his "Reminiscences of the Opera," gives the following account of his difficulties with the mother of this popular artiste:—The principal successes of the season had been unquestionably due to Mademoiselle Piccolomini and Signor Giuglini: both had worked zealously and unremittingly to secure the fortunes of the theatre. The spirit and ardour of the "pet" never for one moment flagged. Yet she must have had much with which to contend, both within and without the walls of the theatre. The Countess Piccolomini, her mother, although born in a higher sphere, was, in all her connection with the stage, the veritable type of the "*mère d'artiste.*" How she

discouraged her sprightly and buoyant daughter by constant grumblings, predicting that every new part she undertook would be a "*fiasco.*" How she harassed the management with complaints that her daughter was being worn to death by her exertions and over-fatigue. "Are you so really fatigued?" I once asked the "pet," in sympathy. "Well! they tell me I am," answered the young lady, with a joyous and ringing laugh. These perpetual lamentations were only to be met by pleasantry. "Of course your daughter must be completely worn out," would be the playful answer; "she is getting so miserably thin" (she was as plump as a little partridge); "she is actually bent double" (she was bounding about the stage like a young fawn). "She sang the *Traviata* last night better than ever; whereas, when she first came, she sang with effort, forcing her voice. Of course, all that must be accounted for by excessive fatigue." But Marietta was never happy except when she found herself upon the stage. "I have a hard task between you," I said to her, good-humouredly; "your mother complains that I make you sing too much, and you that I make you sing too little."

Reflections on Improvidence.

If some persons were to bestow the one half of their fortune in learning how to spend the other half, it would be money extremely well laid out. He that

spends two fortunes, and permitting himself to be twice ruined, dies at last a beggar, deserves no commiseration. He has gained neither experience from trial, nor repentance from reprieve. He has been all his life abusing fortune, without enjoying her, and purchasing wisdom, without possessing her.

Avarice.

This vice has ruined more men than prodigality, and the blindest thoughtlessness of expenditure has not destroyed so many fortunes, as the calculating but insatiable lust of accumulation.

An Unknown Benefactor.

It is not known where he that invented the plough was born, nor where he died; yet he has effected more for the happiness of the world, than the whole race of heroes and of conquerors, who have drenched it with tears, and manured it with blood, and whose birth, parentage, and education, have been handed down to us with a precision precisely proportionate to the mischief they have done.

Gold and Iron.

There are two metals, one of which is omnipotent in the cabinet, and the other in the camp,—gold and iron.

He that knows how to apply them both, may indeed attain the highest station, but he must know something more to keep it. It has been doubted whether Cromwell, with all his pretended sanctity, and all his real courage, could have maintained his power one short year longer, even if he had not died in the fifty-ninth year of his age, and on the anniversary of that very day, which he had always considered as the most fortunate of his life.

Grace After Dinner.

Dean Swift was once invited by a rich miser with a large party to dine; being requested by the host to return thanks at the removal of the cloth, the Dean uttered the following grace :—

Thanks for this miracle !—this is no less,
Than to eat manna in the wilderness.
Where raging hunger reign'd we've found relief,
And seen that wondrous thing, a piece of beef.
Here chimneys smoke, that never smoked before,
And we've all ate, where we shall eat no more !

Cardinal Wolsey.

This celebrated man who made so important a figure in English History in Henry VIII.'s time was of very humble origin. The following is a legendary account

of his rising in the king's favour:—That he was a butcher's son at Ipswich is commonly known; but the particular circumstance that first recommended him to Henry VIII. was this:—It happened that his Majesty had occasion to send to the Emperor Maximilian, about some business that required dispatch, and Wolsey was pitched upon to be the messenger, who, having received his instructions, left the king at Richmond about noon, and by next morning got to Dover; from thence by noon he arrived at Calais, and by night was with the Emperor; to whom, having delivered his message, and received a present dispatch, he returned before morning to Calais, and the night following came to the Court at Richmond. The next morning he appeared before the king, who, in the utmost violence of rage was about to lay him dead at his feet for neglecting to execute his orders, which were of the utmost importance. Wolsey pacified his anger by presenting to him the emperor's letter. The king, astonished at his speed, asked him, "If he had met the messenger whom he had sent after him, to acquaint him with a circumstance which in his instructions he had forgotten." Wolsey answered that he had; adding, "That the commands he brought I had dispatched before; for knowing it to be of such necessary dependence on my other instructions, I took the boldness to do it without a commission, for which I humbly beseech your Majesty's forgiveness." The king, seeing him of such uncommon abilities, not only pardoned

him, but bestowed the deanery of Lincoln upon him, and soon after made him his almoner.

Rather too Fast.

A Scotch newspaper relates that "A beggar wife, on receiving a gratuity from the Rev. John Skinner, of Langside, author of 'Tullochgorum,' said to him by way of thanks, 'Oh, sir, I houp that ye and a' your family will be in heaven the nicht.' 'Well,' said Skinner, 'I am very much obliged to you; only you need not have just been so particular as to the time.'"

Doubt the Threshold of Wisdom.

Doubt is the vestibule which all must pass, before they can enter into the temple of wisdom; therefore, when we are in doubt, and puzzle out the truth by our own exertions, we have gained a something that will stay by us, and which will serve us again. But, if to avoid the trouble of the search, we avail ourselves of the superior information of a friend, such knowledge will not remain with us; we have not bought but borrowed it.

Vox Populi.

The mob is a monster with the hands of Briareus, but the head of Polyphemus; strong to execute, but blind to perceive.

An Affectionate Son.

An Irishman swearing the peace against his three sons, thus concluded:—"The only one of my children who shows me any real filial affection is my youngest son, Larry, for he never strikes me when I'm down."

Uncertainty Magnifies Calamity.

Mystery magnifies danger as the fog the sun. The hand that unnerved Belshazzar derived its most horrifying influence from the want of a body; and death itself is not formidable in what we do know of it, but in what we do not.

A Witty Auctioneer.

A gentleman having bought a table at an auction did not, as he ought to have done, come to fetch it away The auctioneer pronounced him to be the most *un-com-for-table* man he ever sold anything to.

Providential Afflictions.

When sent by Providence, they melt the constancy of the noble minded, but confirm the obduracy of the vile. The same furnace that hardens clay, liquefies gold; and in the strong manifestations of divine power, Pharaoh found his punishment, but David his pardon.

Mutual Remembrance.

Dean Ramsay, in his "Reminiscences," relates that Mr Miller of Ballumbie had occasion to find fault with one of his labourers, who had been improvident and known better days. He was digging a drain, and he told him if he did not make better work he should turn him off. The man was very angry, and throwing down his spade, called out in a tone of resentment, "Ye are ower pridefu', Davie Miller. I mind ye i' the warld when ye had neither cow nor ewe." "Very well," replied Mr. Miller, mildly, "I remember you when you had both."

Friendship Cemented in Adversity.

The firmest friendships have been formed in mutual adversity, as iron is most strongly united by the fiercest flame.

Bonaparte's Opinion of Sir John Moore.

The Emperor Napoleon paid the following handsome tribute to the memory of Sir John Moore:—

"Moore," said he, "was a brave soldier, an excellent officer, and a man of talent. He made a few mistakes, which were probably inseparable from the difficulties with which he was surrounded, and caused, perhaps, by

his information having misled him." This eulogium, he repeated more than once; and observed that he had commanded the reserve in Egypt, where he had behaved very well, and displayed talents. To an observation that Sir John Moore was always conspicuously situated in action, and was generally wounded, Napoleon answered, "Ah! it is necessary sometimes. He died gloriously—he died like a soldier."

A Word of Advice.

Always look at those whom you are talking to, never at those whom you are talking of.

A Wise Goose.

A man in Norridgework, Maine, says an American paper, has a goose sixty-eight years old. Though attaining this green old age, she nevertheless is not a green goose. The secret of her longevity consists in the fact that she hid away for several seasons, at Christmas time, until she became so tough that they couldn't kill her, and let her live on.

Education a Claim for Obedience.

It was a remark of Socrates, that "He who makes his son worthy of esteem by giving him a liberal education, has a far better title to his obedience and duty than he that gives him a large estate without it."

A Reason for Charity.

Aristotle, being reproached for giving alms to a bad man, answered, "I did not give it to the man, I gave it to humanity."

The Battle of the Nivelle.

Captain Gronow, speaking of the battle of Nivelle, says: —The colonel of an infantry regiment, who shall be nameless, being hard pressed, showed a disposition not only to run away himself, but to order his regiment to retire. In fact, a retrograde movement had commenced, when my gallant and dear friend Lord Charles Spencer, aide-de-camp to Sir William Stewart, dashed forward, and seizing the colours of the regiment, exclaimed, "If your colonel will not lead you, follow me, my boys." The gallantry of this youth, then only eighteen years of age, so animated the regiment, and restored their confidence, that they rallied and shared in the glory of the day.

A Queer Advertisement.

A daily paper contained the following advertisement:— "A piano for sale by a lady about to cross the channel in an oak case with carved legs." Probably it was the piano's legs that were carved, not the lady's.

Martin Luther.

Luther used to say that a man lives forty years before he knows himself to be a fool, and at the time in which he begins to see his folly his life is nearly finished; so that many men die before they begin to live. He died in 1546, at Eisleben, in Saxony. Not long before his death he was asked by one of his friends whether he died in the firm conviction of the truth of the doctrines he had preached. He answered "Yes," in a loud tone of voice, and expired immediately. Seckendorf describes him as possessing an uncommon genius, a lively imagination, a good share of learning, a devout disposition, a tincture of melancholy and enthusiasm, and a great warmth and impetuosity, which impelled him to insult and ridicule his adversaries. He was (says Seckendorf) fond of music, and was both a composer and performer, which, he said, was equally good for soul and body; that it expelled melancholy, and put the devil to flight, who mortally hated music. He composed some poems both in Latin and German.

A Candid Critic.

The following anecdote of Mr. Charles Kean is related in "Blackwood's Magazine":—"During one of Charles Kean's visits to the United States, he was entertained at dinner by one of the great New York merchants.

Opposite to him at the table there sat a gentleman, who continued to observe him with marked attention, and at last called on the host to present him to Mr. Kean. The introduction was duly made, and ratified by drinking wine together; when the stranger, with much impressiveness of manner, said, 'I saw you in Richard last night.' Kean, feeling, not unnaturally, that a compliment was approaching, smiled blandly and bowed. 'Yes, sir,' continued the other, in a slow, almost judicial tone: 'I have seen your father in Richard; and I saw the last Mr. Cooke'—another pause, in which Charles Kean's triumph was gradually mounting higher and higher. 'Yes, sir; Cooke, sir, was better than your father; and your father, sir, a long way better than you!'"

A Hint to the Garrulous.

There are prating coxcombs in the world, who would rather talk than listen, although Shakspeare himself were the orator, and human nature the theme.

Abelard and Eloisa.

Abelard and Eloisa were the most learned persons of their time. He was a celebrated teacher of grammar, of philosophy, and of theology. She was exquisitely beautiful, and well skilled in the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew languages. Eloisa became Abbess of the Convent of the Paraclete. She inspired her nuns with

such a passion for learning that, according to a contemporary writer, without being Syrians, Greeks, or Romans, they spoke the different languages of those countries as well as their native tongue, and on certain days in the year sang the offices of the Catholic Church in Hebrew, in Greek, and in Latin.

The manner of Eloisa's taking the veil is thus described by a writer of her time :—

On the day appointed for the ceremony, the Bishop of Paris officiated. He gave his benediction to the veil that, according to the custom of the times, was placed upon the altar, and which the novice was to advance from her seat in the choir to take and put upon her head. Eloisa was now advancing with a firm step towards the altar, to receive this emblem of seclusion from the world, and of oblivion to its pleasures, when a great number of persons of all ranks, who were present at this mournful ceremony, struck with admiration at her beauty, which was increased by her extreme youth, and by the general opinion that was gone forth in the world of her mental accomplishments and acquisitions, felt the deepest commiseration for the sacrifice she was about to perform. Some persons of the greatest consequence amongst them approached her, and entreated her, with tears in their eyes, to give up her intention ; and made use of arguments so pressing, that she appeared for a few minutes not insensible to what they said to her. She was heard to sigh bitterly, but her sighs arose from a motive diffe-

rent from what the surrounding multitude supposed. Abelard, who was always present to her imagination. was the only cause. She was heard to say to herself "Alas, unhappy husband, is it then possible that the rigour of fortune has so violently oppressed so distinguished a man! How came I to become his wife, merely to render him miserable! No, no, I was unworthy of being united with him, and since I am the cause of all his miseries, it is but just that I should suffer the punishment for them." Having spoken thus, she tore herself away from the hands of the persons that were attempting to hold her, and ran up to the altar, as to a funeral pile, upon which she was to consummate the sacrifice. She then, with the greatest reverence, kissed the holy cloth that covered it, took the black veil from it with her own hands, covered her face with it, and pronounced her vows with a courage and a firm tone of voice superior to the natural timidity of her sex.

Abelard is thus described by Ambœsus:—This unparalleled personage was a grammarian, an orator, a poet, a musician, a philosopher, a theologian, a mathematician, an astronomer, a civilian. He played upon many instruments. He knew five or six languages. He was ignorant of nothing that sacred or profane history contained. The tomb of this famous person is in the cemetery of Pere la Chaise, Paris, where it forms one of the most attractive objects in this celebrated burial-place.

The Ruling Passion.

A few days preceding Curran's death he made a joke of the very illness with which he was suffering. His physician calling one morning, observed that he (Curran) coughed very badly. "That is very strange," said he, "for I have been practising all night."

Hurry and Dispatch.

No two things differ more than hurry and dispatch Hurry is the mark of a weak mind, dispatch of a strong one. A weak man in office, like a squirrel in a cage, is labouring eternally, but to no purpose, and in constant motion without getting on a jot; like a turnstile, he is in everybody's way, but stops nobody; he talks a great deal, but says very little; looks into every thing, but sees into nothing; and has a hundred irons in the fire, but very few of them are hot, and with those few that are, he only burns his fingers.

Ill-Constructed Sentences.

An American paper gives some whimsical instances of the erroneous construction of sentences:—"In narrating an incident some time since, it was stated that a poor old woman was run over by a cart aged sixty. So in a case of supposed poisoning: 'He had something in a

blue paper in his hand, and I saw him put his head over the pot, and put it in!' Another, swallowing a base coin: 'He snatched the half-crown from the boy, which he swallowed.' An old fellow, who had for many years sold combustible matches in London, had the following cry: 'Buy a pennyworth of matches of a poor old man made of foreign wood!' "

Dean Swift and the Almanac-maker.

The following amusing reminiscence of Dean Swift and Partridge, the Almanac-maker, is recorded in Russell's "Eccentric Personages:"—One John Partridge published a prophetic almanac, which had a large sale. It was not, perhaps, more absurdly audacious than our modern Francis Moore and Zadkiel's publications. It, however, so stirred Swift's bile, that he sent a letter to the papers, subscribed "Isaac Bickerstaff, the Modern Merlin," in which he foretold the death of Partridge, naming the day and hour when that sad and solemn event would take place. Poor Partridge was terribly annoyed; the prediction seemed likely, as sometimes happens, to fulfil itself. He, however, survived the day upon which Isaac Bickerstaff, as interpreter of the stars, had foretold that he would die. He announced that important fact, in the belief that it would put his persecutor to shame. Not at all; very far from that. The only notice taken by Swift of the almanac-maker's assertion that he was alive and well was the publication

of a monody on his death. The assertion of his being alive was coolly ignored. Vainly did the persecuted Partridge write again to the newspapers, "Blessed be God, John Partridge is still living and in health, and they are all knaves who report otherwise." Strange to say, the Stationers' Company believed Isaac Bickerstaff, and prohibited the publication of Partridge's almanac—forasmuch as that person was defunct. In his extremity, Partridge engaged the facile pen of Dr. Yalden, who wrote a pamphlet, which set forth the pros and cons of the argument, very elaborately summing up the case by a hesitating opinion that John Partridge was still in the flesh. The Doctor was a wag and a friend of Swift's. John Partridge was never able to successfully prove his own identity, and at last he appears to have been himself somewhat doubtful of it.

A Frenchman's Blunder.

A Frenchman having heard the word *press* made use of to signify persuasion—as "press that gentleman to take something to eat"—took occasion one evening at a party to use a term which he thought synonymous, and begged a friend present to "*squeeze* a young lady to sing."

Law and Equity.

They are two things which God hath joined, but which man hath put asunder.

Intended for the Church.

Curran was one day engaged in a case in which he had for a colleague a remarkably tall and slender gentleman, who had originally intended to take orders. The judge observing that the case under discussion involved a question of ecclesiastical law, Curran interposed with, "I can refer your lordship to a *high* authority behind me, who was once intended for the church, though in my opinion he was fitter for the steeple."

A Manager's Difficulties.

Mr. Lumley, ex-director of Her Majesty's Theatre, thus illustrates some of the difficulties to which a manager is subjected:—Signor Mario, who had already sung the part of *Pollione* in Paris, was, naturally, called upon to resume his position in that opera. But Signor Mario refused so to do. He was appealed to as "an artist, and as a gentleman," to assist the manager under the embarrassment of the occasion. He still declined. A sore throat was then urged as the pretext of his refusal, and rival doctors published on the morrow advertisements respectively asserting and denying his inability to sing. The difficulty of the "situation" being great, I wrote to Signor Mario, entreating him, if he could not sing, at least to appear, in order to propitiate the public by this demonstration of his good-will. The

tenor's answer was, that he was engaged to sing and not to appear. When at last another tenor was substituted, and already dressed for the part, Signor Mario (who by this time had probably been made aware of the false position in which he was placing himself) appeared in the theatre, to the astonishment of the manager, and declared himself, in inverted phrase, ready to appear but not to sing. It was then too late. In point of fact, Signor Mario refused to sing *Pollione* with any other *Norma* then Madame Grisi.

Dum Vivimus Vivamus.

An ignorant man one day seeing a man of learning enjoying the pleasures of the table, said—"So, sir, philosophers I see can indulge in delicacies." "Why not?" replied the other; "do you think providence intended all the good things merely for fools?"

A Suggestion.

Never join with your friend when he abuses his horse or his wife, unless the one is about to be sold, and the other to be buried.

Influence of Music.

When the Sultan Amurath took the city of Bagdad, he gave orders for putting thirty thousand Persians to

death, though they had laid down their arms. Among them was a musician, who begged to speak to the Emperor, and give him a specimen of his art, which was allowed him. He sang the taking of Bagdad and the triumph of Amurath. The pathetic tones, and boldness of his strains, rendered the prince unable to restrain the softer emotions of his soul; overpowered with harmony, he melted into pity, and relented of his cruel intention; he not only directed that the people should be spared, but also that they should have instant liberty. Amurath retained the musician at his court, and ordered him considerable appointments.

Hand Shaking at a Duel.

At a duel the combatants discharged their pistols without effect, whereupon one of the seconds interfered and proposed that the duellists should shake hands. To this the other second objected as unnecessary. "Their hands," said he, "have been shaking this half-hour."

An Arab's Love for his Horse.

When Napoleon was in Egypt he wished to purchase of a poor Arab of the desert, a beautiful horse, with an intention of sending him to France as a present. The Arab, pressed by want, hesitated a long time, but at length consented, on receiving a large sum of money in payment for the animal. Napoleon at once agreed

to pay the sum named, and requested the Arab to bring his horse. The man, so indigent as to possess only a miserable rag as a covering for his body, arrived with his magnificent courser; he dismounted, and, looking first at the gold and then steadfastly at his horse, heaved a deep sigh. "To whom is it," he exclaimed, "that I am going to yield thee up? To Europeans! who will tie thee up close, who will beat thee, who will render thee miserable! Return with me, my beauty! my jewel! and rejoice the hearts of my children!" As he pronounced the last words, he sprang upon his back, and was out of sight almost in a moment. This incident produced from the pen of the Hon. Mrs. Norton a charming little poem, entitled, "The Arab's farewell to his Steed."

Power of the Press.

Despotism can no more exist in a nation, until the liberty of the press be destroyed, than the night can happen before the sun is set.

Lord Lonsdale's Nine Pins.

The Earl of Lonsdale was so extensive a proprietor and patron of boroughs, that he returned nine members every Parliament, who were facetiously called, "Lord Lonsdale's *Nine Pins.*" One of the members thus designated, having made a very extravagant speech in the House of Commons, was answered by Mr.

Burke in a vein of the happiest sarcasm, which elicited from the house loud and repeated cheers. Mr. Fox entering the house just as Mr. Burke was sitting down, inquired of Sheridan what the house was cheering. "Oh, nothing of consequence," replied Sheridan; "only Burke has knocked down one of Lord Lonsdale's *Nine Pins*."

The Manager and the Conductor.

Mr. Lumley, in his "Reminiscences," thus speaks of Costa the conductor, and an opera by him:—It is extraordinary that Costa should have failed where it was natural his experience would have made him absolute master—namely, in the adaptation of his music to the singers' voices. The artistes all complained (in an undertone, of course) that the *Tessitura* was too high for them, and that if the management continued to give Signor Costa's opera, injury to their voices would be the inevitable consequence. One great singer (an especial friend of the composer) urged this point strongly on the director, at the same time expressing his surprise that Costa, who had had so much knowledge of the voices of the company, should compose for them *à travers*. But for these energetic remonstrances the opera might have been given oftener, notwithstanding the serious loss it entailed upon the treasury. For I felt how deeply Signor Costa was interested in its success, and, as a matter both of good-will and policy, I was desirous of

pleasing my conductor. Combined, however, with the private complaints of the artists, were the expostulations of the subscribers, and in spite of personal inclinations I was obliged to withdraw the opera. The composer, as he could not suspect the artists, and slow to believe in the dissatisfaction of the subscribers, consequently threw all the blame on the management; and although I had laboured hard to procure an opposite result, he ascribed to me the comparative failure of his opera. This incident is one among many that tend to show the wisdom of the law laid down at the Grand Opera of Paris, peremptorily forbidding the production of any composition either of the *chef d'orchestre* or the director of the music

Lord Clare and his Dog.

Lord Chancellor Clare, on one occasion while Curran was addressing him in a most important case, occupied himself with a favourite Newfoundland dog, seated by him in court. Curran having ceased speaking, through indignation, Lord Clare raised his head, and asked: "Why don't you proceed, Mr. Curran?" "I thought your lordships were in consultation," replied Curran.

Anecdotes of Wewitzer.

Wewitzer was recognised as the greatest wit of the green-room. Speaking one day of his friend Tom

Collins, he observed, Tom had two excellent qualities; he never lies long in bed, and never wears a great coat. Those who were accustomed to the *petit* appearance of Collins, could not avoid laughing at the way in which his peculiarities had been brought forward. A gentleman from the north was boasting of his stamina, and observed that he ate a great deal every morning. "Then, sir," said Wewitzer, "I presume you breakfast in a timber-yard!" The gentleman took the thing in dudgeon, and made an excellent involuntary pun. Without knowing the name of the person who had given him a *hard* breakfast, he replied, "That is Wee wit, sir."

Eloquence and Rhetoric.

Eloquence is the language of nature, and cannot be learnt in the schools; the passions are powerful pleaders, and their very silence, like that of Garrick, goes directly to the soul; but rhetoric is the creature of art, which he who feels least, will most excel in; it is the quackery of eloquence, and deals in nostrums, not in cures.

Melancholy Actor.

Carlini was the first comic actor on the stage at Padua; a single glance of his eye would diffuse a smile over the most rigid countenance. A gentleman one morning waited on the first physician in that city, and re-

quested that he would prescribe for a disease, to which he was not merely subject, but a victim—melancholy. "Melancholy!" repeated the physician, "you must go to the theatre: Carlini will soon dissipate your gloom, and enliven your spirits." "Dear sir," said his patient, seizing the doctor by the hand, "excuse me, I am Carlini himself; at the moment I convulse the audience with laughter, I am a prey of the disease which I came to consult you on."

Drawings of Cork.

Foote, praising the hospitality of the Irish, after one of his trips to the sister-kingdom, a gentleman asked him whether he had ever been to Cork? "No, sir," replied Foote; "but I have seen many *drawings* of it."

The Last Days of Turner the Painter.

The following account of the last hours of this eminent man is extracted from Russell's "Eccentric Personages:"—Becoming more and more conscious of the swift approach of death, and fancying, perhaps, that a change of scene—seclusion from society—might retrim the expiring lamp, he suddenly left Queen Anne Street, with merely a change of linen, as if he were going out for a walk, and took lodging in a cottage at Chelsea, next door to which ginger-beer was sold, and not far from the present Cremorne Pier. It was a long

time before his whereabout was discovered by his old faithful housekeeper, Mrs. Danby, by accident. He had not then many days to live. A medical gentleman whom he had known at Margate—Margate which he was never weary of visiting, and the memories of which were present to him in his last hours—had been sent for, and he had no sooner looked upon the moribund than he gently but firmly announced that the last hour was at hand. Turner was greatly shocked, and refused to believe that his end, that "annihilation" was so near. "Go downstairs," trembled from his ashen lips—"go downstairs, and take a glass of wine. Then come and look at me again." The medical gentleman did so, returned, and again interpreted in the same words the doom of inevitable death written unmistakably upon the great painter's brow. A few hours afterwards, on the 19th December 1851, J. M. W. Turner, R.A., expired, aged 79 years.

Dr. Johnson's Irene.

When Dr. Johnson read some parts of his tragedy of Irene to his friend Mr. Walmsley, who was registrar of the Spiritual Court, Walmsley objected to his having brought his heroine into great distress in the early part of the play, and asked him, "how can you possibly contrive to plunge her into deeper calamity?" Johnson replied, "Sir, I can put her into the Spiritual Court!"

Lord Mordaunt and the Canary.

This anecdote is related in Russell's "Eccentric Personages:"—An amusing anecdote is related as having occurred just about the time of the flight of King James. Mordaunt was in love—it may, indeed, be doubted that he was ever out of love. Mordaunt was in love with a lady who had a fancy to a beautiful canary belonging to the proprietress of a coffee-house, near Charing Cross, and insisted that her noble lover should at any price procure it for her. Lord Mordaunt endeavoured to do so, but the landlady refused to part with her pet for any sum of money. The lady insisted. He must bring the canary, or not presume to see her face again. Thus goaded, Mordaunt hit upon a clever expedient. Searching the depots of bird-fanciers, he found a canary closely resembling the superb songster which had so charmed his lady-love; but it was a hen canary, and could not chirrup a note. Hastening to the coffee-house, Lord Mordaunt contrived to get rid of the landlady—a Catholic and devoted Loyalist—for a few minutes, and adroitly substituted his female for the male canary. After a considerable time he called at the coffee-house and asked the proprietress if she did not regret having refused the handsome offer he had made for her bird. "Oh dear no," said the woman; "he is more precious to me than ever; for do you know that since our good king was compelled to leave his kingdom, he has not sung a single note!"

Charles VII. of France.

In the midst of the distresses with which France was harassed in the reign of this prince, and whilst the English were in possession of Paris, Charles amused himself with balls and entertainments. The brave La Hire coming to Charles one day, to talk to him on some business of importance, while the luxurious Prince was occupied in arranging one of his parties of pleasure, was interrupted by the monarch, who asked him what he thought of his arrangement. "I think, Sire," said he, "that it is impossible for any one to lose his kingdom more pleasantly than your Majesty."

Compassion not due to Tyrants.

When the cruel fall into the hands of the cruel, we read their fate with horror, not with pity. Sylla commanded the bones of Marius to be broken, his eyes to be pulled out, his hands to be cut off, and his body to be torn in pieces with pincers, and Catiline was the executioner. "A piece of cruelty," says Seneca, "only fit for Marius to suffer, Catiline to execute, and Sylla to command."

Anecdotes of Dr. Whately.

Mr. Fitzpatrick in his "Life of Archbishop Whately," relates as follows:—The following was one of the

Archbishop's stories: "A young chaplain of Lord Mulgrave's had preached a sermon of great length before his lordship. 'Sir,' said Lord Mulgrave, bowing to him, 'there were some things in your sermon of to-day I never heard before.' 'Oh, my lord,' said the flattered chaplain, 'it is a common text, and I could not have hoped to have said anything new on the subject.' 'I heard the clock strike twice,' said Lord Mulgrave."

"A clergyman, who made a touching appeal to Dr. Whately's generosity, was unhesitatingly accommodated with a loan of £400. He deserted the Archbishop's levees, and was not seen at the palace, or heard of, for many years after. One day the doctor's study-door opened noiselessly, and the borrower stood before him, presenting an aspect half suggestive of Haydon's figure of Lazarus, and half of the Prodigal Son's return. 'Hilloa!' exclaimed the Archbishop, starting up to kill the fatted calf, 'what in the name of wonder became of you so long?' 'I did not like to present myself before your grace,' replied the clergyman, who was a man of high literary attainments, and of higher principle, 'until I found myself in a position to return the sum which you so generously lent me'—saying which he advanced to the study-table and deposited upon it a pile of bank notes. 'Tut, tut!' said the Archbishop taking the arm of his visitor, 'put up your money, and now come down to luncheon.'"

A remark made by the late Sir Philip Crampton,

which sounded at the time extravagant, will, now that Dr. Whately's charity is better bruited, fail to awaken surprise:—"At a meeting of the Irish Zoological Society, some years ago, when a subscription among the members was on foot, Dr. —— suggested that Dr Whately's name ought to be put down for at least £50. 'He has not got it,' interposed Sir Philip Crampton; 'no one knows him better than I do; he gives away every farthing of his income; and so privately is it bestowed that the recipients themselves are the only witnesses of his bounty.'"

A ripe scholar and gentleman died some years since in Dublin, leaving his family almost destitute. Dr. Whately, having been made acquainted with the circumstance, aided them by the munificent relief of £1000.

A classical teacher was threatened by a legal execution; Mr. M——, on his behalf, represented his painful situation to the Archbishop, who, having been informed that £250 would make him a comparatively free and happy man, filled a check for that amount, and thus averted the catastrophe.

Bushe, Solicitor-General in Ireland.

Bushe, the Irish Solicitor-General, although attached to the Tory party, was supposed to entertain too liberal opinions on the Roman Catholic question. Dining

one day with the Duke of Richmond, he did not seem ready to respond to the charter toast. "Come, come," vociferated his Grace, "do justice, Mr. Solicitor, to 'the immortal memory.'" He did it such ample and such repeated justice, that at last he tumbled from his chair. The duke immediately raised him. "Well," hiccupped Bushe, "this is indeed retribution. Attached to the Catholics, you may declare me to be——; but, at all events I never assisted at the *elevation of the Host.*"

Physiognomy.

Pickpockets and beggars are the best practical physiognomists, without having read a line of Lavater, who, it is notorious, mistook a highwayman for a philosopher, and a philosopher for a highwayman.

Pope's Homer's Iliad.

In Pope's correspondence he says, "When I had finished the first two or three books of my translation of the Iliad, Lord Halifax desired to have the pleasure of hearing them read at his house. Addison, Congreve, and Garth, were there at the reading. In four or five places his lordship stopped me very civilly, and with a speech each time, much of the same kind, 'I beg your pardon, Mr. Pope; but there is something in that passage, that does not quite please me. Be so good as to mark the place, and consider it a little at

your leisure. I'm sure you can give it a little turn.' I returned from Lord Halifax's (continues Pope) with Dr. Garth, in his chariot; and as we were going along, was saying to the Doctor, that my Lord had laid me under a good deal of difficulty by such loose and general observations; that I had been thinking over the passages ever since, and could not guess at what it was that offended his lordship in either of them. Garth laughed heartily at my embarrassment; and said, I had not been long enough acquainted with Lord Halifax to know his way yet; that I need not puzzle myself about looking those places over and over, when I got home. 'All you need do,' says he, 'is to leave them just as they are; call on Lord Halifax two or three months hence, thank him for his kind observations on those passages, and then read them to him as altered. I have known him much longer than you have, and will be answerable for the event.' I followed his advice; waited on Lord Halifax some time after; said I hoped he would find his objections to those passages removed; read them to him exactly as they were at first; and his lordship was extremely pleased with them, and cried out, 'Aye, now they are perfectly right; nothing can be better!'"

Luxury and Misery harden the Mind.

It was from the pavilion of pleasure and enjoyment that the Fourteenth Louis sent out his orders for the devas-

tation of the whole palatinate; and it was from the bowl and the banquet, that Nero issued forth to fiddle to the flames of Rome; and on the contrary, it was from the loathsome bed of a most foul and incurable disease, that Herod decreed the assassination of the Jewish nobility; and Tippoo Saib ordered the murder of a corps of Christian slaves, the most cruel act of his cruel life, at a moment when he justly anticipated his own death, and the conflagration of his capital.

Anecdote of Montesquieu.

M. de Montesquieu was disputing on a fact with a counsellor of the parliament of Bordeaux, who was a man of talent, but rather violent: the latter, after many arguments urged with warmth, said, "Mr. President, if it is not as I say, I give you my head." "I accept it," replied Montesquieu, coolly; "trifling presents preserve friendship."

Rather Sharp.

"I live in my charmer's eyes," said a fop to Colman. "I don't wonder at it," replied George, "for I observed she had *a stye* in them when I saw her last."

A Just Monarch.

L'Alviano, General of the Venetian armies, was taken

prisoner by the troops of Louis XII. of France, and brought before him. The King treated him with his usual humanity and politeness, to which the indignant captive did not make the proper return, but behaved with great insolence. Louis contented himself with sending him to the quarters where the prisoners were kept, saying to his attendants, "I have done right to send Alviano away. I might have put myself in a passion with him, for which I should have been very sorry. I have conquered him, I should learn to conquer myself."

Histrionic Blunder.

An actor of no great pretension to excellence, in playing Richard the Third, having to use the expression, when King Henry's corpse crosses the stage, "Stand back and let the coffin pass," exclaimed with great emphasis, "Stand back and let the *parson cough*." The house was of course convulsed.

A Shrewd Astrologer.

An astrologer having predicted the death of a woman with whom Louis XI. of France was in love, and which the chapter of accidents had been so kind as to verify, the prince sent for him, and sternly told him, "You, sir, who foretell everything, pray when shall you die?" The astrologer coolly replied, "I shall die,

sire, three days before your Majesty." This reply so alarmed the king, that he ordered him to be lodged in one of his palaces, and taken care of.

Baxter and Judge Jefferies.

When Baxter was on one occasion brought before Judge Jefferies, "Richard," said the chief justice, "I see a rogue in thy face." "I did not know," replied Baxter, "that my face was a mirror."

Passionate People.

Plato speaking of passionate persons, says, they are like men who stand on their heads, they see all things the wrong way.

Changeable Weather.

A gentleman visiting Glasgow for the first time, and falling in with very wet weather, inquired of a person in the street if it always rained in Glasgow. "Na," was the answer; "it snaws sometimes."

Sir Thomas More.

Erasmus thus describes this great man:—"More seems to be made and born for friendship, of which virtue he is a sincere follower and very strict observer. He is not afraid to be accused of having many friends, which,

according to Hesiod, is no great praise. Every one may become More's friend; he is not slow in choosing; he is kind in cherishing; and constant in keeping them. If by accident he becomes the friend of one whose vices he cannot correct, he slackens the reins of friendship towards him, diverting it rather by little and little, than by entirely dissolving it. Those persons whom he finds to be men of sincerity, and consonant to his own virtuous disposition, he is so charmed with, that he appears to place his chief worldly pleasure in their conversation and company. And although More is negligent in his own temporal concerns, yet no one is more assiduous than himself in assisting the suits of his friends. Why should I say more? If any person were desirous to have a perfect model of friendship, no one can afford him a better than More. In his conversation there is so much affability and sweetness of manner, that no man can be of so austere a disposition, but that More's conversation must make him cheerful; and no matter so unpleasing, but that with his wit he can take away from it all disgust."

An Ingenious Painter.

A gentleman having built a fine house, resolved to have the staircase adorned with a scriptural subject, and chose the passage of the Red Sea by the Israelites. The painter who was employed painted the wall with red paint from top to bottom. When the painter nad

finished he called his employer to see the work. "Why," said the gentleman, "where are the Israelites?" "They are gone over," replied the painter. "But where are the Egyptians then?" "The Egyptians, my lord?—why they are drowned to be sure."

Jenny Lind's Debut.

Mr. Lumley in his book on the Opera, thus describes the first appearance in England of the Swedish nightingale:—The brilliant appearance of the house inside was increased by the presence of the Queen and Prince Albert, the Queen Dowager and Duchess of Kent, who had all come to witness the *début* of Jenny Lind. On the entrance of the new *prima donna* as *Alice*, the welcome given to one who, though unknown, had already won renown, was unusually enthusiastic. For a few moments she appeared bewildered and "scared," but her self-possession returned. Her very first notes seemed to enthral the audience. The cadenza at the end of her opening air—the whole of which was listened to with a stillness quite singular—called down a hurricane of applause. From that moment her success was certain. The evening went on, and before it ended, Jenny Lind was established as the favourite of the English opera public. Voice, style, execution, manner, acting—all delighted. The triumph was achieved. At the end of the performance, the Queen, who during the entire evening had repeatedly manifested her extreme satisfac-

tion, expressed to me her admiration in a tone and manner that showed how deep an impression had been made upon her. "What a beautiful singer!" "What an actress!" "How charming!" "How delightful!" Those were the exclamations that fell from the lips of Her Majesty, whom I had never before seen thus moved to enthusiasm.

"The Early Bird Finds the Worm."

A father exhorting his son to rise early in the morning reminded him of the old adage. "It's the early bird that picks up the worm." "Ah," replied the son, "but the worm gets up earlier than the bird."

Colman and Lord Erskine.

Colman dining one day with Lord Erskine, the ex-chancellor, amongst other things observed that he had then almost three thousand head of sheep. "I perceive," interrupted Colman, "that your lordship has still an eye to the *woolsack*."

Hampden and Cromwell.

John Hampden discovered the great talents of Oliver Cromwell through the veil which coarse manners and vulgar habits had thrown over them; for Lord Derby in going down the stairs of the House of Commons

with Mr. Hampden, observing Cromwell pass by them, said to Hampden, "Who is that sloven immediately before us? He is on our side I see, by his speaking so warmly to-day." "That sloven, as you are pleased to call him, my lord," replied Hampden, "that sloven I say, if we were to come to a breach with the king (which God forbid), will be the greatest man in England."

Master of his House.

A traveller coming up to an inn, and seeing the host standing at the door, said, "Pray, are you the master of this house?" "Yes, sir," answered the landlord, "my wife has been dead these three weeks."

A Saying of Pascal's.

Pascal says:—All men naturally hate each other. I am certain, that if they were to know accurately what they occasionally had said of one another, there would not be four persons in the world who could long preserve their friendship for each other.

A Four-Bottle Man.

A gentleman sitting drinking alone, with three empty bottles, which had contained port wine, beside him, was asked: "Have you finished all that port without assistance?" "No," replied the wine-bibber, "I had the assistance of a bottle of Madeira."

Precedence.

The late King of Prussia was told by one of his courtiers, that two ladies of high rank had a dispute about precedence, which was become so serious, that it was necessary for his Majesty to interfere. "Why then," said the king, "give the precedence to the greatest fool."

A Puritan Reproved.

A puritan preacher rebuked a young girl, who had just been making her hair into ringlets, "Ah," said he, "had God intended your locks to be curled, he would have curled them for you." "When I was an infant," replied the damsel, "he did; but now I am grown up, he thinks I am able to do it myself."

The Duke of Guise.

The Duke was informed that a Protestant gentleman had come into his camp with an intention to assassinate him. He sent for him (who immediately avowed his intention), and the Duke asked him, whether his design arose from any offence he had ever given him. "Your Excellence never gave me any, I assure you," replied the gentleman; "my motive for desiring your life is, because you are the greatest enemy our religion ever knew." "Well, then, my friend," said the Duke to

him, "if your religion incites you to assassinate me, my religion tells me to forgive you;" and he sent him immediately out of his camp. Another person was once brought to the Duke, who had boasted that he would kill him. The Duke, looking at him very attentively, and observing his extremely embarrassed and sneaking countenance, said to his officers, shrugging up his shoulders, "That blockhead will never have the heart to kill me; let him go; it is not worth while to arrest him."

Colman a Courtier.

One day at the table of George the Fourth, when Prince Regent, the royal host said, "Why, Colman, you are older than I am?" "Oh no, sir," replied Colman, "I could not take the liberty of coming into the world before your royal highness!"





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